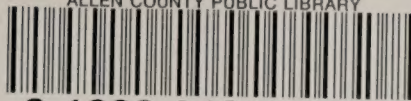


Gc
929.2
Ac454h
1932172

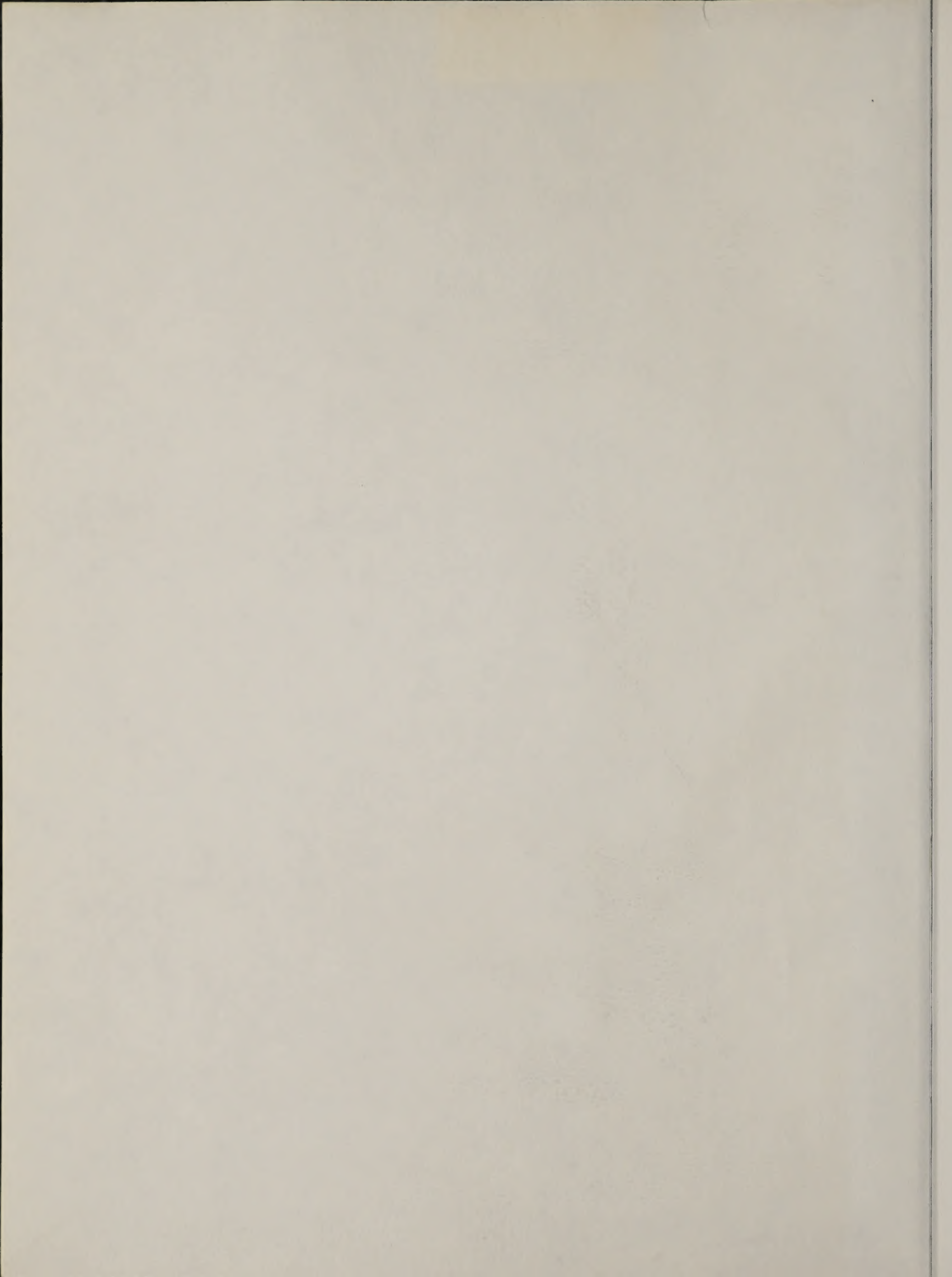
M. L.

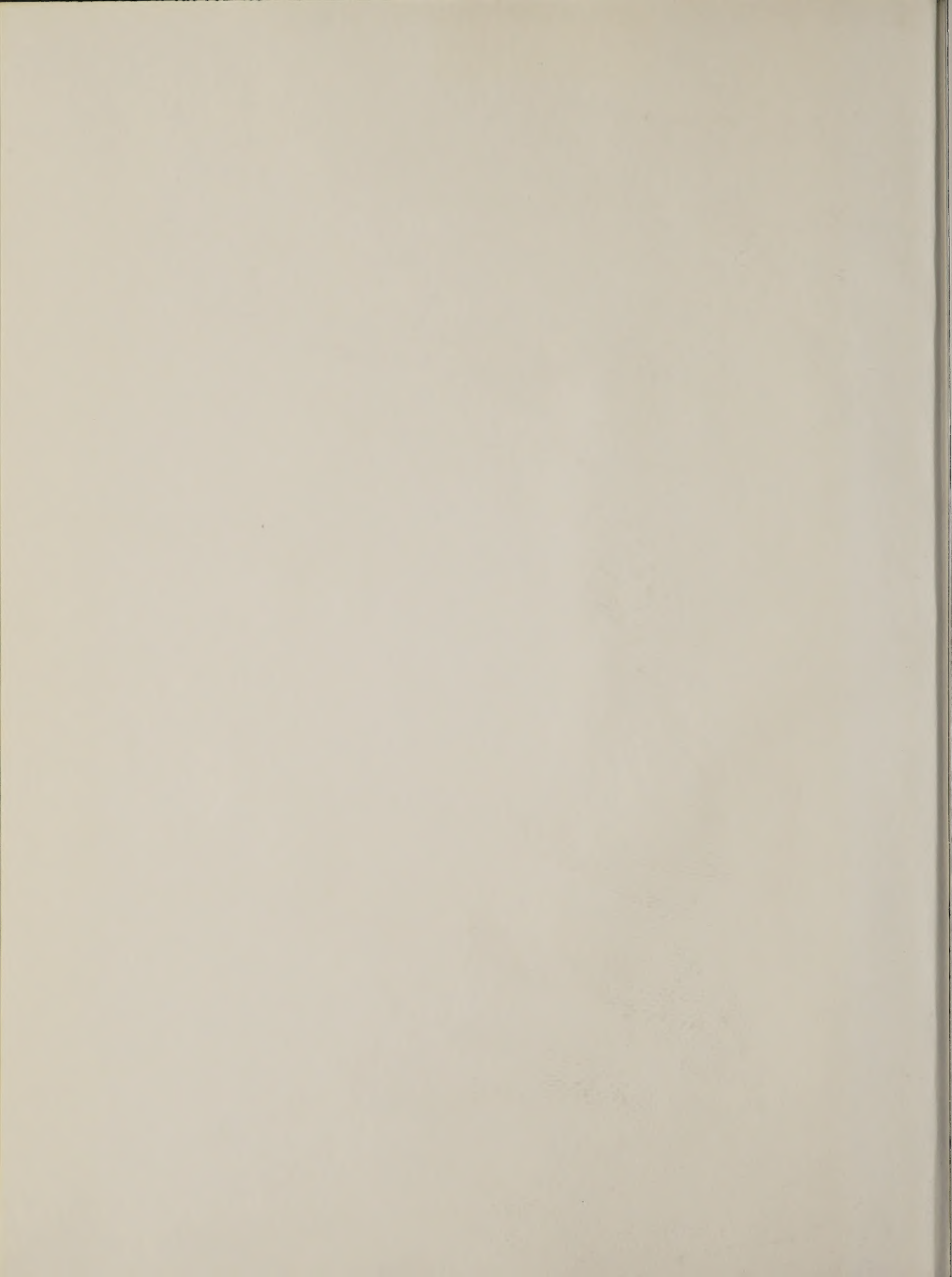
REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01201 2123





Dedicated to my grandchildren, that they may
know something of their ancestors, the way they lived,
and the way they died, as well as their pleasures and
pains during their lifetime.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

Sarah A. Howell

1932172

by Sarah A. Howell

R
929.2
118396

FEB 27 1932
G. C. H.

HOYT PUBLIC LIBRARY
GAGINE, MICHIGAN

TO MY

DEAR FRIEND

1891

by Sarah A. Mayall

After your grandfather Howell died, your grandmother got the idea of writing her family history and her own experiences and spent a great deal of time in 1940 and 1941 on the task.

Dedicated to my grandchildren, that they may know something of their ancestors, the way they lived, and the way they worked as well as their pleasures and pains during their lifetime. The one having to do with her father and mother has been lost so we could not include that part of her writing.

The Howell portion of the Sarah A. Howell collected from your grandmother's story, an informal Howell history owned by Wellington Howell and letters your grandfather wrote.

1932172

As the story was written for her grandchildren, we have had it put into this form so each may have a copy.

Alberta A. Four
James L. Howell

HOYT PUBLIC LIBRARY
GAGINAW, MICHIGAN

HOYT

FEB 27 1962

Xeroxed 1977

Dedicated to my Grandchildren, that they may
know something of their ancestors, the way they lived,
and the way they worked as well as their pleasures and
pains during their lifetime.

John A. Howell

1881

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

After your grandfather Howell died, your grandmother got the idea of writing her family history and her own experiences and spent a great deal of time in 1940 and 1941 on the task.

She wrote in composition books and filled eighteen of them with her writing and the following is taken from them. Unfortunately the one having to do with her father and mother has been lost so we could not include that part of her writing.

The Howell portion of the following was collected from your grandmother's story, an informal Howell history owned by Wellington Howell and letters your grandfather wrote.

As the story was meant for her grandchildren, we have had it put into this form so each may have a copy.

Alberta A. Baur
James L. Howell



Albert J. Howell, M.D.
Detroit College of Medicine '96



Sarah A. Acheson

CHAPTER I

FAMILY HISTORY

Acheson Family

In the County of Fermanagh, near Enniskillen, lived a tenant farmer named Robert Acheson, of Scotch descent. He had married a lass, Susannah Kitson, also of Scotch descent, and had four boys and one girl.

The time to pay his rent arrived and he went to the landlord with the money. The landlord had a caller, who was above tenant farmers socially, so Acheson could not be admitted until the caller took his leave. A light rain was falling which did not add to his comfort as he walked back and forth in front of the house. Two hours passed before he was admitted and during this time what Irish was in him was coming to the fore and he vowed he never again would be treated in this manner. On arriving home, he told his wife to get ready, they were going to Canada at once.

So to Montreal they came in a sailing vessel, taking thirteen weeks to make the trip. From Montreal to Goderich Township, they drove, I have always understood, with oxen. Others had come from their community and had settled near Goderich and they planned to join them.

Grandfather had two thousand dollars, either when he started on the trip or when he reached his journey's end. He bought two farms of eighty acres each, one on each side of the road about seven miles east of the town of Goderich on the Huron road, and two miles from the Village of Holmesville, though the village was not there at the time they settled on their farm.

The farm on the south side had some land cleared and a house and barn on it. The other farm had only a barn on it. After paying for his farms, he had enough money to keep his family until harvest time. The farms were of good soil as all land with maple and beech timber usually is.

As I have stated, they had four boys and one girl when they left Ireland and others were born to them in the new land until they numbered six boys and two girls. One of the boys died early in life, but the other boys and one girl all lived past the allotted span of life, three score years and ten. One girl died when about fifty-five years old. Five of the family died in the seventy-sixth year of their life, a rather unusual thing.

My grandfather was a large man, six feet or more in height and weighed 200 pounds. He was not a fat man but built like his Scotch ancestors, with large bone and muscular. From my father I gained the impression that his father was not very fond of work on the farm, but was capable of getting a good day's work from the children or hired help.

For a number of years he had the job of assessor in Goderich Township. I cannot say just what comprised the duties of assessor. I believe they went house to house of the farms recording improvements, stock and births in the family. He always walked from house to house, getting his meals where he could as well as his night's lodging. The Township of Goderich is about twelve miles square, which is about four times the size of a Township in Michigan. My father always said that so much walking in all kinds of weather developed rheumatism, so he was obliged to use canes to walk with. I do not remember ever seeing Grandfather without his two walking canes to assist him in moving around.

He would not use crutches even when the canes no longer were enough help, so he sat in his room year after year. For ten years he sat there, then one day his son broke his leg near the barn. Grandfather jumped to his feet and hurried to the barn, without canes. The excitement over, he had to be helped to the house. He then began crossing from his bedroom through the hall to the parlor where Uncle lay in bed, and finally he began to walk around again, even going to some of the neighbors.

He lived until he was in his ninety-fifth year, with all his faculties save the ability to walk unassisted. He was a very interesting old man and loved to hear all the gossip and keep in touch with all that was going on.

One of the times I visited him he told me that when he was a boy he was late getting home from school one evening. His father met him at the door to inquire why he was late. When he looked at him, his father said, "You have been fighting. Did you win?" Grandfather said he did, then his father said, "Go in and get your supper." Grandfather said if he had been beaten there would have been no supper for him that night.

In those days, when the country was new, there was little money to pay school teachers so they went to the different homes staying a week here and two weeks there, depending on the number of children from the home going to school. Father said, when the teacher would come to their place, Grandfather always told the teacher to use the rod or strap on his boys freely, so apparently he was trying to follow in his father's footsteps in being harsh to the children.

Like all men of that day, Grandfather did not let his wife have money. The men carried the purse and if the wife did any buying in the store, she waited until her husband came in to pay for it. I have seen men turn their backs to their wives when they opened their purses, and that was a much later day than when Grandfather was managing the finances.

It was the custom, and women did not seem to object, although Father has told us girls how Grandmother would ask him for some change when she was allowed to go to town to do the business.

Father did not leave home for good until he was twenty-seven, and while at home he learned that his father would go to town

taking the horses Father was so fond of and neglect them. So he began feeding oats quite heavy until the horses grew so frisky Grandfather was afraid to drive them, so he had to take Father along to drive.

The boys always had a little money when they were home. They did not get it from their father, but would hide a bushel of oats under the seat and when they reached town would sell them, or at seed time a neighbor would want some seed oats, proving the old saying - where there is a will there is a way.

Grandfather smoked. I do not know if he smoked when Grandmother was alive or not, but years after she was gone he dreamed she came to him and asked him to give it up, and he never touched tobacco from that night.

He had a toe that gave him a good deal of trouble. It would not spread out to touch the floor like toes should, but rode on top of two other toes. One day Grandmother was away and Hugh Sturdy, a neighbor, came in. Grandfather got a hammer and chisel, took off his shoe and sock, and putting his foot on a chair, ordered the caller to cut the toe off. The neighbor refused to do so and Grandfather told him he would do so or be knocked down. So he cut the toe off, put a piece of cotton over the stub end, and Grandfather never told any of his family. Later they heard of the surgical operation through the neighbor.

When he was well along in years, he would not be modern. His daughter-in-law would have table napkins on the table when they had company, but he would not use a napkin to wipe his mouth but would use the end of the tablecloth. On one occasion, Aunt grew annoyed and when the company had gone she spoke to him about it and from that day he took his meals sitting in his chair by the window.

Grandfather always spoke of his birth as, "I was born in the year one," meaning 1801. He had his own way of telling his grandchildren apart. I was the town one, my sister, Susie, was the one who would never marry a farmer, and a cousin was Mother's age, meaning she was born the month Grandmother passed on.

On his ninety-fourth birthday, his grandchildren from Goderich went out and gave him a surprise party, playing the games we played in those days. He asked about the Salvation Army, so all acted it out dressing as near as they could to them, carrying tin pails and a pan for a drum, and sang their songs. How he enjoyed it.

My Grandmother Acheson was a large framed woman, but not stout. I saw her once that I remember when I was about five years old. She took me with her to the Methodist minister who was living in the house across the road at that time.

Grandfather had built a large house on this farm intending to make it into a half-way house between Clinton and Goderich. He was going to put in a bar and sell liquor and beer, but his sons

who were grown to young men told him the day he opened that place with drink in it they would leave home, so it was not opened and at the time I went there it was used for a Methodist parsonage.

It was not long after she developed cancer of the breast. They went from doctor to doctor but none could help her. Finally Grandfather took her to London. The doctor there told her she had cancer and that there was no help for her.

She passed on shortly after and I do not recall hearing her spoken of in my home, for strange as it seems, they did not talk of the departed. But years afterward, when I was clerking in Goderich, I met people who knew her and they told me she was one of the finest women they had ever met.

Her five sons grew up and all were highly respected citizens. All were members of the Methodist Church and all but John served on the Boards for many years. One daughter was a Methodist, the other went with her husband to the Church of England.

The eldest son, John, took a homestead ten miles or more from home and grew so homesick he gave it up, and Grandfather put him on the farm across the road from his place where he remained for some years.

He married a neighbor girl, Mary Sneid. While they lived on the farm, two sons and three daughters were born and after they moved to town three more girls were born.

George, the second son, was given the cobbler trade. At that time there were no store shoes. If you needed a pair, you went to a cobbler, had your feet measured and the cobbler made the shoes from leather tanned in a tannery close by. These shoes would wear a long time and if one child outgrew them, the next child would wear them whether they fitted or not. Thus a good deal of foot trouble developed from wearing shoes that did not fit properly.

George learned the trade in Goderich and lived there all his life. When married, he was poor. He once told me he had twenty-five cents and a jackknife. Aunt took in washing in one corner of the room while Uncle cobbled in another corner. The only table they had was a packing box.

George married Sarah Gordon, and as William's wife was also Sarah (Sarah Harris), she was called Aunt George and I was named after her. If anyone enjoyed a good joke it was Aunt. She had a pair of shoes which needed fixing and asked Uncle to take them to the shop and fix them but he had not time to mend his wife's shoes and did not take them. Later in the day, she had a neighbor child take the shoes to the shop and Uncle mended them at once. When he returned at meal time she complimented him on his good job. He vowed he would make the neighbor pay for the job but did not. He got his pay in telling company that came to his house about his wife's trick.

I was there the time she tried to play a joke on Susie Ford. The clerk from their store had brought some parcels to the house

and Aunt invited him in and she quietly locked the door. Then she walked to the outside door and locked it, calling to Susie to hurry downstairs, she wanted her. She knew Susie had gone upstairs to change her clothes and thought it would be about time for her to have her dress off.

The young man knew something was being put over on him and hurried to the door to find it locked and the key gone. The same with the other door and growing desperate, he rushed to a window, raising it, he jumped out and rushed to the store just as Susie was on her way downstairs without her dress on.

It was not long before he rented a store where he carried on his work, then added groceries and dry goods. Grandfather seeing that he was paying attention to his work went to the banker and told him that if George wanted money to let him have it and he would see that he did not lose it.

George had business ability and plenty of nerve and he did well in his business, while John, on the farm, was developing into a chronic whiner and not able to make a decent living. So George had him come to Goderich and took him into the store, giving him instruction in the business, how to handle customers, and show and measure goods, after the store was closed to business.

George allowed John to live in one of his houses free of rent for he had his wife and five children. Later on George took him in as a partner. A few years later John left and opened a dry goods store of his own in the next block. John did well in the store business.

George had no children, was interested in everything, and was at one time Mayor of Goderich. He had a lovely home and had at one time forty places leased, homes, stores and banks. He would decide to build a house and would go to a carpenter and arrange to have the carpenter trade out of the store what he would charge for the building of the home; and so with the mason, the hardware merchant and all the tradesmen.

Robert was the next child. He took to farming, but in place of putting him on a homestead as they did John, a farm was bought for him four miles from the home farm, consisting of eighty acres. It was a bush farm of mostly maple and beech timber. His father paid two hundred dollars for it.

He was needed to work the home farm in the summer, so Robert could batch on his farm in the winter and begin clearing and could pay for it by working for his father all summer and when needed in the winter, and this he did for five years.

Grandfather gave Robert a gun for protection in the woods and later on asked him to pay for the gun. So William told me and stated, "I would have thrown the gun back to him before I would have paid cash for it, for he certainly had earned it."

After Robert, a girl arrived, named Susan. When she grew up

she married the son of a neighbor, Henry Ford. The father had plenty of land and Henry was given eighty acres partly cleared and with buildings, a mile from his home. Uncle Henry Ford drank some and sometimes got drunk, but that was not considered a terrible sin in those days.

Susan and Henry Ford had seven children. James, the oldest, was a born musician and played the organ and violin without even having lessons. The violin was kept in the barn. It was the devil's instrument and was not allowed to be played in the house, so he had to wait until his parents were away or go to a neighbor's house to play it as all the people did not object to the violin.

He remained on the farm for a few years after he grew up, then went to Clinton and opened up a feed store where he did very well. He married a Rumball girl, the one born half an hour after I arrived in the world.

Will, the second son, went to Goderich as soon as he was old enough to go out to work and clerked for Uncle George for some years, then went to British Columbia.

The third child was a girl, Susan. We associated with her a good deal. We were sorry for her as her parents objected to her associating with the young people in her neighborhood, and her brothers would not take her with them. They had an organ and she was given music lessons.

Another son was born and took with scarlet fever when young and died.

The second girl developed T.B. and after a short illness died when about fifteen years old.

One more son was born, Fred. He remained on the farm all his days and became the only farmer of the family.

The next child which came to my grandparents was a son. He did not live to grow up. I know nothing of him as he was not talked of when I was a child and I got this knowledge from other people or relations.

William was the next in line and was either the last born in Ireland or the first born in the New World. When he reached young manhood, he took up the harness making trade in Goderich. When he finished this trade he decided to go to New York and find work there, but having no money he made crutches and sold them to pay his fare. He had trouble getting a job, having to walk the streets until his money was about gone, and his only pair of pants gave out. He was getting desperate and going into a harness shop he told the manager he had to have work. He bargained to make a set of harness, and if not satisfactory he would pay for the leather.

He got the job and remained there for some time but came back to Goderich and began to make harness in the back of Uncle George's store and boarded in Uncle George's home. Later on he became the owner of

a store of his own with a work shop in the back where one or more men made leather into harness.

He married a Goderich girl named Sarah Harris. He did well in the harness shop and had a lovely home. His first child was named John, thus making three John Achesons in Goderich. Later, they were known as John, Johnny and Jack. Two more sons were born and when still young, both sons took typhoid fever and died. Two daughters were born, Minnie and Eva.

When the oldest son grew up he worked in a dry goods store in Goderich and then went to a store in Toronto for awhile. His father then bought a store and started his son in the dry goods business right next door to John Acheson, Sr. and his son Johnny. As I spent six years in his store, I will not say anything more of the family until I tell of my store life, except to say Uncle William was the finest man I ever met in every respect.

The next member of the Robert Acheson family was Edward. He took over the homestead when he grew up, paying a certain sum to Grandfather all the years Grandfather lived and keeping both Grandfather and Grandmother until they passed away.

Edward married Mary Lindsay. They had no children. He was a good farmer and was interested in public life. We children often went there from school for overnight as they lived about the same distance as we did, only in a different direction.

Going to spend a night occasionally was the way we kept in touch with our relations. We would walk there from school and next morning return to school.

Uncle Edward was the only son that smoked but he did not begin until well along in years.

Before Grandfather died, he built a new house and one of his worries was how to get the old man to leave the old house and move into the new. But while the building was going on, Grandfather grew quite interested and so caused no trouble, but his furniture had to be put in his bedroom and this, Uncle was determined, would not be. So when the other furniture was being moved in, he had a couple of men, who were removing the old house, purposely let a wall fall and break the furniture; but to his surprise, Grandfather never made a complaint about it and he was very interested in his new furniture and new room.

When Uncle began to feel old age was coming on, he sold the farm and retired, living in Goderich the rest of his life.

One more child came to this Acheson family, a girl named Elizabeth who married William Crooks, the son of an old friend of Grandfather's.

There were three children in the Crooks' family. George, the oldest, was a farmer. John, the second son, clerked in a large store in Clinton for some years, then became a traveling salesman

in Western Canada. Teressa, the daughter, is married to a merchant in Clinton and has three children.

The Achesons did what they could to improve their children to music, singing, books, church, and good schools. I never heard of an Acheson doing anything that was not honorable and all were ideal men and husbands, honored in their homes and community and all were church workers.

Sturdy Family

Christopher Sturdy and Mary Sturdy (nee Leith) were Irish, coming from about the same part of Ireland as my Acheson grandparents. So were Scotch, Irish and Protestant. The Sturdys belonged to the New Connection branch of the Protestant Church. This later united with the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

My grandmother Sturdy came over with her father, who was a widower. He took ill and died, on the way over, with cholera. They were nearing land, so Grandmother was told to say nothing of his death until they landed and he would be given a burial on land in place of being buried at sea. The land they were nearing was Nova Scotia and he was buried at Halifax.

From there on she was alone, coming to a strange land, a young woman of eighteen years of age and had been ten weeks on the journey. She still had hundreds of miles to travel before she reached her sister, near Goderich, who was married to a Mr. Glendermon.

She lived with her sister awhile, learning to sew and do farm work, and then married. She gave her age as twenty-two in place of her right age. I asked her why and she said, "I was ashamed to marry so young, I added some years to my age."

My grandmother was a pretty woman as I remember her, and she must have been a striking young woman with her rosy cheeks, for she has told me of her complexion, when younger.

I asked her why she married the man she did, as he was several years older, and her Scotch came to the fore and she said, "Well, he had a good farm, and was a good young man, thrifty, and good habits, and he was always good to me."

My Grandfather Sturdy was a short dark man and his children took after him in complexion, though none of them were very short. All the boys were nearly six feet and the girls were from five feet five to five feet six inches.

My grandfather was killed by a falling tree when my mother was thirteen years old and left seven children. The eighth was born shortly afterward.

What a gritty woman that little Mary Leith must have been, on a new farm, being left a widow with eight children, the oldest only fifteen years old. I asked her how she ever managed and she said her brother-in-law, who lived across the road, was good to her and helped her manage until the boys could take over.

The eight children were John, Ann, Tom, Margaret, Oswell, Mary, George, and Lizzie.

When John was a young man, my grandmother bought him a farm. Ann, my mother, was given dressmaking and so did Margaret learn to sew. This was one thing all girls learned. When they were eight they were apprenticed to a dressmaker for six months to learn the trade, no wages. At the end of the six-month period, if they remained, they received a small wage, but most girls learned so they could do their own sewing. Tom took infantile paralysis when quite young and was lame all his life. They did not know the disease then and Mother told me, "Tom took cold in his knee." He was given the cobbler's trade. Oswell was the gentleman son of the family and wanted to live in town, so learned the bakery trade.

George took care of the home farm and was afterwards given the farm. Lizzie learned dressmaking.

Grandmother Sturdy lived all her days on the farm where she went as a bride, though the log house was replaced by a nice story and a half house, with kitchen, bedroom, pantry, wash room, porch and a woodshed of one story attached to the upright story and a half part.

The front part had a bedroom, parlor, hall, and dining room. It was the usual thing to have a bedroom off the kitchen, where hired men slept, or it was a convenient place to let travellers or tramps sleep when they wanted lodging, for a night, for no one was turned away in those days.

They had a well near the house that was strong with sulphur, and whether this kept the family healthy or not I do not know, but I never knew a member of the family being sick, except after Grandmother was sixty-six she had some form of heart trouble, but she lived until she was eighty-eight.

Most of Grandmother's children lived until they were past eighty years of age. One is alive at this writing, and is ninety years of age.

The third son, Oswell, married while he was a baker. He married a hotelkeeper's daughter, which was considered beneath him and an omen of bad luck to marry a girl brought up in a hotel. Two or three children were born to them and all went well for awhile, then he left home. I never learned why, and for a couple of years or more, no one ever heard of him. His family managed to live by having one or more boarders, and his brothers helped out.

Oswell returned, went into a store with his brother Tom, and they kept it until both died. A couple more children were born to Uncle Os. and Aunt Kitty. I never heard Aunt complain all the time Uncle was away and they always seemed happy together after his return.

Uncle George married his third cousin, Lizzie Rutledge. I often spent some time helping take care of the children and usually rocked them in their cradle. Children were rocked so much in those days and how some of them were tossed if they were not properly tucked in. Sometimes two of us sat at the foot of the cradle and

then they rocked well with a pair of feet on each side of the cradle.

When the second child was born, a great sorrow entered Aunt's life. Her sister was there doing the work and became with child. From things I have heard about the young woman, it is hard to tell who was the father of her child, but Uncle had a woman in Goderich raise it, paying for keep and schooling her. I was told that Uncle was supposed to have been at the bottom of this, but I never spoke of this girl to either Uncle or Aunt.

From the day this girl was born to the day my Aunt died, not a member of her family ever entered her home nor was she or her husband ever allowed to go to her parents place even though it was only about a mile away.

She was a good woman, a good housekeeper, wonderfully clever, loyal to Uncle, and raised six boys. Though I have lost track of most of them, I have never heard of anything they have done that would not be a credit to their parents.

This aunt had a lot of clothes, furs, hats, and shoes and when she died of appendicitis, Uncle would not give her things away, but took them out into the orchard and burned them, stating that no one was going to quarrel over them nor would he see anyone wearing them.

Mary was a very lovable woman. She married Wm. Edwards. They had three boys and a girl. Aunt used to wear her hair in ringlets. They were beautiful ringlets to her shoulders. They were a very happy couple and I do not know a thing that brought a cloud to their life.

After I went clerking, I did not get as much milk to drink as I did on the farm and as I did not like tea or coffee, I drank hot water and cream, which was just becoming a popular drink in town. So dropping in on this home for a meal, I said I would take hot water. You just should have heard the protests. "Hot water. Not at my table. You get no hot water." So I had to swallow a drink I disliked, but they were so funny over it. The next year I was back and every member of the family was drinking hot water. Aunt said, "We will let you have your hot water to drink this year."

I remember one time when I was twelve or near there, Uncle Tom sent Grandmother five dollars and she was to buy a Christmas gift for her grandchildren. She had twenty-five or thirty, and what a task Grandmother must have had, when she was about seventy-five years of age, picking gifts for that crowd of children.

I remember I received a little basket about two or three inches long and about two inches wide, and the handle to base would be about four inches. It had imitation grapes in the basket, with a few leaves.

Susie got a small sand glass for timing eggs when you are boiling them. Emma got a doll, and at that time dolls were covered with wax. We enjoyed nibbling at this and was using it for gum

whenever we got a chance. It was kept in a dresser drawer in Mother's room and we never played with it. Mary got a small china hen on a nest of china eggs in a small basket.

My gift was put on the what-not. This was a corner concern with two or three shelves, fastened in the corner of the parlor, with all kinds of junk and had to be dusted every week. Dusting time was the only time my basket of eggs was ever touched.

There were so many Lizzys, Marys, Susies, Johns, and Williams that I fear you will get all mixed up in who was who.

You see, the first boy was called after the grandfather on the father's side; the first girl after the grandmother on the mother's side. The second child took the name of the other grandparent, then the father and mother, or favorite brother or sister. Sometimes a child was called for both grandparents.

On my mother's side, there were three Johns, two Williams, two Lizzies, one Maty, one Ann, one Tom, and one George. In Father's family, two Marys, two Sarahs, one Lizzie, two Williams, one John, one Robert, one George and one Susie. In the cousins there was a great mixture of names.

Thus ends the history of Mother's people. I cannot say they did as much as might have been done to add the Christian graces to their home. The church was neglected to a large extent. Of course, the only church they had near them was a small country church with few people attending. Grandmother did all she could to keep the church going. For years she cleaned the church and built the fire, nearly a quarter of a mile from her home, to have a place for her children to go. She did this without any financial return.

They never were drinkers, but all were industrious honest men. They did not care for public offices, so lived quiet home lives, while the Achesons were more public spirited and held offices in the church and community.

Childhood

The years seemed to slip by quickly, happy years full of play and work. Of course, we had our times of dispute and quarrels but they did not last long as the Irish get it out of their systems, then forget it and are ready for anything that comes along. I remember getting angry on one occasion when playing croquet. When I came to take my turn, I swung the mallet back and my sister Susie was too near and it struck her in the mouth and loosened two of her teeth. It was not intentional and my anger cooled immediately.

One time Susie said she could believe the story in the Bible where Mary is spoken of having seven devils cast out, for if any person was possessed of devils, I was.

However, time went by and as I look back, the happiness of those years has blotted out all the strifes and unpleasantness. I have, many times, when talking to other people of early days, been surprised how little fun was in their lives. I had thought, because we had fun, every young person had fun, but I found out different.

In the winter we had our sleds. Of course, they were hand made. Father made them of hard wood, as nice as the sleds you buy, although they were not painted nor did they have a nail or screw in them, but they had wooden pegs and they stood a lot of abuse.

A short distance from our house was a hill higher than the one we live on in Bay Port and we used to slide down this hill but not on the road, we would go into the field. We used to have a great deal of snow and the roads would block so we often had to drive through the fields. When we had company, we often took the hind bob of Father's sleigh up on the hill and six or more would pile on at once, and we would have a good ride.

Of course, being normal children, we had our fun of building snow forts, making snow men, and snow ball battles.

We had our snow shoes, which we made ourselves. We slid on the ice, which we kept free of snow by sweeping it, for girls were not supposed to have skates; they were just for boys, but we could slide on the ice.

We often had one person run on the ice and another would hunker down on her haunches, take hold of the other girl's dress or coat, and be drawn on the ice as fast as the one pulling could run, up and down and around. I was doing this one time, my sister Emma was crawling me, when the ice broke and let us down. I landed on my knees and the water came near my shoulders. Emma dropped on her feet and Susie ran to her and helped her out. She then got scared to come for me as I was trying to get out but the ice kept breaking. Then Susie went to the fence close by and carried a rail to the pond,

shoved it to me and I got out on it to solid ice. We all went into the house and changed clothes for dry ones and went to the barn to jump in the mow. This was another winter sport, climb as high in the barn as possible and jump down on the hay or straw.

Cutter riding was a pleasure the young people do not have any more as the roads are kept free of snow. We had two cutters, the single one in which two or three people could ride drawn by one or two horses, with a string of bells around each horse. With a fur robe on the back of the seat and one over our knees, we were very comfortable, and it was a pleasure riding if the horses were speedy. Our double cutter held the whole family and a span of horses was always used to draw it.

If the evening company brought any children our age with them, we would use the front of the house and the others would use the kitchen, which was more like a living room than a kitchen. It had a stove and table in it, some dining room chairs, a rocker or two and a couch.

We children would amuse ourselves by sliding down the stair railing which had a curve in it in the shape of a "U", and as we slid down we would try to slide fast enough to bump into the one who started before us, before she reached the newel post.

Another game we played on the stairs was sitting on the steps. One sat on the top step, another on the next step and so on. Then each person would place her feet in the lap of the person ahead of her, one foot on each side of her body, and that person would hold the feet. One person, who would be standing, would take the feet of the person in the lead and walk down stairs. All those sitting would be drawn bump, bump to the bottom. Then the one who did the pulling would take the top step, and the first one pulled the next time.

One evening Emma Laird was down with some of the Calbicks and we made maple taffy and put lots of nuts in it. She had been having a good deal of stomach trouble, but she ate a good deal of the taffy, then took such terrible pains in her stomach. We grew quite alarmed for she was on the floor, rolling in agony, but she urged us not to call the grown up people. Finally, after about an hour of suffering, she grew easier and then the pain let up, and that was the end of her stomach trouble that she had been having at times for months. So we worked a cure on her, but would not recommend you to try it as it might not have as good an effect on another person.

We played jacks quite often, but not with regular jacks. We used stones as near even in size and as round as we could get. Or we would use marbles. We played marbles but we made the marbles ourselves. We took a certain clay, I think it was blue clay we found in a ditch, wet it and moulded marbles with our hands, put them in the stove among the coals or hot ashes, and baked them. Of course, some would break but we had lots of them as we made dozens at a time.

We had card games. We made the cards ourselves using paste-board and covering the backs with wall paper and printing numbers on the fronts. Of course, the card games we played were simple. Euchre was not allowed.

We had checker boards which we made, and we used buttons for checkers, one party using black, the other using white. Dominoes were carefully whittled out of a piece of cedar and numbers were pasted on them.

We played football at home just with ourselves or with company. The football used was the bladder of a pig, blown up and tied around the outlet to keep the air in. Father always saved the bladders for us.

In the summer, we played a large variety of games, such as tag, crack the whip, hide and seek, pussy wants the corner and blindman's bluff. We played ball and cricket quite a lot. We made our own balls as well as our bats. The balls were made from the yarn of worn out sox or mittens. If we wanted a soft ball we would wind the ravelled yarn around a cork, but if we wanted a hard ball we would wind the yarn around a stone. We wound them to the desired size, then taking some cord and a darning needle, we darned the ball with the cord so if a thread broke it would not unwind.

We made our own kites with tails on them. We made our own slings for throwing stones, as well as our bows and arrows. Our whistles were made from willow twigs and we always had swings and stilts. We played bally over, throwing the ball over the house or shed, depending on our size and the height of the buildings.

We had iron rims of buggy or wagon wheels as you have your hoops or auto tires to roll along on the ground.

Sister Mary had knit a scarf for a cousin, Jim Ford, such as men wore in those days, about two yards long and twelve or fifteen inches in width; of course, he provided the yarn. These scarfs were worn around the neck. Some just placed them around the neck, crossed in front and taken to the back and the ends tied; others brought them back to the front again and tied them at the waist; while others had them around the neck twice and then one end over the shoulder while the other end hung down in front.

When she had finished the scarf, he gave her six croquet mallets and balls as well as two end stakes. These things he had made himself, but there were no wires. We always saved empty spools for different things, and we put spools in the ground, where wires would be set up, and gathered some willow twigs and put these twigs or branches into the holes in the spools, as the small branches were not stout enough to go into our land which was mostly clay.

Later on, when we found broken barrel hoops we would use them, and later on fence wire came into use and we would cut some wire the length we needed and so have our wire hoops for the game.

What good times we had with this croquet game. The neighbors would come in the summer evenings and the Rouden young people often came nearly a mile to play, and how Jim Rouden would jump and yell when his side made a good play. Father and Mother were in town one evening and could hear him shouting that distance away, so they knew we had company and were having lots of fun.

When we wanted to take life easy yet keep on playing, we would amuse ourselves with the game of knife; but when keen for action we would follow a bumble bee and when we found the nest would rob them of their honey.

One day we started out following some of those big noisy bumble bees. We had gone to a field Father was plowing when we heard the bees hum and started after them. It would be more exciting than eating choke cherries. They were nested in some matted grass not far from the cherry trees and so we began poking the place they had gone in.

Before long out came two or three bees and made for Susie. She tried to ward them off but they persisted and then she began to run away and they kept up with her. Susie was fleet of foot and how she ran, waving a hat in one hand and a stick in the other and screaming as she ran. Emma and I were so convulsed with laughter we could do nothing. Finally she stumbled in the freshly plowed earth and fell. Then her two feet were added to the waving arms as she had rolled on her back.

Then Emma and I ran to her and found two bees buried in her mass of wavy hair so they could not get out nor could she get rid of them. They had not stung her so we killed them, went back and killed the others and secured our honey comb. We did not consider it was wrong to steal their honey and kill them because we understood they stole their honey from tame bees.

I can still see Susie running, waving and yelling.

Hornets were very plentiful and we would get rid of them whenever we ran across their nests so we would not get stung when gathering berries, or other things we wanted in the fence corners, as the snake rail fence was used almost entirely in my early days and so much stuff grew along the fences.

I had been taken to a doctor's office when a small girl and that was the only time I was in a doctor's office until shortly before I was married, but because I did not have to go to a doctor did not mean that I never took any medicine. I did not take doctor's medicine, but stuff my mother prepared for us.

Starting about the first of March, we took cream of tartar every day for weeks. This was to thin our blood after the cold winter, which was believed to have a tendency of thickening the blood.

After we had taken the necessary amount of cream of tartar, we

had molasses and sulphur for sometime. This was to purify our blood. By the time we had finished this, or soon after, garlic was available. So a handful of garlic was put into a bottle of good size and it was filled with whiskey. It was allowed to soak for some days, then we had a teaspoonful of this whiskey and garlic every morning. How they all hated this. What it was for, I never learned excepting it was used to make whiskey taste so awful we would never wish to drink it when we grew up.

Dandelions and burdock were growing now, so the roots were dug up, washed and boiled for a long time in lots of water, and then we drank an egg cup full every morning before breakfast for a tonic. We certainly did not need anything to help our appetites, but for weeks we took this medicine. It was not so bad to take for a few days, then it began to sour and it was awful, but there was no breakfast until we had our tonic.

This ended the spring dosing so far as Mother's medicine was concerned, but we had some cures of our own.

We ate green apples from the time they had grown to be the size of a marble until we had ripe apples. We had heard green apples would cause diarrhea but we had our remedy. Black currants were the cure for diarrhea, so after eating what we wanted of apples, we went to the black currant bush and took a few currants to prevent sickness. The fact that the currants were in the green stage made no difference. However, none of us ever took diarrhea from eating unripened fruit.

In the Fall, our tonic began again to build us up so the winter would not affect us. Dandelion and burdock roots had been dug in the spring and dried, so in the fall they were brought out, soaked in water for a day and boiled, so the same thing was gone through with as in the spring, come downstairs, enter the pantry, drink the egg cup of medicine and eat breakfast.

Father gathered a lot of bark from wild black cherry trees and this was kept until the proper time when it was steeped and slowly boiled in plenty of water for a long time. A teaspoonful of this was taken if anyone in the neighborhood was home from school with a cold or if any symptom was seen in any of us.

If any one complained of a sore throat, we received a teaspoonful of honey before going to bed. Whether the throat was sore or someone pretended it was so we could get some honey, I will not say positively.

Another thing we had to do, which has since amused me, was wearing alum around our necks. If sickness was around or fear there might be, each of us had some alum in a piece of cloth tied around our neck under our dresses. This was to prevent us from taking any disease from others.

The only medicine that was purchased was worm candy. There were several signs of worms, such as grinding the teeth in sleep, itching nose, feeling like vomiting, white around the mouth, and the actual fact that worms were in the stools. When any of these

things were noticed, we took a pill for worms. This box of pills was kept on the clock shelf and was handy.

We children gathered golden thread and kept it on hand. It was a fine yellow root of some wild plant we found in swampy ground and was to cure sore mouth. None of us ever had sore mouth but we chewed it to keep from having one.

We also thought it wise to prepare for old age. Old people had to take so many pills, so we carried dried field peas in our pockets and would practice swallowing these peas so when we grew up we would not have any difficulty swallowing a pill.

If any of us did not want to go to school on a certain day, it was easy to pretend we were not feeling well and would be allowed to remain home. If in an hour or more these sick symptoms disappeared and we were acting well again we were given a good dose of castor oil.

All winter we had slippery elm bark around the house and would chew it.

Then flax seed was boiled for the horses to keep their skins from getting tight and we children took our share of the shiny flax for the same purpose.

A balm of Gilead tree grew at the side of the house, and every spring the buds were gathered and boiled. This was mixed with lard and was used for a salve for any time a salve was needed.

All sores had to be polticed to draw out the puss and brown sugar and soap was used for this purpose - some used salt pork. Blue clay was stored away for sprains.

For ear ache, a green basswood twig was placed near the fire and as the sap would ooze out this was caught in a spoon and poured into the ear. Kerosene was rubbed as a linament for rheumatism.

When my sister lost her hair after scarlet fever, her head was rubbed over several times a day with mare's milk to get her hair to grow. Young men who wished their whiskers to grow, rubbed their faces with cream and allowed a cat to lick it off.

If a wound would not heal quickly, urine was poured over it daily. Other people smoked sores. They took woolen rags, put them in a pan that had live coals in it and wrapped a woolen blanket around themselves and over the pan so the smoke would be sure to come in contact with the sore. The smell of this was awful if it had to be done in the house in the wintertime.

A remedy for diphtheria was dog dung - the white kind. None of us ever had diphtheria but I think if we had mother would have drawn the line at that, but she did hear that mice were good for whooping cough so my sister Emma and I had a mouse served up to us on one occasion.

The mouse was killed, dressed, baked and then skinned, and we ate it, being told it was a kind of bird. I remember I enjoyed it

at the time but would hate to think of eating one now. I had overheard a woman telling Mother about it and refused to eat it until she declared it was a bird. Years afterwards she told me it had been a mouse. It was the only untruth I ever knew her to tell, but she was so anxious for us to be better I guess it did not count, but it did not cure the whooping cough.

I was bothered with chilblains every winter and the remedy prescribed for this was rather severe as most of the pioneer remedies were. The cure was to run barefooted in the snow a couple hundred yards, and night after night, before retiring, I would take off my shoes and stockings and run to the barn and back. The barn was about two hundred feet from the house. One of my sisters would run with me. If she had chilblains she would be barefooted, but if not would come with shoes on for company. For we never went outdoors alone after night excepting to the well and then the door was left open if we went alone. We had so many things to scare us in those days.

If you ever want to warm your feet, try running in the snow. We would return to the house with feet good and warm, but it did not cure the chilblains. Just as we always did our snow-balling barehanded, for awhile the hands got "Oh so cold, then they would grow warm."

To harden our hands and face against cold, we washed in snow if there was any on the ground. We would pick up a cake of soap (home made) and stepping outdoors take up some snow and rub it and the soap between our hands until lather came, then rubbing it over our face and ears, taking up fresh snow as you would water. If the weather was severely cold, we would fill the basin with snow and wash indoors. How our faces would glow and no rouge was required to get a school-girl complexion.

In summer, to get our cheeks nice and pink, we would pick mullen leaves and rub them over our faces. Try this and see the price we paid for our rouged cheeks.

At school we always had children with head lice. To keep free from them, blue vitrol was rubbed into our hair, and sometimes kerosene. We were afraid of the latter for Father used it on some calves to kill hen lice that had gotten on them and the hair came off.

Cobwebs were used for wrapping around a cut. For bleeding that was hard to stop, the people went to someone who charmed it and stopped the flow. This gift was given from generation to generation and had to be given from father to daughter or mother to son. Never from man to man. Grandfather claimed the gift of charming a flow of blood but none of his daughters ever was given the charm, so they could not have had much faith in it.

Today, I am surprised at the number of drugs sold by druggists that are similar to those we used in those early days.

A slice of beef steak was used for a poultice for sore eyes or to keep a bruise from swelling or turning dark.

The skin of the inside of a hen's egg was put on the lips when they were sore.

Another remedy was the cure for ingrown toe nails. I never knew this to fail. Take a little tallow or lard, put it in a spoon and hold it over heat until it boils, then drop it on the effected part of the toe. Hot tallow was also put in cuts in our fingers caused by cold or exposure.

I cured a boy at our boarding house, who was going to high school, of ingrown toe nail. He had cut a hole in his shoe to relieve the pressure. I fixed his toe one night and that was the end of his trouble.

I cannot get my husband to do this but he will fuss for weeks curing them by cutting some of the nail and such things. Well, there is more money made with the modern way, but the other way is quicker.

Father would use wood soot from the stove lids for any stomach trouble he might have, taking a teaspoonful in a half cup of water.

Epsom salts had to be taken quite regularly and how my father hated it. One night Mother made up some salts for him and he was so long before he drank it that I said, "Pa, I will run you a race if Ma will fix up some for me." She did and the race was on to see who could down them first. I don't remember who did but he got his salts down.

We made all sorts of necklaces of dandelion stems, apple seeds, shells, pumpkin seeds, haws, sweet briar seed pods, and everything we could string. Also, we made baskets and trays of burdock burs. We made our whistles from willow branches.

Some years we had young canary birds taken from the nest before they were old enough to fly. Mary always had to have a bird or two in captivity.

Then Father got the idea he wanted a robin so it would waken him early in the morning, and as usual I was the goat to climb the tree and rob the old birds of their young. We had a box to put the bird in, about a foot and a half square and about eight or ten inches deep. Over this we put a screen just like chicken fence wire, large enough so the old bird could feed the bird, which she did as the box was fastened to the tree we took the bird from, and I have known the old bird, when she came back in the spring, to continue feeding the bird.

The birds lived for years unless some accident happened, such as a cat getting them when they were allowed to fly in the house so they would not get sick and die. They were great singers, especially the canaries.

I loved to climb trees just for the climbing and would go as high as I thought safe and sway with the wind, and I would wish to be able to fly like the birds. I never could get as high in the trees as the turkeys. We grew great flocks of turkeys and they roosted in the trees and on top of the barn.

We could not climb on the barn with the turkeys but we could

climb on to the roof of the house, which we often did. The wood shed was not hard to get to the roof and from there we ascended to the roof of the kitchen and then climbed the sloping roof of the front part of the house. We would bring Mother's accordion and sit on the roof and play and sing. No one could play the accordion but we could make a noise and sing songs. In the day time when the sun was hot, we sat on the top of the milk house.

Father and Mother went to church regularly, we children did not go, but we would play church. I was usually the preacher. I stood on the kitchen table with a chair behind me to sit on and one in front for the pulpit. I would give out a hymn and all would sing and then I prayed the only prayer I knew at that time:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
And this I ask for Jesus sake.

Amen.

We would rise from our knees as we always knelt at prayer and I would yarn off anything that came into my head or recite a poem I had learned.

Besides housework and farm work, we did other things. We crocheted lace. All our underwear, which was made of factory cotton, was trimmed with home made lace, as well as our night gowns, our petticoats, and corset covers or under waists. We made collars and cuffs for our percale dresses and our aprons had lace all around them, excepting our work aprons.

Besides making lace we knit our own mittens and hose, both woolen hose and cotton hose for summer. Grandmother Sturdy knit our good cotton hose from ball cotton, the same as is sold today in the stores, but for our school hose we had the single thread that we bought by the pound and then twisted ourselves. We had home made lace on all our pillow cases for the guest chamber.

We never made doll clothes for we had but one doll in the house. It was a wax doll and was never touched unless we wanted to get a bit of wax for chewing gum. We did have a pillow with an apron tied around it when we needed a baby in our play. But dolls did not appeal to us nearly as much as dogs, cats, horses, pet lambs, and pigs. Even squirrels and foxes interested us more than dolls.

Father always liked to have the fox make their holes on the farm, for there was a belief a fox never stole a hen when the fox lived on the farm. How the fox knew how far your farm extended in the different directions always puzzled me, but I never inquired for certain things were facts and no questions were to be asked. It was quite a common thing to see fox running around on the farm and hear them barking in the night when the moon was brightly shining.

I overlooked telling you, when speaking of knitting our hose

and mittens of wool, we had to prepare our own yarn. We would take fleece as it is taken from the sheep, wash it and tease it until it was all fluffy, then put a little grease on it and take it to the mill where it was made into rolls about a yard long and as large as your little finger. We then took a roll, fastened it to the spinning wheel bobbin or whatever it was called, turned the wheel and spun it into thread. Two or three threads would be twisted together to make the yarn ready for knitting. I did not do much spinning, I could not get the thread even all the way along but I did a lot of twisting.

In vacation time there were berries to pick. No, not tame ones, we had a few bushes in the garden for the table, but we went to the woods and cut over fields for wild berries, both red and black raspberries as well as strawberries, thimble berries, wild plums, choke cherries, wild and tame goose berries, crab apples, wild grapes and currants, both red and black.

These gatherings of fruit sometimes were just like a picnic as six, eight or a dozen of us would set out with pails, small dishes and our lunch, walk a mile or more to some swamp or field full of stumps and pick our small dishes full. We would all empty them at once, that is those belonging to the same family, and it was interesting to see the pail fill up so fast when the berries were plentiful. We never ate until the pails were full, then we would fill the small dishes and eat on the way home. Once you start eating while picking you might as well quit. You lose all your zest for picking when you begin to eat them.

Sometimes we would find a lovely lot of berries and get started picking when hornets would fly all around us, or when crossing a stream on a fallen log one of the crowd would slip off into the water and get soaking wet. Sometimes we met up with some Indians who were picking berries. They were nice friendly Indians.

We would go home so tired, but when we saw how pleased Mother would be and heard some words of praise, we would forget we were tired.

Father and the hired man would take the team one day every summer to pick berries in a large place some miles away. The berries were covered with vinegar for two days or more, then heated and strained. The juice was boiled with some sugar and put into cans and sealed. When used, about half water and half juice were mixed and drank. Our men used this in the fields in the summertime in place of all water as water was not considered a suitable drink in the hot harvest fields. It makes a nice drink.

Like all children, we were fond of dressing up and often did. I will just tell of one occasion at this time, which has been impressed on my mind. Father, Mother and George were away for the day, so it was a good chance to don the best clothes in the house and visit the hired man who was plowing the field close to the lane.

Mother had taken good care of her wedding clothes and never objected to us wearing them if we did not be rough or romp with them on.

Mary put on the dress Mother was married in, a striped silk with nine widths in the skirt, a tight fitting waist with bell sleeves and trimmed with fringe. She had on hoop skirts though they were not worn at the time we dressed up. She wore the bridal bonnet and face veil and carried the bridal parasol, while Susie had another silk dress, what was called a changeable silk, with another bonnet and parasol.

Emma and I were the gentlemen escorts. We both wore bright red homespun flannel bloomer drawers, which Mary and Susie wore in the winter. With these pants we wore black velvet short coats also belonging to Mary and Susie. The coats came a little below the waist and we both carried walking canes. I wore Father's high silk hat, known as the plug hat, while Emma wore another hat of Father's called the Christy stiff.

We strolled slowly up the lane back of the barn and up over the hill. When we reached the top of this small hill, the hired man was plowing toward the lane and looking up saw us coming, not more than three or four hundred feet from where he would reach the fence as he was about fifty feet from the lane. He stopped the horses, walked to the side of the plow and leaning against the handle and folding his arms across his chest, he watched our approach.

When we came about even with him, I spoke, by order of my older sisters, and asked if he knew when Mr. Acheson would be home, stating we had called at the house but no one was there. He answered us very nicely and I thanked him and we turned and retraced our steps. He had not changed his position during our chat.

We had gone back a couple hundred feet when one of us looked back and saw he was still standing there with folded arms. But in a few minutes we heard a great roar of laughter and looking back saw the man on the ground and laughing hard. We went on home, took off our clothes and said nothing to the folk when they came home, but we knew he had learned who we were when he laughed so heartily.

At supper time, all were seated as usual, grace was said by Father as usual, and we were being served when the hired man laughed out. Father looked at him wondering what was causing the laugh, but no one said anything. He began to eat, then laughed again, rose and left the table. Father said, "I wonder what ails him?" I said, "Oh, we dressed up this afternoon and went back to visit him." Father said, "Is that all that ails him. Call him in." But he would not come to eat until we had left the table. Next day he had become normal.

I somehow received the impression, when quite young, that if I died before I was six years of age I would go to Heaven, but if I died between the years of six and fourteen I would be sent to Hell. When I reached fourteen I could go to the penitent bench during a revival time and join the church and I would go to Heaven.

How I wanted to go to Heaven for there was no night there and I would never have to go to bed for going to bed I did not like. Besides this there was another attraction. In Heaven there were nice

walks and in strolling around you would come to some shrubs and flowers, and regular little bowers, and there were seats to sit on and little tables, and on the tables was lots of honey so you could eat all you wanted and any time of year you wanted it. Then I would be able to play the harp and my voice would be improved and I would be able to sing without being laughed at.

Time passed on and when I was going to school, the Bible Christian Church in Holmesville was having a revival meeting one time and some of us stopped in on our way home to see what was going on as they had meetings afternoon and night. The invitation was given a few minutes after I entered the church and I arose alone and went forward.

I did not join the church. I was brought up Methodist, but now I had a chance of going to Heaven if I died. I would run the chance of going to Heaven and escaping Hell for I did not believe what a Methodist minister had told us sometime before this at a revival meeting.

He said if any person dies as soon as they are converted, they will neither go to Heaven or Hell but will be between the two, and will be like a person who is in quick sand and will have to work all the time to keep from sinking lower than the arm pits. His argument was to get the people converted early in life and not wait until they were ready to die and so just escape Hell.

Father always went to the stable before going to bed to see if the horses were all right and give them a little more hay. When he used the stable lantern with the tallow candles in it, he could go alone and hang the lantern on a long peg he had put up for that purpose and there would be no danger of fire, but after the kerosene oil came into use he bought a stable lantern that used kerosene, or as we always called it, coal oil, in Canada, and this was considered dangerous.

So someone always went with him to carry the lantern, and I was the one who usually went.

The coal oil had so much gasoline in it that lamps were known to explode, so I carried the lantern and if it began to sputter, I ran out of the barn and turned the wick down until it acted right.

To prevent the lamps from exploding, we filled them with oil every day, then there was no void for the gas to form and we had to see the small opening along side of the wick was not closed, thus shutting off any air entering the oil chamber.

Speaking of the candles in the barn lantern reminds me that we made our own candles, using tallow. We had a candle form to pour the melted tallow in. First we took the candle wicking, which is the same as we make tufted bedspreads of. We took six, eight, or more threads in pieces about ten inches or more in length and tied them on a stick. We threaded one end of the threads through each of the spaces in the form, fastening the end to another stick. The thread or wick was held tight so it would be in the center of the candle. When all were threaded, the tallow was poured into each space and set to cool. When

cool, the wick on the bottom was cut from the stick, and gently but evenly the candles were drawn up by the stick at the top. Thus, you had as many candles as you had holes to thread. Our candle form had a dozen spaces, thus we made a dozen at a time.

George and Emma were great pals, and Mary and Susie were closer to each other than with me, so I made the dog my pal and spent much time with Father walking after him as he plowed the fields or did other work. When Mary began going with young men, Susie and I were together, especially if some prank was in process of being hatched ready to be carried out.

Our ministers always changed charges in the summer and were expected to be on their first charge the first Sunday of July. No matter how much a congregation liked the minister, he had to change in three years and less if he was not giving satisfaction and the boards of the circuit desired a change.

We had three charges on the Holmesville circuit, then three more were added and a young man as well as an older man worked the circuit. Besides this we had men in Clinton and Goderich who would come out and preach. These were called local preachers and they received no salary.

When a man was on a charge for three years, he knew he had to change so often did not bother putting in a garden knowing he would not be there to use the garden stuff. Some did not bother planting a garden for themselves though there was ample room behind the parsonage in Holmesville.

When the Rev. Milligan came there was no garden and Father met him one day and said, "If you like green peas, our peas will be ready to eat this coming week, come down and get a mess." Of course, they were field peas and were smaller than the garden variety.

So he came and Father called three of us, Susie, Emma and myself to go to the pea field and pick some peas, giving us a large Indian basket that would hold between a third and a half bushel. Susie was about twelve, I was ten and Emma about eight years of age.

We took the basket, went back about a quarter of a mile and started picking peas. Someone suggested we surprise the preacher, when he and Father came back, by having so many picked in such a short time. Here was a challenge and we started in to have the basket full and when we saw them coming how we worked, expecting to hear, "Well, you children are certainly fast pickers." They came on and we finished filling the basket while the men stood and talked but not a word of praise did we hear as they watched us pick.

When the basket was full, Father took it to empty into the sack the preacher kept under his arm and he unfolded a grain bag that held two bushels and a half of grain. The peas were emptied in and the basket given back to us without a word spoken to us. All zest was gone and we picked for awhile. Finally, I spoke up and said, "Have we not picked enough Pa?" Father waited a moment before answering, as if to give the preacher a chance to speak, but he said nothing and Father said, "Oh, you better pick awhile longer." Not many

minutes passed when Father spoke quite sternly and said, "That will do children." So we went home without even a "Thank you" from the preacher.

Nothing was said about it at home, but some months later, in fact it was near spring, Father came home from a board meeting and I heard him say to Mother, "Well there will be no more pea picking for preachers. The board passed a resolution that preachers, when leaving the circuit, have to leave a planted garden for the coming minister and a farmer, who lived next to the parsonage is to be paid each year by the board to plow the garden spot behind the parsonage."

I felt like clapping my hands, but as it had not been spoken for me to hear, I kept quiet. I know Father spoke quietly to some of the members and had put the resolution over. So sometimes you can dig your own grave, as the saying is.

Since I have grown up I have measured ministers by this pea picking experience and when I am imposed upon, I say to Doctor, "Have been picking peas today."

Father had a good deal of teaming in the wintertime. So much timber on the farm had to be cut down, made into wood, and the wood taken to Clinton and sold or hauled to the railroad track for trains. All trains burned wood in those days and they bought it from the farmers. As Father was away so much he would often be late getting home and we were a help here, for on arriving at the barn, all he had to do was put the horses in the stable. The hay would be before them, the cows fed, the pigs fed, and all ready for him to come to supper.

When company came to the house to visit Mother, Mary would see to it we all worked and that the milking was done (women milked in Canada), calves fed, hens and geese looked after, the chickens taken care of, and Mother did not have to think about the barn work at all; besides supper was prepared. The same thing happened when any of us had a visitor, we would not have any chores to do.

When Mary began having young men come for supper, she would rise Sunday morning and do all the milking herself, then in the evening she would not do anything. She had done her day's work in the morning.

On Sunday, we were never allowed to do any work except the feeding of the stock, milking, feeding the pigs and poultry, and getting our own meals, while all that could be done on Saturday toward getting the meals was done. Potatoes had to be dug on Saturday, if it was summertime, and all vegetables for the meals in the house. All shoes were polished on Saturday. We never bought shoe polish; in those early days, the wood soot on the under side of the stove lids was used. All buttons had to be on or we remained from church alone. This was after we began going to church. Our clothes had to be in proper condition.

When we built the addition to our house, we had a job sewing rags. We made rag carpets for three bedrooms and the hall upstairs, the bedroom downstairs, and the large kitchen. The parlor and guest chamber had new carpets from the store. A rag carpet was not good enough for those rooms. When we finished you could hardly find a rag to tie

around a cut finger. We also made hooked and braided rugs.

We quilted quilts. Sometimes Mother had a quilting bee. We made our own bedspreads, the tufted kind, for all the beds, but the spare room. We bought one for it. We did not knit or crochet spreads though many people had them in those days. My Mother had tufted bedspreads when she was married in 1860, so had I in 1896, and again they are in use.

You will think we did not have much idle time. Well, we did not, it was either play or work all the time.

Grandmother Sturdy was visiting us one time and Mother was out in the field doing something when Mrs. Rumball came to see her. I went for Mother, her company remained about fifteen minutes, and when she left Grandmother said, "Ann, you might have had your knitting when you were visiting with Mrs. Rumball."

The winter our house was finished, the young people in Holmesville decided to give us a house warming in the form of a surprise party. They told Mother they were coming but she did not tell any of the family. About eight o'clock we heard sleigh bells coming, then the most awful yelling as a span of horses and a sleigh load of shouting people landed near our side veranda. I opened the door and the crowd of people rushed to Father and he was trying to pull his long boots on. He had been sitting in his sock feet by the oven door.

They took possession of the house and played games of all kinds, even to the Methodist dance, namely, "Old Dusty Miller." For fear you have never played it, I will explain. The boys and girls would form separate circles with a boy in the center. The circle of boys would be on the outside and the circle of girls would be inside the circle of boys. Then they would all walk around singing:

There was a dusty miller,
Who lived by the mill.
As the mill went round,
They gathered in the grain.
One hand in the hopper,
The other in the bag;
As the mill went round,
They all cried grab.

Then the boys all stepped forward catching the arm of the girl ahead, while the boy in the center tried to catch a girl's arm. The boy who was left over went into the center, then the singing and walking in a circle started again.

At twelve o'clock there was lunch, which the visitors had brought with them.

After they had gone my father said, "The next time I will know about their coming. Mother laughed and said, "You could not keep the secret." He just said, "We will see."

Next year came and as Mary was going to town one day, Father said, "You had better bring a chimney for the lamp that is without

a chimney. If any more broke, we would not have enough lamps, if company came." So Mary brought home a chimney, never thinking that Father never looked after those things.

We were all sitting in the kitchen, a good fire going and the furnace going well. Father thought he would change his clothes and shoes; something was wrong with what he had on. No one remarked about it as men's clothes often became damp in the snow. The rest of us were paring apples and quartering them for drying, excepting Mary. She rose and brought out of the other room some hair to make into a switch. She had just learned hair work, but Father said, "I would not work with hair, Mary, when the others are at apples. If someone came in it would not look well." So she put the hair away.

In a few minutes a knock came to the front door, a door our friends never used. Father went to answer the door saying, "Sit still, I'll go." This was something he rarely did and when he opened the door he sent the callers through the hall to the kitchen. It was another surprise party and he was the only one who knew anything about it. Again all kinds of games were played and a good time was had by all.

I have mentioned we were paring apples. This was a job we all took part in excepting Father. He usually had shoes to fix as he half-soled all our shoes and patched them, or had harness to fix, or he would be fixing some piece of machinery. We would peel apples with a small paring machine which took the skin off, then we would cut them in quarters and take the core out. Sometimes we put them on long strings to hang them up to dry or we put them on a sieve over the stove. This sieve was about half way between the ceiling and stove and held in place by strings from the ceiling, and on it we could put pails full of apples.

When the apples were dried enough they were stored until we had a lot, then they were taken to town and sold for from three to six cents a pound, depending on the quantity of apples in the community. Mother often sold from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars worth in a winter. The apples we peeled were windfalls and culls that the buyers would not accept.

We had no rubbers or overshoes. Indeed, I do not know if there were rubbers in those days. No one in our house had them. So to keep our feet from getting wet with the snow, we had to grease our shoes every night or morning, using tallow, and it would be rubbed well in.

We had an odd experience one day with shells. One field had a lot of stumps in it. Sometime before Father had set fire to these stumps as that was one way they had of clearing the fields and getting them ready for plowing. As we moved around we found some shells and then some more shells and it seemed every stump we came to there were more shells than the others. We had filled our hats and were starting home with them when we came across a stump that must have had a good sized pail full of shells so we decided we would come back and get them.

We were not gone more than an hour but there was not a shell anywhere. We went from stump to stump but no shells. Next day we

were back but we never found another shell.

Those we took home Mother used for making a frame for a picture. She first had a wooden frame which was just a cheap board frame, which she covered with soft putty. Then after washing the shells clean, she placed them on the putty in rows. When this was well set and dry, she varnished it all over and for years it hung in our dining room.

We had another picture in the dining room that I have always been sorry we did not take care of. It was a wreath of flowers worked in wool. Mother made it before she was married. It was not worked on cloth, but the flowers were made full size. The frame was about six inches deep with a glass over it.

We had a little red brick church, as I have told you, and when I was twelve or thirteen years old the church board decided to build a new church and Father was a member of the board. He had to attend a great many meetings. The trouble started when they could not agree on the size of the church or the material. Some were for putting up quite an expensive building but three men fought that. These men were Father, his brother Ed and old man Calbick. These three won out and a frame church was built and in a couple of years they had it paid for. Years and years afterward one man told me if it had not been for the two Achesons and Calbick they would still be paying for the church.

After it was completed, the board decided to have a supper the Monday after the church was dedicated, on Sunday. When Father came home from the meeting, he stated they were going to have a church supper and no more paper sack socials. They had a nice basement and tables were made. People were to be seated at them on the Sunday school seats. The men arranged everything, the date, the price of admission, and what each person was to provide for the supper. This was according to their ability, or what the men considered the ability of the donors.

Mother was among the heavily taxed givers and her portion of food was twelve different edibles for forty people, besides the sugar, tea and cream. Then those not so able were to bring twelve different edibles for thirty people. Then it was for twenty, then ten, but always twelve different edibles of different kinds of food.

I never saw so much food taken from a house in my life. There was chicken, ham, potatoes, vegetables, pies, tarte, cookies, a five story cake, a couple of layer cakes, bread, buns and doughnuts.

The night of the supper came and we had to pay forty cents for our supper, those under twelve paid twenty-five cents.

The Holmesville women were good cooks and they were capable at handling their suppers. I have never seen better service. One woman had charge of a table that would seat about thirty people or more and two young women and two young men waited on the table. The young men served tea, one on each side of the table and the two young women passed the edibles and saw that they had all they wanted to eat. The woman in charge stood back out of the way and watched to see that everyone was being cared for. The edibles were all on the table.

This system was always carried out and they would feed great crowds. After this supper they had so much food that there was a social the next night and then so much was left, they auctioned off the food. The next year the women took over the assigning of food to the different people and have done so ever since.

I used to drive out from Clinton and Goderich to attend these suppers which were yearly and what crowds they would have.

Along with the supper was an entertainment in the church, beginning about seven thirty or eight o'clock - songs, music and speaking. Usually, a favorite preacher was brought back for the Sunday preaching and the Monday night. These speeches were good, with plenty of laughs.

I have told you about our rag carpets, but did not explain how they were put on the floor. Indeed, all carpets were put down the same.

Our carpets reached from wall to wall both ways. They were tacked down at one wall, then drawn as tight as we could pull them to the opposite wall and tacked there. Then the sides were tacked.

At house cleaning time, the carpets were all taken up. First the tacks were taken out with a tack lifter. Then the carpet was taken out-of-doors and the whole family took hold, Father and all. Part were holding one end and part the other, and we would shake the carpet, all raising our arms at once and lowering them at once, and in that way the dust was gotten out of the carpet. This was kept up until you began to think your arms would be pulled out of their sockets. We never put the carpets on the grass or on the line and beat them with sticks.

Father loved to have the young people come and Mother, in her quiet way, was glad to have them. So young people by twos and threes came quite often, especially in the wintertime and would chat for awhile, then gather around the organ and sing. We were the first to have an organ in the community, and Mary and Susie were given organ lessons.

I was twelve or thirteen years of age when I asked Mother to cut my hair. I had very fine hair, very straight and long enough to sit on it. When I washed or combed it, it tangled so I suffered a lot having it combed, but Mother said she would not cut my hair off, and no amount of pleading had any effect, so I ceased.

But watching my chance, I picked up a pair of scissors and going into a bedroom I took down my hair. The front was caught up on top of my head and tied with a ribbon, the back was braided. So bringing the front part over my eyes, I took the scissors and cut it off above my eyebrows. Then I reached back and as best I could cut off the back part. Going into the room where Mother was sitting, I said, "Mother do you mind trimming my hair for me?" She looked at me and said, "I guess I will have to." She trimmed it like a man's.

Then Emma started teasing to have her hair cut. She had lovely golden curls and she coaxed and cried, "Well, Sarah has her hair cut, why can't I?" Finally, Mother cut it off.

Next day we went to school with our hair just like a boy and how we were admired by the other children. The following day a number came with their hair cut off. It soon became the fad in our school. Whether we started it elsewhere or not I cannot say, but soon the girls in the whole county were having their hair shingled. I kept mine cut until I was eighteen years of age.

Susie had a very heavy head of curly hair. She wore it in a braid, about as thick as my wrist, down her back. I began teasing her to have her hair cut but Oh, no, she would not part with her hair. So one day she and Mary were sitting in the doorway and I sneaked up behind her with a pair of scissors and began cutting her braid. I had one strand of her braid cut nearly off when it dawned on her something was going on, and on turning discovered me at my job. I had to stop. She had a smaller braid for awhile, and fortunately for her it was the center strand I had cut. She made no fuss over it. I guess we were pretty good sports.

Our beds were different to what you sleep on today, not the bedstead but the mattresses. We had no springs on any of the beds, but had slats, which were pieces of boards about four inches or more in width. These were placed across the bed where the springs rest today. Before slats were used, rope was used. On each side of the bed, that is the side pieces, were knobs about the size of a spool and about six inches apart, and a rope, about the size of a clothes line, was looped over a knob, taken to the other side, over a knob, and back until the whole bed was roped up.

On top of the slats was a straw mattress made of burlap and having two openings in the top side so you could put your hand in and stir up the straw. Over this straw mattress was a feather mattress made by using regular feather ticking in place of burlap and feathers in place of straw.

This straw tick had fresh straw put in every housecleaning time. The tick of old straw was carried to the barn and emptied, the old straw could be used for bedding down horses or cows. Then fresh straw was put in through the openings which were about twelve inches long. These openings had pieces of tape sewn on so they could be tied shut.

It was some job to empty and fill those straw ticks, but we enjoyed it, for what was ahead of us, sleeping on the new straw beds. Each tick would be filled until it would be two or three feet deep. Each two children stuffed their own and we did Mother's and George's. We could fill them as full as we wished, then all four girls would carry them to the house and upstairs and put them on the bed. The feather bed was put on top of the straw.

Going to bed at night, we would climb on the foot of the bed, balance ourselves on the foot board and jump into the center. Had we climbed in the regular way, we would have rolled out before morning, but by jumping in there was a raised edge. This was repeated each night until the straw began to break up and was not so high.

The odor of those nice clean straw beds was very pleasant and talk about your downy mattresses that fit into your figure, nothing

ever fitted better than the hollows you could make in the straw. In the summer we took the hot feather mattress off and put a quilt over the straw mattress, under the sheet.

Bed making was some chore. The straw had to be stirred every morning and the feathers shaken, so all the bedding had to be taken off. The feather tick was thrown up, one end of the straw stirred, the feathers thrown back in place, and the other end done as the first. Then the bedding was put on. When this was done a broom handle was rubbed over the bed to make it smooth and even for our beds had to be as level as the floor.

If you want a cold job, just try stirring straw in one of those ticks with the bare hands on a winter's morning. My, how cold that straw was. We had to blow on our hands to keep them warm, for though we had an abundance of wood the front part of the house was not warm in the morning; also all the windows had been open.

When company came and someone had to give up a bed, the feather mattress was taken off my bed, put on the floor, and two slept on it, while the other two slept on the straw in the bed.

We usually brought our lunch to church and remained for Sunday School in the afternoon. On one occasion, in June, the Methodist conference was being held in Goderich, about twelve miles away. Several young ministers were being ordained and George Calbick asked me to go with him to the conference. I said, "Oh George, my clothes are not good enough to go to that meeting." He said, "Your clothes please me, come on." So I went. He drove a sports buggy, rubber tires, no top, and about four inches of a back to the seat, and the fastest horse in the county. After the meeting, we went to the hotel and had supper, then came home the twelve miles as he had his farm chores to do, being a farmer. This was the first time I had ever eaten in a hotel.

Stock often got away from their own farms and wandered away. Usually, when a stray animal hung around, the farmer would let the stray into his field and keep it until its owner came for it. One day a stray cow came along and came to the gate where it stood a few minutes, then wandered off but soon came back and bawled. Father and George Calbick were hauling in grain, so George took a pail and milked it, then it wandered off and did not return.

The milk was put in the milk house and I helped myself to the milk. George did the same. Later in the day, George came to the house and asked for some vinegar, water, soda and sugar. We watched him mix the stuff and Uncle Crooks was at the house and was full of curiosity. When it began fizzing good, George put the cup to his lips and drank it, and you should have heard Crooks. He was alarmed, thought George had lost his mind and made quite a fuss. He had never seen a drink like that before, and had George dropped dead he would not have been surprised. I must say the drink was new to all of us at that time.

We had a neighbor named Cook, about a mile from our farm, and this man had twin sons who were young men and were so near alike we could not tell them apart. Besides they were both a bit queer. A couple of years before, when we were going to the village school,

the boys were given bicycles by their father. On our way home from school, we saw one of them on the road riding his bike. Of course, we stopped him to have a look at it and someone said they would like to have a ride on it. He said we could ride it but he would have to hold the handle bars. There must have been six of us girls and we took our turn sitting on the seat and working the pedals while the Cook boy held the handle bars and ran along side, guiding the wheel. So you can imagine the fun we had.

Well time passed on. Dave Birks, the preacher's son came to the village. He was fond of Emma Laird, an orphan girl, who lived at Calbicks and did the work as the old folk were getting old and feeble. Emma was not very fond of Dave and insisted that Susie and I keep with her while Dave was around, so we would all walk in a group. Often a Cook boy would be walking home from service alone and we would call to him as he walked on the other side of the road.

One day we were walking along and some of our crowd wondered just whether it was Thomas Henry or was it John Wesley, so we asked him his name as there was no way to tell them apart. He said, "Well, he had a cap and Thomas Henry had none. Oh, yes, Thomas Henry had a cap but he could not find it." So I said, "Now, John Wesley, if I was to marry you, I would never know just who I was living with." Everyone laughed. This talk back and forward had happened several times in the past few weeks when I made this last remark.

As soon as we reached Calbicks, which was nearly half a mile from the village, we would drop the Cook young man and have nothing more to do with him.

One Saturday, not long after I made this remark, Mother noticed Punkinhead Wilson going to the barn to see Father. We had so many Cooks in the county, the twins' father was nicknamed Punkinhead.

At noon, Mother said, "I noticed Punkinhead Cook going to the barn. What did he want?" Father looked up at Susie and me with a twinkle in his eye. A moment or more passed before he answered. Finally he said, "I hate, girls, to spoil your fun but I think you had better cut out this nonsense with the Cook boys. Their father was down to see which of you girls was going to marry one of his sons as he wanted to deed over forty acres of land to which ever one it was."

You should have heard the roar of laughter that went up. Mother laughed until the tears ran from her eyes. So we had to cease.

You may wonder why I have not been saying anything about your Aunt Susie's young men friends. Well, I do not know how it was but Susie would seldom allow a young man to see her home alone. I only know of her doing so on one occasion.

I do not know whether she was not fond of the opposite sex or whether she thought we were above the class of young men we had around the village. I will admit we had quite a good opinion of ourselves. I do not know whether she was shy and did not want to undergo the teasing we had put Mary through.

She not only dismissed young men who asked to walk with her, but would tell some of Mary's escorts that their company was not desired. So about the only times she walked with a young man was when I was

along.

On one occasion when Emma was about to be driven home from church by a young man, she told Emma she could go to the shed, where the young man had gone for his horse and buggy, and tell him she was not going to ride home with him she had changed her mind. But she never interfered with any young man who escorted me home.

A mile and a quarter west of our house lived a poor old woman well along in years. Her son, who was badly crippled, lived with her. They lived in a log house and the good people of the neighborhood used to gather there one night in the week and hold a prayer meeting as they had no way of going to church. So the people from our line or concession, as we called our roads, and the people from the eleventh concession would meet there and what a time they would have going and returning and sometimes in the meeting.

On one occasion, the old lady mistook me for someone else, a relative or someone she was expecting to visit her and I was asked to stay all night with her. Of course, I was laughed at on the way home and all wondered how I was picked on as a favorite of the old lady's.

One evening when the meeting was over, one of the eleventh concession boys was going to give Susie a dose of her own medicine, and had told all of his concession friends to watch him play a trick on Susie.

He was going to pretend he was going to accompany her home, and when they had walked a few rods to the corner, he would bid her good night and tell her he did not wish to accompany her any further.

So when all were out of the house and we were striking off on our road, he stepped up to Susie and said he would like the pleasure of seeing her home. She told him she did not wish his company and then and there said good night. So he did not get the chance of even going to the corner. How this did amuse the eleventh concession boys. One of them told me later about the plan the fellow had.

Just before I went to Clinton to work Mother said to me, "Seeing that you are going to be working every day I think you had better take a week off from home and go to Goderich and visit there." So my cousin Susie Ford decided she would spend the week in Goderich with me. We made our headquarters at Uncle George Acheson's, but visited all the relations.

We went by train from Holmesville, which was a flag station and there was no platform to use in getting on the train. Hoop skirts were worn this year and both Susie and I had on a pair. Susie said to me, "Now watch out when you take that high step on to the train step you don't trip with your hoop skirt. See you pick it up."

So the train came to a stop and I climbed aboard first without any trouble. The conductor came down from the coach and took my arm so I had no difficulty. As I stood ready to enter the train door, I looked to see how Susie was coming and turned just in time to see her fall into the conductor's arms. She had forgotten her own skirts in

her anxiety to have me behave well. She was three years older than I was and at that age it means vaster knowledge.

1932172

We were well received at Auntie George's and met a nephew of hers, Lin Gordon. He was home from British Columbia to marry the girl of his choice of a few years before. But time had worked changes and his lady love had become enamoured with a young lawyer who had come to Goderich to practice law, and when Mr. Gordon arrived she decided the lawyer was more to her liking and told Mr. Gordon he could go back to British Columbia without her. So here were two young girls to take his mind off his sorrow. Susie had met him before he had gone to British Columbia as her brother worked in Goderich in Uncle's store and had brought this young man to his home different times. But it was my first meeting. He was of medium height, well built, quite nice looking and the first refined young man I had met.

One day Susie, Gordon and I went down to the river, got into a row boat and went for a row. First, we rowed on the river, then on to the lake which was quite rough. I did the steering and sat in the stern with a rope in each hand and managed the rudder, and so faced Gordon. Susie sat in the bow and was as white as chalk because she had promised her mother she would not go out on the lake and here we were going up and down. Such waves I had never seen before, and I was taking orders on which rope to pull so we would meet the waves squarely.

When we down a wave we could not see Goderich Bank and it was over a hundred feet above the water. On our return by the river, it was flowing so swiftly we could not make it so had to land and pull the boat around to quieter water and climb in.

My sister Emma did not want me to go to church because she could not go to bed at eight o'clock if I went. With her, eight o'clock was eight o'clock and evenings when company was at the house, such as times when Mary's friends would be in and they would be singing, I would have to go to bed. You will notice we began things earlier, neighbors and friends would come about seven o'clock and remain not later than ten o'clock, and many not so late, excepting when parties were on, then they would come early and stay late.

I objected going to bed so early when company was at the house and one New Year's eve some young people came to spend the evening and chat until the new year came in. So shortly after eight Emma said, "Bed time," and I went with her. While she was saying her prayers I hurried and put my night gown over all my clothes, excepting my dress, took off my shoes and stockings and got into bed. She was soon asleep and I slipped out of bed, put on my dress, shoes and hose in the dark and quietly left the room and went downstairs and remained with the folks, who were busy shelling and eating beechnuts, until the New Year when we all wished each other a Happy New Year and they went home.

I went back to bed and Emma never knew I was out for sometime after. Some remark was made about the evening and she learned I had returned to the downstairs.

The next time that she was afraid I would play the same trick on

her. She held my night gown in her hands so I could not get out of bed but I just slid out of the gown leaving it in her hands, and again came downstairs. After she learned of this she remained up and soon began to enjoy company in the evening.

I have often thought of the amount of teasing Mary had to endure from us. I have known when a cousin would be visiting us from Goderich, we would go to church in the evening. Coming home, Mary would be a couple hundred feet ahead of us and we would roll stones so they would come near them. Some stones would pass near them and some further away, and we would keep it up for a mile. I do not remember any striking their heels. The purpose was to keep them on edge.

She never beat us up or told Mother about us or asked us to behave. Perhaps she was enjoying it for when we did such things those young men never came with her again. Susie would say Mary would go with anything that wore pants, so if she was too kindhearted to turn them down she may have been glad to have assistance from her sisters.

Father, for years, was pathmaster of our road for two miles or more. This job was looking after a certain section of road. We had a number of gravel pits in our section of the township, and farmers in place of paying for the care of roads in their taxes did the work themselves, such as a farmer would be down for six days road work, another would have two days, etc. The man with six days would bring his team, which equalled two days, and so he and his team would draw the gravel to the part of the road needing repair, while the men with two days would do the shovelling, either loading the loads with gravel or spreading it where unloaded.

If the roads were blocked with snow and had to be opened, that counted on the road work. So in the winter, as soon as a storm was over, Father would send us children out to tell the neighbors they were wanted on the roads to open them.

We would don an old pair of Father's pants, tie a string around the ankles, and get through to the neighbors. Then the homes where old people lived were visited to see if they were all right and had enough to eat until the roads were opened.

A word now of one or two of my boy friends. Soon after I began to work in Clinton, a Homesville young man began seeing me home. He had his father's horse and buggy and drove me several times. Then one evening he stepped to my side to walk. I had decided I had been going with him enough so told him I did not wish his company. He turned to Susie and asked to walk with her. She consented but when they reached the house she told him she did not want this repeated as she did not care for his company. She told me what she had said and I said, "After letting him walk two miles with you, then tell him, and he had to walk two miles back?" She said, "I did not dismiss him before others as you did."

It was only a few days after this took place when a neighbor, Mrs. Cook, who lived across the road, was over and told Mother she was sorry Susie would not keep company with Will Pickard for his grandfather, who was a close relation of hers, had told Will Pickard

that if he could marry either Susie or me he would give him an eighty acre farm half a mile from Holmesville, and free of debt as a wedding gift.

The same woman asked Mother not to object if another relation wanted to keep company with Emma. I do not know much of Emma's young men friends except the young man she married.

Susie did like a schoolmate when she was going to school but he and his people moved to the Canadian West. She was over a few years ago and told me that Joe Mallough sent word he was coming to visit her, but she was sending word back he could stay away. So she is still single, two years older than I am.

One week evening John Mallough came down and took me home for the evening. He went to Calbick's for the night and I walked into town the next morning. A few days or a week or more passed by and I received a letter asking me to marry him. I was just eighteen. I wrote back and told him I considered myself far too young to marry any man. I wanted to see some of life before I settled down and I wanted a good time for a few years first.

I was not long in getting an answer back and I received the calling down of my life. He had been engaged to marry a young woman when he had first met me and he had managed to break it off as he wanted to deal honorably with me. He went on to tell me what he thought of me to want to have a good time before getting married. So that ended that romance.

After George Calbick went to British Columbia, Tom Calbick came home from Brussels, where he had been working, and worked the farm and cared for the old folks. He sometimes came to town to take me for a ride and on one occasion tried to get me to smoke a cigar. He lit one and urged me to try it, so I took it and took one or two puffs and handed it back stating, "I don't like it, it burns my tongue." That was the first and the last time I ever tried smoking although my girl chum Emma Laird smoked when she could.

After I began earning more than my board, I began buying things for the folks at home. I wanted them to have all the games we played at our parties in town, such as target shooting, checkers (not the home-made ones), flinch cards, flip, ping pong and other games. What good times they had with those games when the young people came, both in winter and summer. When I was in Goderich I gave them a tennis set.

We braided our own straw hats at home, for school and farm work, when we were children. In town, the millinery people bought braided straw by the yard and sewed it into shapes for hats and would make them to suit different faces. One day, going along the street, I met the lame Miss Beasley and she said, "We have made a hat for you." I said, "I will be in to see it." When I went in at my suppertime, which was five o'clock, she said to the girls that waited on customers, "Don't say anything. Let her pick her own hat." There must have been fifty hats or more made up and trimmed. I walked around for a few minutes, then picked up a hat and they all laughed. It was the hat made purposely for me.

Then they said, "Do you see anyone else's hat?" I picked hat after hat saying, "There is Mrs. So and So's and Mrs. So and So's." These women came out later with those hats. When I went to Goderich, I would write to the Clinton milliner to send me a hat and tell her what I wanted it for. I bought one hat in Goderich and wore it only a couple of times. But in Goderich I had a dressmaker. I would take goods to her and say make me a dress, and walk out for she had my measurements and my dress always pleased me.

There were times I would have liked to have left the store, not but that I liked my work better than anything else, especially better than teaching, but I wanted to see more of the world and I wanted to learn housework so if the time ever came when I would have a home of my own I would know how to do things. But I would have hurt my mother's feelings so badly I refrained from doing so. I wanted to have two or three girls go to some city and work; then, after a few months, go to another city, and in this way we would see things and learn, but no girl would join in with me. So I remained in the store and have seen and learned a lot since I married.

Housework was considered a very low job in town. No respectable girl would do it if it could be helped. Of course, we helped our neighbors for awhile but took no pay. Why service, as it was called, was considered so degrading I never could make out, for to me honest work was respectable.

The town of Clinton put on a home-coming some years ago and Doctor and I went over to visit Susie and attend the doings. Susie and I were walking along the street one afternoon and ahead of us were two men standing talking. Susie said, "When we reach those men stop and speak to the one nearest us. He is one of the Thompson men."

On reaching them we stopped and spoke to the Thompson man and the other man said, "Do I know those women?" Mr. Thompson said, "I do not know." I spoke up and said, "We were the Acheson girls." He said, "I was once hired with a farmer named Acheson. My name is Taylor." I said, "It was Father and I remember you being at our place." He said, "And I remember you girls. Since those days, I have travelled over most of Canada and the United States. I am married, have children of my own and grandchildren, but I have never met anything or anybody that would compare with you girls." I said, "Why. What did we do?" He said, "What did you do? What didn't you do?" I asked to hear some of the things for I didn't know we were anything unusual. He stated it would be easier telling the things we did not do, but continued that there was one time we nearly got him. He said, "You dressed up as foreign missionaries and came to me to collect money for the heathen and you pretty near fooled me."

This talk of the hired man reminds me of the tricks we would play on the hired men's beds. We would put all kinds of things in their beds so they never knew what to expect, burs, thistles, toads, barley and different bugs. We would put the sheet on double and when he got in could not put his feet down without rising and fixing the sheet. We did everything we could think of, even taking out the slats so when he got in the bed would fall. They would sleep on the floor when this happened and we had to fix the bed up next day.

Of course, we did not play a trick regularly, but would wait until

the hired man thought we had quit, then we would do something else, thus making life interesting.

I must tell you of the sickness in our home. I have told you of Mary having scarlet fever. Emma and I had whooping cough when we were building the new house, and we were the only ones that had it at this time. What a good time I had, staying home from school and watching the carpenters work. I seldom coughed in the daytime until I began to eat. Then I had to leave the table and go outdoors and vomit what I had eaten. But at night I would cough. We slept in a crib in Mother's room and I would rise in my sleep, spit into a basin at the head of the bed on the floor, and lie down again. But when Emma began to cough, someone had to rise and help her.

Later on we had measles. Emma came home with them and would not go to bed but sat in a rocking chair in the kitchen with a quilt around her. Then the rest of us came down with them and we all went to bed. I slept with Mary. Susie took my bed. I was not sick so would keep busy getting out of bed and taking a mirror to the others to let them see how they looked.

During the time we had measles we could not drink water. It was not good for us, but by the side of the bed was kept a cup of saffron tea that we had to drink when thirsty. It did not taste good.

Then we had mumps. I rode in a buggy with a young man who was just getting over them. I was the only one who had them, and being summertime I lay under a tree on the lawn most of the day. The next year Emma came down with them and all the rest of the family took them, even Father, and what a sight he was with his swollen face and his whiskers sticking out.

Some years later George came down with pneumonia. He had been to a threshing and hurried, on foot, to the river a mile away to get washed off. The doctor thought he would have to be operated on and told the family so. They were all so upset over it he could not but notice their faces as they came into the room. Finally he asked what was going on and was told he was to be operated on the next day. He said, "Is that all that ails you?" He turned over and went to sleep. The next day, when the doctor came, his temperature was normal.

This was the second time a doctor was needed in our home during the forty years Father and Mother were married. Once before Father called one in when George was small. He had croup and Uncle John had lost a son with croup some years before, and George being the only boy in the family Father hurried for the doctor. He was better when he arrived.

The next time a doctor was needed for the family was when Father had his last sickness. No doctor was called in when we were born. Just a neighbor woman came in for us six children.

We children used to fear anything happening to Mother and that Father would marry again. I remember different times we would warn Father if anything happened and he brought another woman into the house, we would make it interesting for her and she would surely

believe in a Hell on earth, but we never thought of Father going and Mother getting another man to come into the home. Well, they were both spared to us until Father was seventy-six and Mother outlived him. She was eighty-two when she passed on.

I want to tell you about the building of our home. The family was getting a little large for the house room we had. Father decided to pull down the kitchen and summer kitchen, which was a wood shed in the wintertime. I was about nine years of age when the addition was put up, or as we used to say, when the big house was built.

Father moved the front room of the old house back apiece, and turned it partly around, on to a foundation he had built himself. The front door that had faced west was moved to face north and this room was to be the kitchen. The two bedrooms were still to be used for sleeping in until the new part was up, then one room was changed into a wash room and cloakroom and the other was for the hired man, until we no longer needed one, when it was used for a storeroom. Behind was the summer kitchen, work shop and wood shed.

I well remember when the house was being turned. It was up on rollers and horses pulled it around slowly. A couple of men moved the rollers as needed. One night the wind began to blow and about ten o'clock it was quite a gale. Father had gone out earlier in the evening and put big poles against the house to keep it from moving off the rollers. As the wind blew stronger, he began to think it would not be wise to spend the night in the house, but all would go to the barn.

Emma and I used to sleep in a crib in the same room with Father and Mother, the room which was later a wash room. Mother came in and woke us up, saying we were going to the barn, and she began to dress Emma. No one was paying any attention to me and being awfully sleepy, I climbed back into the crib and fell asleep immediately only to be aroused quite roughly and asked if I wanted to stay in the house and have it fall.

So we went to the barn. Father threw some hay or straw on the floor. Quilts and other bedding we carried from the house were spread on the hay and all lay down in one big bed. Father had his gun with him and kept it by his side. I never could figure out why he had to have it for how were we more likely to be molested in the barn than in the house. The barn doors were barred on the inside. Of course, the house doors were all bolted on the inside but all a person had to do was raise a window to get into the house.

I was not long getting to sleep in my new bed and when morning came the house was still on the rollers. By night the men had the house on its foundation. That was the first and only time I slept in the barn.

Now the work for the new part had to be done. A cellar had to be dug and the stones gathered for the walls and partition. These stones were brought from the stone piles in the fields and hauled on a stone boat, which is similar to a heavy hand sled, only large enough to hitch horses to it.

Large stones were split and those that would not break up with the sledge, had fires put around them and kerosene poured over them, so they would heat quickly and split. So one might say our house cellar walls were cut stone. Father did all this work himself, or with the help of a hired man.

All the planed lumber was hauled from Goderich, twelve miles away. Day after day Father hauled lumber with horses and wagon. One load a day. The rougher lumber such as sills, studding, and siding, he had made at the mill from trees on our farm.

All the lumber was what was called green and it had to be dried. So it was piled in the yard in the form of triangles about ten feet high. These lumber piles were wonderful play houses for us youngsters and we moved our store from the root house near the barn to those lumber piles.

Two carpenters from Bayfield came to build the house. Oh, what a time I had watching them work. All the houses around our part of the country had a closed in stairway and of course Father was going to follow the custom, but the two carpenters wanted an open stairway with a railing and they locked horns over it. The two carpenters went on a sit down strike, the first I had heard of and the only one heard of for many years. They sat on the top of the kitchen roof whittling and all day they sat there excepting when meal time came. They declared they would sit there until Father gave in.

Finally Father said, "Come down and go to work," and down they came and when the house was finished Father was a very happy man and so glad he had yielded to them, for we had a beautiful stairway and all were very proud of the hall and stairs.

The hall was about eight feet or more wide. The stairway began well back and had a short lift and wide steps. After you climbed twelve steps there was a square landing, then three steps, another square landing and three more steps. So many stairways, when they have a curve, have small narrow steps at one end but having the square landings, there was no danger of falling. The railing had to curve around and as no mill could make it, the carpenters whittled the curve by hand.

Upstairs was a wide hall right through and four good sized bed rooms opening off this hall.

The room Emma and I slept in was the only room with a closet, and a stove pipe came up through this room as well as the guest chamber. Mary and Susie slept in the first room after ascending the stairs. The next was the spare room. Across the hall was Father's and Mother's room and George slept in a crib in this room. The bedroom downstairs was not finished until George was getting too large for the crib. Then Father and Mother went down stairs and the crib was used for extra bedding.

Father and Mother used this room until Father passed on, when Mother went back to her old bedroom. George took the first

room, the one Mary and Susie used to use, and Susie took the one I used to sleep in. They were the only ones at home at this time.

The house was well furnished for a farm house in those days.

There was fancy moulding around the doors and windows. The wood was all painted in the upstairs and Father had quite an expert painter and decorator. Mr. Wood and his son, from Bayfield, did the work. The downstairs was all grained by hand. That is, it was painted a light color then with a dark color and a cloth was used to wipe off the dark paint to make it look like the grain of the wood. It was an artists job.

The dining room had three foot wainscoting around it, not a plain board, but fancy panelling. This was grained too and must have been varnished as it had a very fine finish, for it lasted well. I do not remember the folk ever doing anything to it.

The front door was so nice. I watched the older man work on it, then stand back and look at it. He had my Father's name on the outside of the door. Not conspicuous like a painted name, but blended as if it was the natural grain of the wood. When he had finished it, he called Father to see it.

The house cost \$700.00 for the front part. Father painted the outside of the house himself.

He had one peculiar shortcoming. He loved to begin a job, but found it hard to finish it. So in painting the new part of the house, the first coat went on well, but about half way down the back it was not painted. An apple tree was quite close to the house and may have made it hard to get at. This remaining half of the back of the house did without paint. The second coat was put on the three sides, but the back got none and that part of this back was never painted, to my knowledge, excepting my brother did it when the house was re-painted.

Writing this reminds me of one time I was home for a vacation and he was going to drive to Clinton, so I went along. As I was about to get into the buggy I noticed the horse. He had been giving the horse a spring clipping, as was done when the hair was falling off in the spring. I saw one side clipped and the other not. So I said, "Are you going to town with a horse like that?" For the side that was clipped was a different shade. He said, "Yes. What difference? When you look at one side, you can't see the other side so who will notice it."

He would start building a fence and perhaps never get the gate on or some such thing. But he had a lot to do, and once you leave a job, it is hard to go back and finish it.

When the house was finished, the ground had to be fixed up. Father did his own landscaping and made a nice attractive place.

The house was about two hundred and fifty feet or more from the road or concession. As we were on a corner, the side road

was about one hundred or more feet from the house. So we had quite a large lawn. As the ground was low, Father filled in a depth of nearly three feet and put an underground drain all the way across so the water would drain from the side road.

In place of an orchard or garden in front of the house, as so many farmers had, we had a number of evergreen trees and peony and rose bushes scattered about. For a few years we had a small vegetable garden along the fence by the side road, but later it was seeded to grass and the garden was planted near the barn. On this seeded grass we had our tennis court, and behind the tennis court, we had our croquet ground. This latter was near the house.

From the house to the road, we had a nice wide gravel walk, but it was not straight. It was in the shape of a heart. The gravel walk was between four and five feet wide except in front of the house, it was wider. This walk was used very little as most people drove and came to the house by the side road. So grass grew up in the gravel and had to be taken out. We would all get out with knives or something that would dig out the grass without disturbing the gravel very much. We could not put salt on it for fear of killing the evergreen trees.

Country homes, at that time, were not fixed up and we were very proud of our place. Indeed it was the show place for miles around, and being four miles from Clinton, a great deal of traffic came past, of Clinton people who came out to see a farm home as nice as most town homes.

We had no lawn mower for a few years, and Father would cut the grass with a scythe. He always did this on his knees, because he could get a closer cut in that position. It will be hard for you children to believe this, but it is true. He took a great deal of pleasure in our lawn.

Then we bought a lawn mower and after a few years Father fixed up something so a horse could be used to draw the mower. The horse's feet were wrapped with burlap to keep from punching holes in the sod.

Some years after the house was built, the barn was enlarged as more land was being put into crops. The barn was raised and the horses and cows were housed under the barn, a good stone foundation having been put under the barn. Father asked the carpenters to use their level and see if the spring, half way back in a field, could be piped to the barn. They found the spring level with the floor, so the water was soon piped into the stalls and no more had the stock to be driven to the creek or water pumped.

We children had to take the cattle to a creek over a quarter of a mile away, twice a day, if they were pasturing in certain fields and could not get to the spring. They could have gone alone, but just beyond the creek was the railroad track and they were liable to get on it. We kept this up spring

and summer until the crops were off and they had free run of the farm.

Our house was up a year or two and we were using a sheet iron stove in the hall, with a pipe with a "T" elbow so a pipe could go through the dining room and up through my bedroom and another pipe go through the parlor and up through the guest room.

Then a new minister came to the village, after we had the new church built, and he asked the board to let him have some brick from the old church to put a furnace under the parsonage. He would do the work himself. Father was interested and learned how he did it. He bought some of the old brick and built one in our cellar, doing the work himself. He bought an old box stove from the printing press people in Clinton for two dollars.

He was a little shy about putting in the registers, and as Dan Calbick was keeping company with Mary, and working at cabinet making, Father asked him to cut the holes. Dan was not accustomed to using any tool but the proper one, so he promised the next time he came he would bring his tools along. But when he came the registers were in. Father had used a saw, brace and bit, and an axe.

The entire furnace cost eighteen dollars and did good work for thirty years or more. The door of the stove was eighteen inches square and Susie used to say, "If we could get a stick of wood through the cellar window we can get it into the stove." The only cost through the years was replacing the pipes once or twice.

Schooling

In Canada, where I was born and reared, a child was not supposed to be ready for school until he or she was seven years old, especially if you lived in the country and had some distance to go. I do not say there was a law to that effect, but I do not know of a child going to school before that age, that had a mile or more to go.

We did not attend the school in the district we lived in. It being a small country school and we were the same distance from this school as we were from the village school and we did not know the children going to our own school whereas we went to church in the village and all our neighbors children went to the village school. Also the teacher was considered more capable than in the country school so Father sent us there.

Our farm was on the corner farthest from the country school and across the road in all three corners, the farmers were belonging to the village school.

For years there was no trouble about our going to the village school, but when the number of pupils reached ninety, under one teacher, the school was crowded, and the trustees decided Father had to pay tuition or have land in the school district. So for some years Father rented an acre of land from his brother, who lived two miles the other side of the village.

For years he worked this acre of land faithfully. Then more complaints were made so he paid tuition, which was not very much. Then he bought another farm which was in the village district.

We had two miles to walk to school but we had plenty of company, as all our neighbors had good sized families, and from every house along the road children joined us, until about twenty five or more were in our crowd.

I was seven years old in April and in August I began school. I had learned to do a little school work at home and had learned some of the verses in the first reader.

I will tell you something of the school. It was what we called a rough cast building, that is, the outside was made of sand, gravel, and plaster and was rough in appearance. We did not have cement in those days, but it was much like cement in looks and touch. To make it look like a cut stone building it was marked in about foot squares, and in these markings we would sharpen our slate pencils, for we always used slates and pencils.

The school was built near the road, with a closed entrance, where we hung our hats and coats. Many left their dinner bags there, others kept their dinner bags in their desks. The boys used one side of this entrance, the girls the other side.

In the school, which was one room, there were five rows of seats. Four rows were the full length of the room, one was

only half the length of the room. In the remaining half was a box stove and wood box. Those who had to sit near the stove in the cold weather were too hot while those away from it were not warm enough.

Ninety pupils attended this school, only one room, only one teacher to teach all those boys and girls, from beginners in the first grade to those in the eighth grade. We did not call the difference classes grades, but we spoke of being in the first reader, second reader, third reader, and fourth reader. Of course we had junior and senior classes of each reader, which would equal the eight grades in the American schools.

In the spring and fall we did not have so many pupils, as the larger ones had to help on the farms, but came back for the winter. So we had a number from sixteen to eighteen years of age and it took a husky teacher to handle them.

The teacher kept order with the help of a rawhide strap and a stick, and drilled us in knowledge and I must say they did a good job at both.

The boys carried in the wood and kept the fire going, and as soon as school was out, the girls did the sweeping. Three or four of the larger girls had their regular evening to do the sweeping, while the boys cleaned off the blackboard and brought in the kindling for the morning fire. The teacher put on the fire in the morning so we had no paid janitor.

In the winter time the ink would freeze in the ink bottles and had to be thawed out. To do this, the boys put the bottles on the stove top, and some of the corks were put in fairly tight, on purpose. As the ink grew hot and began to boil, the corks would be blown out and most of the ink would follow, often it reached the ceiling of the room.

We sat two in a seat, and the smaller children often had to sit three in a seat, when the room was full, in the winter time. All the children had to remain until four o'clock, from nine in the morning.

The second teacher I had, Mr. Duff, began to punish those who were late for school by locking the school door when school was called at nine o'clock in the morning, and not opening it until recess time. If you have to hang around for an hour and a half on a cold morning, you put forth an effort to be on time. But when so many had to walk two miles, there were days it took longer to go such as when the roads were drifted.

This shutting the door kept up until the parents of some of the children made complaints to the trustees, so they gave orders for the door to be kept unlocked, and use some other form of punishment for late arrivals.

Some had to remain in at recess or stand on the platform facing the wall. Then for other punishment there was the strap, which we called the cat of nine tails. It was a leather strap about an inch and a half or two inches wide and was cut into strips for about a foot and a half. The rest of the strap, about six or more inches was left whole, and this part the teacher held. The balance was brought down on the hand or back of the pupil.

Sometimes the ends would wrap around the hand and blisters would form, or red welts, depending on how tender the skin was.

One big strapping fellow was called to the platform for a flogging one day and on being told to hold out his hand, he did so but spit on his hands first. All the pupils laughed and so did the teacher. Whether the wet palm made the sting of the strap less severe or not I cannot say.

My next teacher was Mr. Connolly. He was six feet six inches in height and weighed about two hundred pounds. He had no whiskers, no eye lashes, no eye brows, and no hair on his head, so he wore a wig. This wig was not the kind you can purchase now, but was made of imitation hair or animal skin and was quite easy to detect. He was an orphan boy brought up by a farmers, near Goderich, named Cox. This man Cox had raised two other orphans in his home besides his own five children.

When Mr. Connolly entered the school for the first time, we were all in our seats. My sister Susie turned her head and as soon as she saw him said, to her seat mate, "Here comes long legged baldy." All the time he was in the school he went by "Baldy", but not to his face.

He was quite severe, but I managed to eat my dinner in school day after day for a long time. I sat in the first seat. The classes had to come up to the front and stand up while they had their lesson sessions. Just before dinner it was the senior class of the fourth reader, that was up for their lesson, and if the teacher sat during the rehearsing, I was hidden from him. His oldest daughter sat with me and I would share my dinner with her and she would bring lunch, for the afternoon, which we would eat during school hours.

This teacher, Mr. Connolly, was a great instructor. We learned a great deal and we learned thoroughly. We stood in class, a chalk line was drawn along the floor where the classes stood, between the front seats and the low platform where the teacher had his desk and chair. We stood with our toes touching the chalk line. We had to stand erect with shoulders back and head up, and if we had no book or slate in our hands, our hands were at our sides.

If our lesson was history, he asked questions, not only on the lesson for that day but would review, such as what happened on such and such a date, or what king ruled on such a date, or what battle was fought on such a date and so on.

If you did not answer immediately, the question was passed to the next one and if the answer was correct, that pupil went ahead of the one that missed.

For reading, we faced around and the teacher would go to the back of the room. Each one in the class had to read, holding the book with one hand, the other hand at the side, and we had to read loud enough for him to hear us distinctly.

The whole school had penmanship at the same time. The teacher would walk up and down the aisles, with a long ruler in his hand and if your first finger was not in the right position, the ruler was brought down on the cocked up knuckle. We wrote in copy books. These books had a copy at the top of the page and we had to try and write like the copy. During this period the room was so quiet you could hear the clock ticking.

Every morning, recess, and noon when the bell rang to return to the room, we all had to line up alongside the school, the boys in one row, the girls in the other, and we went through some arm exercises and deep breathing. Then the bell would be tapped and the girls walked into the school, one after the other, then the boys followed in the same way.

Then about half way between the opening of school and recess, and between recess and noon and twice in the afternoon, the bell would be tapped and we all stopped work. The bell would be tapped again and we stood up and stepped into the aisle. Then we raised our hands over our heads, extended them and again raised them over our heads. This was done two or three times and some deep breaths were taken, when we were told to sit down again and resume our lessons.

At recess, two or three of the big boys raised the windows on each side of the school room and everyone was expected to go out doors all recess time.

When school was dismissed, the bell was tapped, the first bell was to put away our books and get the desks cleared. Then the bell was tapped again and we all stood up, the next tap we stepped into the aisle, the next tap we turned facing the door. When there was another tap, a certain row of pupils walked out, then another tap and another row walked out and so on until all were dismissed.

On Friday afternoon, the regular school routine was abandoned and we started off with a contest in spelling. Two leaders were chosen, and one stood on each side of the room, as they chose their sides, the pupils took their places alongside the leaders until the whole school was in two lines on opposite sides of the room. Then the spelling began, and as we missed we sat down until all were spelled down but one, who was the winner.

Then began singing and we had instruction in notes and reading of music, and the singing of songs. After this was carried on for some time, we were taught first aid work. We also learned about the bones, how many in different parts of the body, and then he gave us health talks.

All this was not on the list of studies, but he gave it of his own accord. I have been surprised, many times, how much we learned that was not taught in other schools.

Our teachers always played with the boys at recess. Mr. Connolly was running while playing ball one day and the breeze was blowing quite strong and blew his wig off. We did not dare laugh but he did look funny.

Mr. Connolly was offered a position in the Clinton Grade School as head teacher, so we lost a good instructor. The next teacher was a Mr. Lawrence. He began there in August, as our school year was from the middle of August until the first of July.

Another girl and I passed the entrance examination to High School. This seems a very small affair but we were the first girls from the village school to take the examination and I believe the first girls in Goderich Township to pass the entrance examination. We continued on in the village school for the rest of the year. Mr. Lawrence used his spare moments to instruct us in algebra, geometry, and advanced arithmetic. The school was not as large at this time and so there was some time to spare for us.

The examinations to enter High School took place the end of the school year in June and just before the Christmas holidays. To try this examination, I had to go to Clinton to the grade school. Father drove me with the sleigh. If you can imagine a country girl of fourteen years, who had never been to town but once or twice, having to go into a strange building all alone, everyone strangers, and that girl shy and sensitive, you can understand how I felt. To make things worse, we were late. School had been called when I arrived, so I had to enter the room and face the crowd. I chanced to get into the right room and a woman teacher came to me, helped me off with my coat and cap, took me to a seat, and gave me my papers.

Two days we wrote on this examination, from eight o'clock A.M. to four in the afternoon with an hour off at noon. The second day was not so bad, I was on time and knew what to do. I walked home the four miles, each day, after I had finished the papers for that day.

We received no certificates. No fuss was made over us. The only way we knew we had passed the examination was seeing our names in the paper a month or six weeks after we had written.

In Canada, the whole province used the same books so all the subjects were taken up in our village school during the year. Arithmetic, Canadian History, English History, Grammar, Composition, Geography, Spelling, Penmanship, Reading, Mental Arithmetic, and I do not remember what else.

When I began school about twenty-five or more were going from our road, but when I finished the village school, there were not more than six from the same territory. The other roads had similar decreases in school age children which accounted for the teacher having time to give us instruction in advanced work.

Before I pass on to my high school days, I must report on some of the outdoor activities or amusements we had while attending the village school.

We had a good deal of fun on the road going to and from school. It took us about three quarters of an hour to go to school, having two miles to walk, but it often took us two hours to get home, especially in the winter time because we had to snowball every occupant of the sleighs and cutters we would meet.

As soon as we saw horses top a hill, for the road was quite hilly, we got our snow balls ready, and as soon as the driver was quite close we would all throw our snowballs. The driver would apply the whip to the horse or horses when he drew near us and we would throw the snowballs as they sped past us.

Our minister had a brother attending High School. He walked from the village to Clinton and back morning and night, a distance of five miles or more each way. When we met on the road, the boys would join with him and we would have a battle snowballing. The boys against the girls.

Stormy days Father would drive us to school or come for us or sometimes both, and when he did he would gather all the neighbor children and pick up all the boys and girls on the road.

So often, when we were coming home from school, a sleigh would be turning down our concession, and if we were within five minutes walk from the corner, they would stop and wait until we reached them. If a cutter or buggy was passing us on the road and had any room for an extra passenger or two, they would stop and say, "I can give a lift to one, two, or more," depending on their load, and always the smaller children were helped into the conveyance by the older children. The larger boys or girls never climbed in and left the younger ones to walk.

Then so many would stop at the school near closing time and take all the children going their way. On stormy days

some from the different roads would come for their children and take others along until I have seen the school almost emptied, excepting the village children, before time to let the school out.

When one thinks of those kindly acts one cannot but have a warm feeling for those men who had to struggle so hard to clear the land and keep their families, yet took time to care for others as well as their own.

When going to the village school, we usually walked the railroad track, as it shortened the way a little, and would return home by the road.

Often in the morning, the section men would be taking a run over the track and they would stop and take us all on the hand car. We would help work the car by pushing on the handles with them.

The railroad ran through rolling country and for half mile of the way there were high banks on each side of the tracks, where the earth had to be removed to make the track level, then for another half mile the road bed had to be filled in. These gave us wonderful places to slide in the winter time. The snow would be deep and crusted so we could walk on it, and we would hunker down and slide down the banks.

It was great fun, after a snow storm, to stand near the track when the snow plow came along to clear the track. The snow plow was a big thing fastened to the railroad engine and we would dare each other to stand near the track when it came along. We certainly got a good snowballing and sometimes would be nearly buried in snow.

Then on the road we had pitch holes. The rail fences along the sides of the road were the snake fences and when the wind blew, the snow would fill the roads and it would be in ridges. Then the sleighs would pack the snow and the low places between the ridges would be deepened. How the horses hated those pitch holes. One of our horses would jump and the cutter would go down with a chuck and up the side and into the next one. I have counted over a hundred of these pitch holes in a little over a mile of road. As farmers became better off and wire began coming into use, the old snake rail fences were replaced by the wire fences and this stopped the ridges in the snow on the road.

We seemed to have so much more snow in those days and our roads would be blocked for weeks so we had to drive through fields. Even trains would be blocked and not able to get through the deep snow, sometimes for a couple of days and the passengers would be taken to farm places for meals.

In the spring and fall, we had other amusements going to and from school. As soon as the weather was warm enough, we went barefooted, but not from home. "Oh, No. My Mother's children had to wear boots and stockings to school." So we put them on like good obedient children, walked to the top of the first

hill, about five hundred yards from our house, went into a fence corner, removed boots and stockings, hid them, and went to school. Returning, we again went to the fence corner, put on the boots and stockings, and went home.

About one half mile from the village, a good sized creek went across the road, under a bridge. We had a couple of rafts of old railroad ties in this creek and would have a good time, with a couple of poles, working the rafts up and down the creek and under the bridge.

One time Jennie Rumball and I were racing across a railroad bridge over a highway. These bridges had the ties across just like on the rest of the track. We had raced across a couple of times when a Horton girl. Who was a large girl and quite stout, said, "Let me take you girls by the hand and see if we can't go faster". So we ran as fast as we could and Jen. tripped on a tie and went down, head first, between the ties and fell to the ground below. She happened to fall on the side of the road and it was banked up a couple of feet and was sandy, so escaped getting hurt, but we did not race again.

On the side of the bank along this railroad grew all sorts of stuff so we had something to eat, going to and from school. In the early spring there would be raspberry brush. The fresh shoots would be gathered, the outside peeled off, and the rest made good eating. We had plenty of dandelion stems, garlic, lady slippers, sheep sorrel, and other wild stuff we ate. Then before school closed, we had wild strawberries and raspberries.

In the fall there were elderberries, and in the swamp, the track passed through, we gathered haws and nanny berries.

Later on we had all kind of nuts which grew along the roads or in the fields, such as hickory nuts, beech nuts, and butternuts, as well as wild cherries, choke cherries, wild plums, wild gooseberries, and wild currants as well as apples. These wild fruits seemed to come up where the brush had been burned.

In the winter we had slippery elm bark to chew, and spruce gum we gathered from the spruce trees. When we wanted gum in the summer we would take the growing grain, before it was cut, shell a few handsfull and chew it.

At school during recess and at noon, we skipped the rope, and played tag, pussy wants a corner, squat tag, drop the handkerchief, bally over, little Sally Walker, and cricket. Some played jacks or knife and some just stood around sharpening their slate pencils on the school building.

The boys played, ball, shinney, hockey, foot ball, and la-Crosse.

Susie hurt her arm one day and a lump formed under her arm. Some one came in, took out his jack knife and opened the lump without even wiping the knife.

After I attended the village school for one year after taking the entrance examination, it was decided I would go to high school. The school was four miles away so I was to go to town to board.

So the January after I was fifteen years old, I began my high schooling, and was taken to the Gorrell home which was my boarding house, paying one dollar and twenty five cents from Monday noon to Friday afternoon.

After I had been boarding for a couple or three months, Mrs. Gorrell decided not to keep boarders any longer. As I was shy about looking for another place, I made up my mind that I would walk to and from school from my own home. It was only about four miles and our neighbor boy had done it, also another young man had walked six miles, and why could I not walk it.

So home I went and they allowed me to have my own way. For a few weeks I was often picked up by our preacher's son, who drove to and from Holmesville. Then I rode home with farmers who I would see on the streets when I came down from the high school to the business section, and so often I found them waiting for me. They were very pleased to have a girl they knew going to high school, it was a connecting link between the town and country. So often they would say, "We were watching for you."

I have many times thought it would have been better if I had boarded, but I knew how hard it was to get money, and then I must confess I was shy and sensitive, being a country girl. A country girl at that time had to stand a good deal of ridicule.

The people who were not living in Clinton had to pay their own tuition. It was not very high. I think I paid four dollars from Christmas to July and for the full year, seven dollars. We bought our own books but the government printed them and sold them at cost.

It seemed to me to be selfish for me to ask Father to pay out for my board when the rest of the family did not have much spent on them. Of course Mary took up dressmaking for six months, and took music lessons for a while, but there were three others.

After walking a few weeks and being picked up by people driving to and from town, Father made arrangements with the preacher's son to keep his horse in oats and I was to ride back and forth with him. So I walked and rode the rest of the year and all the next year, but we had an extra passenger. This second year his sister was attending high school.

Had I boarded in town, I would have had more chance to study. As it was I had to do my studying with all the family around and when they went to bed I was supposed to retire at the same time. So I did not do as good work as I should. I was good in mathematics but poor in English.

At high school we had no time for study for the first six months I was there. It was recitations from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, with a fifteen minute recess in the morning and the afternoon and the noon hour. During school hours, we never left our seats to go to other rooms for classes but the teachers changed rooms. The superintendent carried a bell with him and when the lesson hour was up, he would ring the bell and the teachers would change rooms. All our studying was done at home, we had no spare time in school.

We carried sixteen subjects during the year. Of course we did not have sixteen classes a day, but would have six or eight subjects a day, depending on the subjects. For instance, we would have arithmetic for an hour one morning, next morning we would have algebra for that hour. Then all through the week we alternated, one day English grammar, next day English literature. We had four teachers and between sixty and eighty pupils in each room.

I will try to recall the subjects we took up. There was Latin, French, and Greek for languages. Those who did not take languages took chemistry and sometimes one language. We had arithmetic, algebra, statics, hydro statics, English literature, grammar, mental arithmetic, botany, composition, English history, Canadian history, geometry, chemistry, bookkeeping, and geography. I have forgotten what else but we had plenty.

In the fall I again rode with the preacher's son and the daughter was along with us this year. I was the first country girl from our section to attend high school and no one else went for years afterward. The only girl teacher from the country, for years after this, was Eleanor Calbick, but she did not go to high school. She studied in the village school, with Mr. Connolly's help. She wrote on the high school examination and passed the third grade which gave her the privilege of teaching for three years, after attending the model for four months. The preacher's family were not counted as country people as they were not of the land.

I was promoted to the upper room and in this room was quite a different group of pupils. The town children had dropped out, with the exception of a few who were going on through for some profession. In this room we had a goodly number of teachers who had been teaching for three years on the third class certificate, and were back to get a second or first class certificate, so they could teach for life, providing they spent a year in Toronto after they had taught three years again.

Then we had a number from other towns. The Clinton school was considered the best high school in Huron County, so we had pupils from Wingham, Exeter, Kincardine, Brucefield, Hensall, Bayfield, Belgrave, Lounsberry, and Seaforth. These pupils had gone to their own high school for a year or more and came to Clinton for the final year's work. The train facilities were a great help, as was the school's reputation. Between seven and nine in the morning, a train came into Clinton from all four ways, north, south, east, and west, and the same between five and seven in the evening. so a pupil could come from any town in the morning and return in the evening.

During this year in school I took chemistry and fully enjoyed it. Four students would have a box of equipment for working things. The teacher would be at the table on the platform while the pupils had their boxes on top of the seats throughout the room.

One day I was working with my three mates making nitric acid and the retort had a crack in it. Acid leaked through on my hands and my apron. This burned holes in my apron and burned spots on my hands, but as my hands were hardened, they were not much effected. I thought how nice it would be to show the folks at home a yellow burn and I took out the ammonia bottle, uncorked it so I could use it quickly, and slowly and carefully let a drop of nitric acid on my arm a few inches above my wrist. Then I was going to pour ammonia on and stop the burn.

All went well until the drop touched my tender flesh and it burned so severely I let another drop or two fall from the test tube and so severe was the pain, I turned my arm and it ran partly around my arm before I got the ammonia on it. That eased the pain but I had a bad burn about three inches in length and over half an inch wide. Then I thought if my folk saw it they would be alarmed at my working with such things, so they never saw it, as I wore long sleeves and I was careful to keep it hidden. I let no one see it, but for weeks and weeks I had a very sore arm and still carry the scar.

School came to an end July 1st, then for two weeks we wrote on the examinations, writing in the skating rink. All during the year we had no tests, no reviews, and no examinations, and we had to write on the sixteen subjects we had been taking all year. Our papers were sent to Toronto to be examined by a group of high school superintendents. We had to watch the papers for the reports which were printed about two weeks after the examination.

I made a mistake in trying an examination I was not qualified for, that is, I should have tried the third class examination, whereas I tried the second class examination which was harder. I received passing marks on the whole examination but I failed in one subject.

School was different then. If you were smart enough , you

could get your certificate in one year or two. Later on they found, with so much home work the pupils were breaking down their health so they slowed up until now it takes three or four years to finish.

After I left school I was home a few months, then went into the store and after three or four years passed I began to realize I was very ignorant regarding books and authors, and yet the people I associated with were readers.

We had three books at home: David Livingston in Africa, Pilgrims Progress, and the story of a boy in Russia. I had read all three and a few books we brought home from the Sunday School library. This was the extent of my reading and I began to see if I was to continue being in the company of readers, I must read more.

So, after I was in Goderich, I heard my friends in Clinton had formed a reading circle and were taking up the Chautauqua Home College Course. A four year course, studying seven books and twelve magazines a year, taking in literary writers from Chaucer to Tennyson, science, history of Greece and Rome, modern art, legends of the middle ages, social institutions of the U. S., and many other books.

I wrote the bookstore owner in Clinton to order me a set of books for a year and I began to read, but had no group to keep up with or to meet and talk over the studies. There were twenty eight in the Clinton group and only the minister finished the course.

One year I was doing a lot of church work and I wrote the bookstore owner and told him I was not going to take it any longer. He wrote back that my books were ordered and he was not going to cancel them, that I could do it if I tried, and I did try and managed to do it.

I learned a great deal in this course but I was as bad off as ever for no one I mingled with could talk about the things I had been reading, so I found to converse with readers, I had to read the popular books.

When I was married and living in Fairgrove, the county library was next door. I had so little to do as Doctor was gone most of the day, I began to get books from this library. I read all of Dickens' works, Scott's, Thackerary's and indeed nearly all the library, a very fine selection of books. This was my foundation and I have been reading ever since and hope to do so as long as I live.

After I had been living in Bay Port a few years, Mrs. Lambert called me on the phone one day and asked me what I thought of having a woman come from Lansing, one day a month, during winter, to give lessons put on by the extension course.

She said the County Agent had called her. Huron County was being given two days a month, Grindstone City was having one day a month and he wanted to know if Bay Port would take a day. These lessons were being paid out of state taxes. Mrs. Lambert and I talked it over and decided if we had to pay in taxes for these lessons, we might as well have the lessons.

The first lessons was household management and we arranged to have it in the upstairs over the store, as it was on washing machines. The store allowed us to use their machines for demonstrating. We brought chairs from the church to seat people. The lesson was from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. and I brought the instructor to my house for dinner.

The next lesson was at a private home and I again fed the leader. The remaining lessons I had at my home. We learned how to spend our money, budgeting, and what proportion should be used for different things. Then there was arranging kitchens to make work easier.

We learned so much and saw the advantage of these lessons, and one day Mrs. Kinch of Grindstone City talked it over with me, and we thought some way should be worked out so more towns could benefit from the instructions.

Before the next winter it was arranged that two people from each town would meet together. These people were called leaders and they took the lessons they learned in the meeting back to their towns and had classes of their own town people for pupils. About 500 women in Huron County took the lessons every winter.

The second winter's course was nutrition and I was one of the leaders from Bay Port and Mrs. Wm. Kohr was my assistant. I learned a great deal that I have never forgotten. The next winter the lessons were on dress making and we had this for three years, having to cut and make our own dresses. As I had never learned to sew, it was a great help and I make my own clothes now, as it is difficult to get ready made to fit me, being short waisted and not the perfect figure.

After dress making we had home decorating, upholstering furniture, how to hang pictures, etc. I do all my upholstering, making chair covers, foot stools, and such things.

For eight or more years I attended these classes as leader, then they began to repeat the subjects, so I decided someone else should be leader. So the woman's club sent leaders over but after two years it was dropped.

I then arranged to attend the leaders classes, which were held in Elkton, and I have kept up the lessons ever since. Now in 1942 I find I have to stop.

During the time I was taking up these instructions from Lansing and teaching the class once a month during the winter, I began to take up another course of study. Rev. A. P. Landon was our pastor and he put on a course of study on the Bible under the Religious Education Society of the methodist Church.

Several women took up the course but our next pastor did not put on a class so a group of us went to Elkton for a while, then I finished the last ten lessons by correspondence and received my certificate.

There were health classes put on in Bay Port on two different occasions and I took both courses and then classes have been put on by nurses at the school house, which I attended. So my education is still going on and I hope to continue as long as I live.

Store Experiences

On April 1st, 1886 I entered the store owned by Geo. E. Pay. I lacked twenty seven days of being eighteen years old. In the store were another young woman, a married man, a young man, a boy who did all kinds of jobs, and the owner of the store.

At the back of the store was a large room where mantle making was carried on, that is, women's coats both long and short. The head woman, a Miss Dearness, and three helpers worked in there. There was no ready made clothing in those days, at least not in the towns. You could buy work pants, for men, and later on shirts, so you see how girls were busy at home sewing.

The store I was in was long and narrow. On one side was men's stuff, that is cloth for suits, for shirts, and for work clothes, underwear, collars, cuffs, sox, ties, and such things. On the opposite side of the store was canton flannel, all work flannels, table linen, toweling, cotton, buttons, spools, hosiery, and all the small things in a store. A long counter, in front of each side, ran the full length of the store, just room enough at each end to pass through. Between counters were long tables, the one in front held prints, then a space where the stove stood in winter months, then one holding a lot of different things, whatever was in season.

Further back you went up two steps and there was an addition of twenty feet or more, a counter along one side, behind which the dress goods were kept on shelves which extended on two and a half sides of this place, excepting for a door leading to the mantle making room. Then the third side had a door leading to the wood shed where the wood, boxes, and brooms were kept and where the twenty lamps were cleaned. The balance of the third side was an office. The stairway was close to this office but in the main store. Under the stairs you went down cellar where butter was stored. Upstairs had carpets, linoleum, men's hats, and extra stock.

When I entered the store, I was supposed to serve there three years, learning the trade or business, so my wages were low. I was expected to start at the botton and work up and at the end of three years I was head clerk overseeing the other clerks.

The second day I was called into the office and was told I was to tell nothing that went on in the store. I said, "I have not told anything". Mr. Pay said, "I do not expect you have, but if I ever hear of you doing so, you will be fired at once. You are not to tell what anyone buys, the cost of anything, nor anything regarding the business."

I received for my work, the first year, two dollars a week and was allowed ten days vacation, with pay. I paid one dollar and seventy five cents for my board, if I went home

Saturday evening and did not return until noon Monday. After the boarding house was moved, I paid two dollars, and if I remained over Sunday, I paid two dollars and a quarter.

So you see I had nothing to spend. My parents bought my clothes the first year. The second year I received three dollars a week, and the third year I was supposed to get four a week, but the boss was in pretty hard luck and I received only three dollars and sixty a week. The fourth year I was paid two hundred and twenty five dollars for the year. After the first year I never had my full ten days vacation, but would be sent for before my time was up.

For this money, I went to work at eight o'clock in the morning, and as I took care of the cash, I had to count the money and close up the safe after the store was closed at seven o'clock, so I never left the store until seven fifteen or seven thirty. On Saturday night, it was ten o'clock before we closed and always before a holiday we kept open till ten. We had an hour for dinner and an hour for supper. We were not allowed to chat with the other clerks nor were we allowed to sit down during the time in the store.

By chatting, I mean standing together and talking for a few minutes. This is different to the present time. Not long ago I went into a store in Bay City and three women clerks were bunched together. I walked around, picked up the things I wanted, and had to go to them and wait for a while before any of them offered to wait on me. Had this happened in the store I was in and the boss happened to see it, we would have been let out at once, without an hour's notice.

It is very annoying to have to hunt clerks. One does not mind waiting when the store is full, but when no one is in the store, it is often taken for a chance to spend a while in the back part or go to the barber shop or the mail, and the customers come in and have to wait. Their time is sold to the merchant for a certain sum a month and to be faithful and reliable is a good way to have wages increased and to get advanced.

To go back to my entrance into the store. Of course I was nervous, knowing no one, being from the country, and young and shy, as well as knowing I was ignorant of business and town ways.

The morning I began work I was at the store a little before eight o'clock and told George Robinson, the married man clerk, who I was. He showed me where to take off my wraps and said Jessie would be here soon and show me what to do. So after hanging up my coat and hat, I came out by the stove and sat down. Paul, the single man, came and introduced himself to me, and then Jessie came, took me into the office, and explained how to file the slips of sale. A different file for each clerk, and a certain amount of change was put out of the safe into the

till and the amount marked down.

Whenever a customer came in, the clerk that waited on him or her would call, "Cash," or "Check," and I would go to the clerk, receive the check, or slip, of sale. If paid I would make the change and take it back to the clerk. If only a sales check, I would file the slip. Each time I had to enter the office I had those two steps to go up and down again.

In between making change there was dusting, arranging goods, marking new goods, counting eggs, weighing butter, giving a stool to a customer to sit on, and folding and putting away the goods the clerk had been showing, for we had to show goods and lots of them and the counters would be piled up.

A country person could be told, in those days, as far as you could see them. The pictures of men with a straw in their mouths was typical of that day. I have seen it many times. Then they dressed in ill fitting clothes, as their work clothes were mostly made at home. They did not wear blue jeans or denim as a rule in Clinton, but a dark material which looked like tweed but was a cotton fabric. My father never wore blue jeans. Father seldom wore his work clothes to town unless he was hauling wood, but he wore what he called his second best suit, which had been a good suit but now nearly worn out.

Then it was common to see men with one pant leg tucked into their long boots and the other leg outside the boot. These boots came nearly to the knee and were of leather. In the summer men wore large straw hats, home made, and in the winter fur caps, long woolen scarfs, and heavy woolen mittens.

The town people made fun of the farmers calling them hay seed or country clod hopper. The country people disliked the town people and called them city flops or dudes.

I received my share of ridicule especially from Paul, who was a city young man and he took great delight in teasing me even to my behavior the morning I arrived at the store. The clothes the country women wore were different from the town women. No magazines were taken by the farmers and once a dress was made it was never altered and went down from the larger girls to the younger ones. We all had our Sunday dress, shoes, hat, hose, and coat, which were worn only on special occasions. Home spun was worn a great deal and lasted for years. Your great grandmother had some blankets woven before she was married and when she passed away, I received two and they have been in constant use ever since.

At the close of the store, I had to add up all the sales slips for each clerk, cash and charged sales and the money in the till had to agree or go over them again.

Jessie was good to me and helped me in every way she could. I was not allowed to wait on customers for about six months,

but I counted eggs, hundreds of dozens a day, weighed butter, opened the door to let customers in or out, carried parcels out to the buggy and when check or cash was called I fairly flew to the clerk who called.

I had only been in the store a few days when the young man who was chore boy and parcel deliverer as well as clerk caught my arm in a very familiar manner, and being Irish I acted before I thought. I swung my left hand around and struck him in the side of the face with what force I could put into it. He stood off and looked at me and I know my eyes were blazing and he said. "Well, you strike right from the shoulder, don't you." But he never again got fresh with me and we grew to be good friends.

I have told you my salary and how I had no money to spend. Well, the clerks and mantle makers started taking up a collection for to get some candy or some other little treat. They never asked me for they knew my salary, and then I refused to take any of their treat, but they urged me and indeed forced it on me but it was never sweet to my taste. It was a bitter pill for I was brought up to be independent and not impose on others. But it was good of them and at Christmas they gave me a gift, a neck scarf I had admired so much for weeks. So I still think kindly of them.

In the fall of the first year, the fair was on and my girl friends dropped in and asked me to go with them to the fair in the evening, but I had to say I could not go, though the price of admission was only ten cents. That evening as I was figuring up the cash, the thought came to me that I could borrow the ten cents and give it back when my salary was increased. I was alone in the office and had it in my hand, when a voice within said, "This is the beginning". I dropped the coin back and from then on was so fearful of yielding to stealing that I would go over my waist before leaving the store and take out every pin that had been stuck in during the day. In opening packages, so many had pins in and I would just put them in my dress, But at night I saw every pin was taken out.

I could not go to entertainments, which were quite often, but did have a good time just the same, in the evenings after the store closed. It cost nothing to go to parties and each mother, of those in our crowd, gave a party every year, so we had our fun. When we went to the country, the girls would not let me bring any baking because I did my share handling the games and making things go. Mother always allowed me to bring the crowd out to my home. Of course as soon as my salary was increased, I shared in the expense.

I used to have quite a time with small change, and when I did not have the change, I had to run out to one of the stores for change. These stores sold small things.

They had plenty of change, but it took time and nerve to bother them. So one morning I gave the chore boy five dollars to go to the bank, get 100 pennies and the balance in five and ten cent pieces. I was so pleased having so much change, I said to Mr. Pay, "Well, I won't have to run out for change for a while." Then I told him what I had done, and to my great surprise he called me down when I thought he would commend me. Jessie overheard what was said and she afterwards said to me, "You will learn to keep things to yourself after a while."

I have often thought over the scolding I received while in the store the first year. I learned, after he sold out, that he was not getting along well. He gave so much credit and so many failed to pay. I think he was worried over his business, but one thing I know, I got a lot of scolding. I remember working cleaning out drawers, as he was giving vent to his feeling and tears would be rolling down my cheeks, but he did not see it, my back was toward him.

For some time after I went to the store, Father came for me every Saturday night and one night as we were driving home, I said, "Father, I will pick potato bugs from spring till fall before I work for Mr. Pay any longer. He is awful." Father said that perhaps it will not be so bad next week, so I went back Monday morning and as Father had stated things began to go better. Perhaps I was learning or maybe he got things off his chest to me without being answered back.

Oh, the eggs I used to count in those days, hundreds of dozens in a day. All stages and packed in all sorts of things. The farmers often came to town in wagons and eggs had to be well packed as the roads were so rough in spring and fall. There were no egg crates for general use, though the egg buyers used them. So boxes of thirty or forty dozen eggs would have oats in the box or bran, and one time the eggs were in grass and so many were broken while some were partly hatched and some very old. The grass and good eggs were a mess and the eggs had to be washed. For years I did not eat any eggs or anything that seemed to have an egg flavor. All from handling so many eggs.

In the winter time we had a good deal of trouble with customers with eggs. The price would be higher and to receive this high price, eggs were packed in salt and kept for months and when the price went up, they would be sold. We had to pay less for salted eggs, for when they were exposed to the air they spoil very quickly. Some were clever and washed their eggs in buttermilk so we could not tell whether they had been salted or were fresh laid eggs. If we were suspicious we candled them.

The same with butter. The farmers packed their butter in wooden tubs holding fifty pounds or more and sold it when the price went up in the fall or winter. We had a long auger and

if we had any doubts of a farmer's honesty, this auger was put down through and a sample of the butter all the way down was brought up. Sometimes there would be considerable water and one time there were pounds of salt in the bottom. One day a woman brought in a good sized roll of butter and it had about an inch of butter on the outside, the rest was tallow.

Some customers were very hard to wait on and I heard Paul say different times when one of these customers was coming in the door, "I will take this customer," or, "Let me have this one." He would make quite a fuss over her and if she had butter, he would weigh it himself and take it down cellar. If any dispute arose about the weight of the butter he would go himself to the cellar and re-weigh it, but in the meantime he would have scooped enough butter from the bottom of the roll to make up for the difference in weight.

Then when he was measuring the material, he would cheat the customer out of some of the goods, especially if he had reduced the price, perhaps a quarter or a half a yard. Then later on he would brag about how he got square with her for the cent or more he had reduced the price.

I have seen Mr. Pay, when he was behind the counter looking over some goods, look up and seeing one of those women, who was always beating down the price, entering the door, he would drop to the floor and crawl to the back of the store on his hands and knees, and out of the store the back way, because the customer would appeal to him when we would not cut the price.

The station agent's wife was very hard to wait on and she seldom came to the store till just as we were closing for the night, though the house was part of the station building and so she did not have to wait until her husband returned from work before she could come up town. When the people of the town would speak of her, in my hearing, they were saying such nice things of her and what a lovely woman she was. I never made any remarks though I could not agree with them, it was better to keep silent. So one night after I had been kept after hours waiting on her, then had my sales to enter for the day, I said to Mr. Pay, "How do people find that woman so nice?" He said, "I don't know. If they were to come in here and wait on her they would change their minds." I do not know whether the people really admired her, or were just sorry for her, because she had sorrow. One of her children had gone blind and another was losing its sight. This made me sorry for her but I could not admire her, from my store experience.

Bert Kerr, the young man clerk, could play the mouth organ and could play the guitar. He fixed the mouth organ with wire so he could keep it stationary without his hands touching it. He could play both instruments together, and often brought them to the store and played, after the boss left the store shortly before twelve for dinner. So for a short time he would sit on the counter on a chair in the dress goods department and the clerks would dance a square dance,

and for ten minutes we would have a good time. Seldom did a customer come in so near noon and if one did, Bert, sitting on the counter, could see between the curtains, which separated the dress goods department from the main store, and stop playing.

We had been doing this off and on for some time when I became conscious I was not doing the right thing. Here I was a member of the Methodist Church and the rules, at that time, were to abstain from dancing, games of chance, and other things. One night at League I had led in prayer then went to Jessie's home and danced and, upon retiring, as I went to kneel in prayer, I heard a voice say, "Choose this night whom you will serve." I gave up the dance.

So next day when the clerks were getting ready to have the little square dance I refused to join. Paul dragged me toward the group but I sat down on the floor and refused and another girl from the mantle department had to be asked to join. That was the last dance they had.

I have often wondered what Mother would have said if she ever knew I had ever danced. She never heard. She was very set on some things and was capable of turning me out of the home.

One day Mother came into the store and invited the clerks out to a turkey supper. It was the first fall of my store life. She spoke to Jessie and she gave the invitations. Mr. Pay was not invited. The mantle maker would not go if George's wife was invited so she was left out.

We drove out in the band sleigh and being a cold night, George and Paul borrowed caps from the men's department. As we were leaving town, we passed a business section and Mr. Pay was in one of the hardware stores and he recognized us and the two borrowed caps, then on the road we met George's brother-in-law. He saw George and told George's wife. The rest of the way nothing happened. We had a good supper and a pleasant time and drove back to town. George to get a calling down from his wife and next day to hear Mr. Pay say, "I don't think there is anything more comfortable for sleigh riding than a tam-o-shanter cap." Which was what the clerks had borrowed.

Paul was caught stealing and was discharged and it was not long after Paul left until Jessie left the store and went to work for another merchant in town. This made Mr. Pay very angry and calling me into the office, he told me if he ever saw me in Jessie's company or heard of me being with her, he would fire me. I could not but feel he was unjust for Jessie had taught me and had been good to me but I had to give up my friendship or lose my job and I did not have experience enough to get another.

George was a man who never laughed at me and in my difficulties I always went to him; for instance, one day a woman came up to me and said "Have you any team loom." I said, "I will see."

So giving her a stool, I hurried to George and said, "Oh, George, there is a woman who wants a steamed room. Where will I show her?" He said, "It is white cotton she wants." So I went and it was just where I had given her the stool. Another time a woman asked for some swan's down which I learned was a narrow white fur used for trimming baby's bonnets and coats.

One night the fire bell rang and of course everyone rushed to the fire. Our boy, Bert Kerr, of course was out to see the fire and as he was hurrying down his street, which was well shaded with trees, he met a young woman also hurrying to the fire but going the wrong way, and they collided in this shady part.

Next morning Bert turned up at the shop with a badly swollen nose, very large lips, and blackened eyes. He was a sight. Just after I arrived at the store a young woman entered, wearing a veil, and going to Kerr said, "I believe you are the young man who ran into me last night." He said, "You were going the wrong way and butted into me." She raised her veil and said, "Look what you did to my face." He answered, "Look what you did to mine." She said, "There is blood on your sleeve that is mine which you caused me to shed." He said, "It is my blood you made me lose." and so on. It was the funniest thing I ever saw, of that nature. Both had exactly the same injuries, lips, noses, and eyes, their faces must have struck fairly. She got no satisfaction from Kerr so left in a few minutes.

One day, shortly after I began, the store was quite filled with customers and a woman came to me and said she was in a hurry and if I would get her what she wanted she would be very pleased. Then she asked for skirt hoops. I knew where they were kept, in a drawer on the men's side and I showed them to her. She decided on a pair but I had not learned to fold them. I looked up and saw George was watching me and beckoned me to come to him. I had to cross from one side of the store to the other with a pair of hoops in my hand and have him fold them. Oh, if that floor had only opened and let me down, but I got across and back. The customer said she was sorry she did not know how to do it, and thus save me some humiliation, which was nice of her.

After the customers were all out, George said, "Come over Sarah, and I will show you how to fold those hoops." So I went with him behind the counter and the other clerks gathered around to witness my lesson. Just then the express boy came in with some express and he had to learn the trick. As this express boy used to see me home at times, this did not make the lesson any easier for me but I went through with it and said nothing.

I must say something of my training. On entering the store, I was shown my work as cashier. In a day or two one of the clerks informed me I was to learn where everything in the store was kept and what it was for. Of course I was told to

keep a dust cloth handy all the time and not let dust be seen on anything. I have seen the boss just make a mark on a box with his finger so the clerk could see he was not keeping things clean. Of course we had no paved streets and not even a sprinkler for the streets, as later on we had, to keep down dust.

Then after I had gone through all the drawers and boxes, a clerk would take me and ask what is in this drawer, this drawer, this box, and on down the shelves. I was then taught how to break a cord, and I practiced that till I could do it well. Then I was put to measuring goods. For days and days I measured a piece of cloth, folded it, wrapped it properly, with not too much paper or string and with a clerk overseeing me. This drill was kept up until I could do it right. I always had to see customers had a stool to sit on as I was not behind the counter waiting on customers for several months.

Customers were to be shown our new stock. When goods were bought for dress or underwear we had to show trimming without being asked for it. If something was asked for and they told us the use, we could show other things that were used for the same purpose. Oh, how our counters were piled with goods when we were through showing. Take a piece of percale, if it was asked for, we had a piece out of the shelf or from the table before we received the answer of the kind of percale. A yard or more would be unfolded and the effect shown. Then all boxes had to be off the table before we showed other things. I have seen the boss, when this was not done, just take his arm and sweep the entire bunch off the counter to the back.

When a customer entered and a clerk was not busy with a customer, he or she stepped forward to greet the customer. Never let the customer come to where we were. Then we never asked what they wanted, it was always, "Something I can show you." and a smile always on our faces. When I became head clerk, every new person was put through this training that I had received.

Some on how we handled goods. Take buttons; when a box of buttons came in, one button was taken off a card and sewn on the outside of the box. Then each card of buttons in the box had to have a piece of paper pasted on the back of the card so if the card was cut, the buttons would not fall off. Buttons were worn a good deal for trimming and we had hundreds of boxes in stock. In showing buttons, we took out a card of one kind. I think the card of one kind looks better than one button in a book of buttons as has been the way in later times. If the boxes became broken we had to mend them with needle and thread.

The hosiery all came in paper packages, a dozen in a package and all separate, so they had to be sewn together by pairs and a tag with size and price put on each pair. They were kept in black cardboard boxes with a place on the front for size, price, and style. In the winter we had cashmere and woolen, the cashmere were very find woolen, and others

heavier. In the summer we had cotton, lisle, and only one box of silk hose that did not sell well.

Dress goods were all folded like factory cotton and all percales and prints was the same. When they were displayed they would get disarranged and all slack time we spent getting goods properly arranged.

One Saturday night shortly before George left, a young man came into the store to wait for me to see me home. Monday morning, as I was fixing the cash in the office and George was arranging some goods near by, Mr. Pay said, "You left a man in the store when you left Saturday night. Why did you not serve him?" George said, "I went to him but he said he was waiting for Miss Acheson." Mr. Pa. knew this for when I was counting the cash, he said, "The clerks have gone and left someone in the store." So I had to say he was waiting for me. He just said "oh", so here was a chance to tease me. Then George said, "That was not all. When I went out the door a young man was standing there and said, 'Is Miss Acheson gone yet?' I said, 'You are too late. Someone is standing inside for her.'" Then when I got to the corner a young fellow was pacing back and forth. He asked me if Miss Acheson had gone yet. So he got the same answer." I had not known of the other two.

Bert Kerr took a job in another store and shortly after George moved to the Canadian West. With George gone, I became head clerk, but I still looked after the cash and made change, though they made it easier, for they brought me the money and when just a charge slip, they filed it themselves.

Being head clerk, I was thrown more in the company of Mr. Pay and found him to be a very fine man. I had been head clerk only a short time when Mr. Pay told me he had arranged with the milliner in town to let me have my hats at trade prices. That was all merchants sold to other merchants or their families what they wanted at ten percent on cost price. We clerks received this in our own stores in which we worked, but he arranged so I would get it outside in other stores. I knew then I was getting quite popular with the boss.

How different from my first year when it seemed a day did not pass without getting a scolding. I suppose he would not call it a scolding but had to get something off his chest, and as I did not answer back, it eased his feelings.

Then Tom decided to change and a young man from Berlin, Ontario was hired. He was quite a young gentleman, had worked in a drug store, and had learned a lot there. I was doing some heavy lifting one day when things were quiet and Walter came to me and said, "Why don't you do something easier when you are not well?" I said, "I am well," and he answered, "If you are, why have you those dark circles under your eyes?" We did not use powder in those days. Well, I know my eyes blazed. I did not take his advice then but later on did.

Subscription price, Five Dollars per Annum in Advance. Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917, Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under
Post Office No. 383, Special Delivery.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917,
authorized on July 16, 1918.

Published by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Copyright, 1919, by American Medical Association
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without permission in writing from the American Medical Association.
The Journal of the American Medical Association is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, when it is published bi-weekly. It is published for the Association by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
The Journal of the American Medical Association is published for the Association by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
The Journal of the American Medical Association is published for the Association by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
The Journal of the American Medical Association is published for the Association by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Subscription price, Five Dollars per Annum in Advance. Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917, Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under
Post Office No. 383, Special Delivery.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917,
authorized on July 16, 1918.

Published by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Copyright, 1919, by American Medical Association
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without permission in writing from the American Medical Association.
The Journal of the American Medical Association is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, when it is published bi-weekly. It is published for the Association by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
The Journal of the American Medical Association is published for the Association by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
The Journal of the American Medical Association is published for the Association by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Subscription price, Five Dollars per Annum in Advance. Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917, Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under
Post Office No. 383, Special Delivery.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917,
authorized on July 16, 1918.

Published by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Copyright, 1919, by American Medical Association
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without permission in writing from the American Medical Association.
The Journal of the American Medical Association is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, when it is published bi-weekly. It is published for the Association by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
The Journal of the American Medical Association is published for the Association by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
The Journal of the American Medical Association is published for the Association by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

This clerk was about my height and when the boss was out, if he happened to be behind me, he would take a quick step, throw an arm around my neck, pull me back, and kiss me on the cheek. This only happened occasionally. I often wonder why so many people do so much kissing. A good shake of the hand means more than a kiss, for you can look them in the eye and read there their pleasure at meeting you or just otherwise.

I had been at a girl friend's home spending the evening, and as I started home she accompanied me part way. We passed a hotel and in the doorway stood one of our traveling men from whom I had bought or assisted Mr. Pay in buying a great many dollars worth of goods, so recognizing him I said, "Good night." He spoke and immediately turned and spoke to another traveler, for we heard him call his name, and the two men started after us, passing us by one going on each side of us and both said, "Good night." but neither of us spoke. They walked on, we crossed over to the other side of the street, soon they crossed, came up behind us and again passed us both men speaking but we said nothing.

Then they came to a corner where there was a light and stood under it waiting for us to come along, but we had gone into a home where we knew the people well and asked the young man, who was in bed, to get up and take us home. We saw no more of the traveling men that night.

Next morning, on my way to the store, I stopped at the post office, which opened at seven o'clock, and there stood the traveler I knew. He was standing by the wicket facing the door. He looked at me and grinned, and I looked right into his eyes without the least sign on my face that I had ever seen him before. My sister Susie once told me that I could freeze a person with a look. I must have done so on this occasion for shortly after I reached the store, he entered it. He always shook hands with me on the other visits to the store, but he passed by to the office without a word of greeting.

In a few minutes Mr. Pay called me to go over some goods with him and the traveler and to bring the want book with me. In this book we kept a list of all the goods we were getting low in stock and needed replenishing.

I would say to the boss we need so and so but never spoke to the traveller. Some time passed and I continued as I had begun, then the traveler had to go to the store door for another sample case. The boss said to me, "Have you and Jack had a falling out?" I said nothing, but as I had to go and wait on a customer, I think Jack must have told Mr. Pay for nothing more was said by Mr. Pay later on and never once did I speak to Jack, though I bought many hundred dollars of goods, but always through the boss. Had he been a gentleman he would have come to me and apologized.

I worked in this store four years and was late one morning. The landlady did not call me for breakfast so I went without breakfast. I was off one half day in the four years

Father was going to Goderich and I wanted to see a doctor there, as I had a sore mouth and the doctor was considered very fine.

After the hoop skirts went out of style, the bustle was worn and dresses were looped up in all manner. A clerk passing me one day tangled my skirt in his legs and pulled out every loop. I had to get the mantle makers to fix me up.

When I was allowed behind the counter to sell goods to customers, the first customer I remember was a woman getting material for a shroud. She asked me for some plain brown cotton goods and told me it was for a shroud for a relative who had died. Then I began showing her cream and white, telling her how nice some light shades would be but she paid no attention. As I went to another shelf for something, Jessie told me to sell her brown so I did as I was told. When she had left, Jessie told me the woman was Catholic and they wore brown for shrouds. In those days, a corpse always wore a shroud, never regular clothes. The undertakers kept shrouds but many liked to make them up.

We bought goods in such large quantities and it was common to sell a bolt to one person. Cotton sold for 5, 7, 9, and 11 cents a yard. A bolt would have from forty to fifty yards, and cotton was used for all underwear, chemises, drawers, and underskirts as well as nightgowns. Percales, we would get forty or fifty pieces at a time and dress goods the same.

If we had to remain after hours, we received no extra pay even when these were a couple of hours, but Mr. Pay would never let me go home alone even at nine o'clock, a clerk had to accompany me every time. It was not safe for a young woman to be alone on the street after nine or ten o'clock when few people were out. The boarding house boys never let me go out after dark without escorting me to where I was going. We had only one policeman in Clinton and no electric lights on the streets. It was a common thing to pass a drunk man lying on the street or along side. I was really safer in North Dakota, what was called the wild and wooly west than I was in a civilized town in the east at that time.

Mr. Pay was a great politician, being a Tory, and was the head of the party in Clinton, and during an election campaign it was amusing to see all the lesser lights come to the office and take orders. One big election was on and so many asked him how things were going. He would answer he was so busy with other things he was not taking much interest in politics, and George would say, "Oh no he is not interested. I wonder what this constant stream of underworkers is doing coming to the office." George was a Grit.

All sorts of tricks were played and after the election Mr. Pay would tell us some of them; such as: getting the wife of some doubtful man on the side of the Torys and she would send

him to the basement for something and lock him there until the buggy called to take him to vote. Others were employed for a day or two after election. One good for nothing was given all the cracked eggs left by the egg buyer.

The morning I was late at the store, as I passed the office Mr. Pay said, "Tough beef steak this morning." I just smiled and passed on to the cloak room. It was quite a joke among my friends, my promptness, for if the one o'clock bell began to ring and I was a block or more away, I would break into a run and run until I reached the store. One fellow, who worked in his father's grocery store, would shout at me, if I passed the store or across the street, "Run, Sarah, run, the bell is going to ring."

A traveling man came to me one day and quietly said, "If you would like to change your place of work, I know of an opening", but I told him I had not thought of changing. So I stayed on until Mr. Pay sold out.

Mr. Pay sold out to Mr. Wiseman, who asked me to remain on and work for him.

I remained on with Mr. Wiseman and after a couple of weeks Mr. Pay came to me and told me he had a position for me with another merchant. He did not like seeing me where I was. I did not give him an answer at once and before I did Uncle William Acheson came down from Goderich and asked me to work for his son Jack, as Uncle was starting him up in business. I accepted.

I gave notice to Mr. Wiseman that I was leaving and in a couple of weeks went to Goderich and began work on April Fool's day, four years from the time I began in Clinton.

Jack had been in a store in Goderich, then went to one of the leading stores in Toronto, before his father set him up in business in Goderich, next door to Uncle John Acheson.

We had a number of dry goods stores in Goderich but they were not as up to date as they should be and many people were writing to the city for samples. Jack had worked in one of the best dry goods stores in Toronto and knew the latest in material and trimmings, and our stock though small was up to date.

We were not long in working up a good trade, having the elite of Goderich for our customers and we increased our stock, always keeping the latest things in dress goods. In a short time my cousin added a small stock of groceries, such as sugar, tea, coffee, currants, raisins, and such things, as the farmers would want when they brought in eggs and butter to trade.

Nothing was done up in packages as at the present time. Currants and raisins were in twenty five pound wood boxes and we weighed them out. Tea and coffee was in large tin boxes

of fifty pounds. Oatmeal was in bushel sacks. We did not handle soap as most farmers made their own soap, soft soap for washing, hard soap for hands.

I assisted in buying all the goods excepting when Jack would go to the city, in fact I was doing most everything or overseeing things, except paying the bills and keeping the books.

In buying the goods, we sometimes had very interesting times deciding just what we would buy. Often buying what he wanted and what I wanted, he would bet me the ice cream his would sell first. I was game and took him up but he always lost, for I was in the store part more than he was, and if you like a piece of goods you can sell it before something you care less for.

An amusing thing happened along this line one day. The Montreal agent was there, a very fine young man whom we liked very much. Jack had been over to the sample room with the traveller and they came back to the shop together. Jack was so elated, and said, "Oh. Missie," he always called me, "Missie". "I bought a bargain. Oh such a bargain." I said, "What?" and he said, "We have some of the same goods in stock, that cost us sixty cents a yard, and we can sell this for fifty cents a yard. Just think Missie sell that for fifty cents a yard. We will have to reduce what we have in stock. There were five pieces and I bought them all. It is all the firm has in stock. Isn't that a bargain?" I said, "How about the color?" He said, "Oh, the color won't matter, when they see the value."

Then the traveller showed me the color. It was terra cotta, a shade worn the season before but out for the present season. I said, "Well, you can cancel it. We don't want it. It is cold pig (a name given to last season's goods) and we don't want it." Then he began to argue. His father came in and he appealed to his father, but Uncle said, "You two have to settle it. I know nothing about dress goods." The traveller said, "I have already sent the order in, Miss Acheson," and I said, "Well, you can write in and stop it, for it is not coming into our store". The traveller said, I know it will be up to you to sell it, but it is a bargain." I said, "We are not going to lower standard of up to date material for a bargain. I don't care what it is." So we fought back and forth with words but I was firm and won out. The traveller having to send a telegram to Montreal to cancel the order.

Another time I wanted some large table napkins. Oh, they were wonderful, very large size, so a dozen were ordered. I never told the boss why I wanted them. I had planned to send three to a gentleman friend in California, who lived at his home. A dozen were ordered, but none but the ones I bought sold and every time the boss came across them he would say, "Some of your buying." Finally I bought them myself and a few days later, the boss' sister came in and wanted half a dozen of those large napkins, so I sold half a dozen to her

and I still have two of them though they are nearly worn out. They were just the thing for a man, they covered him and men hate small napkins as they do small handkerchiefs.

One evening this same traveller was in. I had not been able to go to the sample room, so they brought a lot of goods to the store. I had no spare time to look at the goods until after store hours, and as we examined the goods, on the counter, the boss would run around to my side and talk of it. In a few minutes, as he stood there, I would step from his side around to the other side, when back he would come to my side again with, "Oh, Missie see this," and I would wait my chance to move away to the opposite side of the counter. While the boss and the traveller had been whiling away their time at the sample room waiting for me to be at liberty, they had something to drink. My cousin did not often drink anything.

This kept up for some time, he coming to my side and me moving away. I tried to do it without the boss noticing what I was doing but when the traveller went to get some more samples from the door, Jack said, "What ails you Missie? Every time I come near you, you move away from me." I said, "I don't like your breath." He stepped to the other side of the counter as if he had been shot and there he remained the balance of the evening.

When we had finished buying, I went to the cloak room to get my wraps, and I heard Jack say to the traveller, "Missie is mad." The traveller asked what was the matter and the boss answered, "Because we had a drink." The traveller did not say anything, but as I came from the cloak room ready to bid him good night he fell into step with me, walked to the door, and he said, "I am sorry Miss Acheson for what happened tonight and I will see that it does not occur again." And it never did the remaining years he came while I was in the store.

One traveller was very fleshy and was quite a drinker. Jack disliked him. I do not know why. I liked him and I do not know why excepting he had a sense of humor. He would come to town, get drunk, lie in the hotel until he sobered up, then come to the store and he would be so polite. It was amusing. Of course he did not get drunk every time he came to town. Then he got married. My cousin Emma, who worked in her father's store next to us said this traveller's wife was the only woman, she ever heard of, who liked this traveller. Well I would not want to marry him, but I liked him.

When he would have any cold pig and he would show them to Jack, Jack would call me to come and see them and the traveller would call out, "No, you are not wanted here. Stay where you are." He knew I was set against buying stock not up to date. Of course there were times when cold pig was all right, depending on the shade and the goods.

This traveller happened to visit the store one year when we were taking inventory, or, as we called it, stock.

When I was in Clinton dress goods were only twenty seven inches wide and came folded like cotton, but gradually this changed and dress goods were about thirty three inches or the full yard and they were rolled on boards as at the present time. In Clinton, we were not allowed to measure by any rule, so in Goderich we continued to unroll the goods, measure, and roll on the boards again, or as we called it block them.

To get them tight on the board, and keep the cloth even, the cloth had to be kept tight. To do this we would stand at the end of the counter, put a weight on the cloth as far down as the counter was clear, and then roll up. When the weight came up to us, it was picked up and carried back on the cloth and the rolling continued.

One day I came across a piece of iron, about three inches square and over a foot long. A fine thing for a weight. So putting it on a piece of cloth I was rolling up, it made the right weight to keep the goods from curling up. I was busy rolling or blocking the day this traveller came and seeing what I was doing, he stepped up and began carrying the weight back on the goods when I had rolled it to me. Finally, after doing it several times, he picked up the iron weight, walked to the back door, and threw it away. Coming back, he said, "I don't think it is necessary to kill yourself carrying that weight just to have your goods rolled on the board."

My cousin had an amusing habit of always assuring his customer he understood exactly any experience they had passed through, as he had gone through the same himself. It is interesting to look back on how customers would confide all their troubles to us.

Jack's sister and I used to be amused at all the experiences he had passed through, and one day, when his sister was in the store, Jack had a customer who was telling him of having a baby very recently, and Minnie, his sister, was sitting at my counter. She said, "I wonder if Jack has had that experience."

Another time, he was waiting on a young woman and she said, "I am not feeling very well. I am wondering if I am going to be sick. for my sister is home with diphtheria." She was from the country. Jack turned pale and he began swallowing to see if his throat was getting sore. When she left, he burst out with, "What right has she running around exposing everyone to diphtheria. I could feel my throat getting sore." But he did not come down with it.

I did not do any buying for the groceries. Jack did that and one day, when the grocery traveller was there, he said, "Missie what do you say about putting in tobacco?" I said, "The store is yours. You can put in what you wish but I will not sell it." He answered, "Well, I can sell it myself." The traveller turned to me and said, "I am willing to put up one hundred dollars you will marry a smoker." I said, "And I am willing to cover your bet that I will not."

The tobacco came and Jack called, "Missie, come here till we put the price on this tobacco." I said, "Mark it as you like. I have nothing to say about the price as I am not going to sell it." He just looked at me but said nothing.

Customers would come in and ask for tobacco and I told them I did not sell it, they could go and help themselves to it or get it elsewhere. I would give them enough cash from their trade to buy it elsewhere, and the women would answer, "I don't blame you," and take the cash and go to a grocery store.

One Saturday night, a man came in for some groceries and I had to wait on him, the others were busy, and I finished my women customers before the men were through with theirs. I used to dread to see a man go to the grocery part and I had to wait on them, for fear I would have to refuse to sell tobacco. So this night the man asked for some. I told him the men sold it, that I did not handle it, so Jack came and exchanged customers and as he passed me on his way out he gave a grunt of disgust.

The next Saturday he was in again. Jack waited on him and when he was through getting his groceries, Jack said, "Any tobacco?" He said, "No, I went home and told my wife about that girl refusing to sell me and she said, "Thank goodness someone has the courage to refuse to handle it and I have not used tobacco since."

But the old Gaelic man beat all the others. He was a great strapping Scotchman about six feet six and built in proportion. He had a big St. Bernard dog with him. The man sat on a stool, the dog lay on the floor in front of the grocery counter, and finally he said, "Give me some tobacco." I said, "I do not handle tobacco". He sprang from his stool and leaning over the counter towered over me as he yelled, "You don't sell tobacco and it is there behind you." The dog sprang to its feet looking over the counter at me ready to spring if need be. Jack came hurrying and said, "Take my customer." so I went to the woman customer and we had a good laugh. The store was full.

The next week Jack went out and in a few minutes came back with a grocery man and sold the tobacco to him and that was the last of my experience with it.

After I was working for my cousin for about a year I received two letters offering me work. One was from a merchant who once owned a store in Clinton. He had left Clinton some time before, but I refused it.

The other was from a man who had once been a travelling salesman and had bought a store in Clinton. I turned it down. Then I was offered a position in a grocery store but they handled tobacco so that was taboo. But why leave the store I was in. I received a raise in salary every six months. Not a great deal, but fifty cents a week without asking for it.

Jack used to put off things. If we promised a customer to send for samples of trimming or do some other service, he would put off writing even when he had taken the order. So I would take the order to the office and tell him to get to work and write so and so. He would promise that he would, but I would tell him to do it at once, but he would contend he was busy. So I would pick up the tablet set it in front of him and say, "I will not leave this office until you do as I request." He would protest but finally yield. It was the only way I could keep my promises to the customers.

I will say the six years I worked for Jack I never knew a dishonest thing done, not even in our advertisements. Jack would come to me with the ad to check over before giving it to the paper and sometimes he would have some goods that were such a price, now such a price. I would say, "Jack that never was that price. You can change it. If you want to you can say worth such a price but you cannot say was such a price." Then he would chide me for my Puritan conscience, but I noticed the wording was changed.

Many times customers commented on our honesty. I would not think of selling a poor woman or working girl a piece of percale that I knew would not wash, even if they did not ask, but people who could afford it, I sold it. But if they asked about the color, I told them the facts.

Colors were not so durable as at the present time. I usually took samples home and washed them with soap and water and kept them in the store to exhibit, if the customers wished to see. Of course I told them I did not know the effect of the sun on the goods, but they could see the effect of soap and water on them.

The country boy who was in the store in Goderich when I arrived there turned out well. He left Goderich and went to work for a wholesale firm and was sent to England where he lived for some time as a silk buyer for the wholesale firm in Toronto. My Brother-in-law went to England on business and while there called on George Cox. He was getting a salary of five thousand dollars a year besides a commission. He told my brother-in-law he had me to thank, for all he knew I had taught him. He did not send me any silk for a dress as a token of thanks, but it is nice to know I have done something in my day.

Then we had a young man from Dungannon. This boy had learned, in some way, we were in need of a boy, so came in one morning when Jack was in the city. I asked him a few questions and found he had walked in twelve miles. I said I was sorry but Mr. Acheson would not be home for a couple of days and suggested he go to my boarding house for dinner and rest before starting back as he said he would walk home again. He said he had an aunt living in town and would go there and have dinner and a rest.

The day Mr. Acheson returned from the city, this boy was in the store again. I asked how he had come in and again I was told he walked. So I went back to the office and told Jack the boy I had told him of was out there again and had walked in the twelve miles and I added, "You can go out and hire him for there is something to him."

So he went out and talked to him and did as I suggested. He hired him. Then I took him in hand, told him to go to his aunt's or where he intended boarding, rest up and be on hand at seven o'clock the next morning.

His name was Will. He proved to be a plodder but very reliable and turned out well. When a horse and buggy drove up to the store, they usually had butter or eggs, and if a woman was driving, which they often were, the horse had to be tied. So when I saw a buggy drive up I would say, "Will, tie that woman's horse", or "Get the butter and eggs from the buggy just driven up," and I would speak quite sharply. So one day Will said, "Miss Acheson, when you say 'Will do so and so' you speak as if you expected me to quit whatever I am doing and do what you say." I said, "Boy you never made a better guess in your life, for that is exactly what I mean." Then I went on to explain what service in waiting on people who drove up to the door meant.

This Will was still in the store until after I was married, but how long, I do not know. He married a Goderich girl and bought a good home on the installment plan, and the boss fired him. Jack considered it a better house than a clerk could afford. He went to the Canadian West and I was told so many customers made such a fuss over his going that Jack sent for him. He came back but to a higher salary.

One rule I made with the clerks, to teach them to be honest, was: when money was found on the floor, when sweeping. If it was behind the counters it belonged to the boss, if elsewhere it belonged to the finder.

A woman was buying some cotton one day and I suggested she get a piece of cheap lace to trim the cotton. This woman was a good manager, good worker, and they were in comfortable circumstances. She told me she could not buy lace. Her husband looked over the bills and objected to her buying anything but cotton. She had told me what she was buying the cotton for and I showed her something different, then I tried selling the lace.

She said she could buy all the cotton she wanted but he objected to goods of a different name. I told her if she wanted anything from now on it would not be listed by its fancy name but would be marked cotton. So I kept her secret.

I was in this store six years and do not remember ever being behind time. When Jack went to the city, I always had the boy go to my boarding house for my dinner and supper and ate in the store. The boy clerks might have some difficulty

handling some of the customers so I remained all day.

I was off one half hour from being sick. I had some stomach trouble and vomited and Jack saw me looking pale and asked the trouble. So he sent me home at eleven thirty. On the way home I bought a lemon and ate it for my dinner and went back to the store at one o'clock. This was the only time I was off from this trouble or other sickness. I did have a cold once in a while and ate a couple large onions and drank about a quart of water. That always ended that.

An amusing thing, to me, was the way so many people regarded small change. If a customer was paying her bill and had the change all but two or three or maybe five cents, she would say, "I guess that is enough." She would not break a bill to pay in full. Whereas if we were shy a couple of cents in giving back the change, we would say, "Can we give you a few rows of pins or a spool of thread?" And she would always take it.

I did not go to many parties in Goderich. With the water and scenery it did not seem necessary but I did go walking a great deal. After standing on my feet all day long from eight in the morning until after seven at night, I would strike out for a walk, often a five mile walk, or I would stroll down to the lake or river and sit on the bank and watch the sun set. Of course I was seldom alone. Some young man would say, "Let us go for a walk. I like to walk with you for you step out like a man." I had noticed so many girls seemed to prance with short steps while I stepped a good step.

It may be interesting to know something about the dresses worn at this time. Of course there were no ready made dresses. We were getting ready made women's coats but only had them a couple of years before I left the store. Men's suits could be bought ready made about the time I went to Goderich. Before that time the cloth was sold by the yard and tailors made them up as dress makers made women's clothes. But dress makers and tailors still made garments for people who did not want to buy ready made.

When I went to the store, the hoop skirts were worn, then the bustle came in and then went out. Dresses were worn to the shoe tops, long sleeves, high neck, high collars. The Basque waist was worn and separate skirts, then later on the suits, short coats and skirts, of woolen material. I never wore a cotton dress in the ten years I worked. I could buy all woolen material (Nun's veiling) for twenty five cents a yard. I had a dress made out of material for men's suits that sold for three dollars and seventy five cents a yard.

When anyone passed away, all the relations that is; the wife, mother, daughters and sisters all went in mourning and wore black. So much crepe, yards and yards of it. The men wore black cloth for suits and a band of crepe around the sleeve between elbow and shoulder of the left arm. Then a band was worn around the hat. Crepe was expensive, running from five to seven dollars a yard and there would be from one

to three yards in a costume, with veils.

The colored clothes were all put away, and for one year nothing but black was worn, then black and white for six months or a year.

The wife or mother wore a short veil of black over the face and down about the bust, and the veil behind sometimes reached to the bottom of the waist but never shorter than the waist. Then there would be bands of crepe from three inches to half a yard wide around the skirt.

Imagine living in a home with all dressed in black. Black clothes in the closets and meeting people on the streets in deep mourning, as we called it. A person in mourning could go nowhere except to church. No parties, no games, no amusements or entertainment for one year.

The dresses changed, in those days just like at the present time. Riding coats one year and something else the next. Very large leg of mutton sleeves one year, small sleeves the next. We wore a good deal of Scotch plaids. I was very fond of some of these plaids. We had tweeds of all kinds. I had one dress that cost me fifteen dollars a yard, wholesale, a beautiful brocade.

I had a fur cape that was a beauty. It was beaver and came down below my waist and cost me over thirty dollars wholesale, and fur was cheap in those days. With it I had a pair of beaver fur gloves with long cuffs that met the cape. I paid fifteen dollars for the gloves. I did not enjoy wearing the cape. It was too warm to wear in church and too cold with it off.

After I had been working for ten years, I decided to quit the store and go home and learn some housework. Jack let me off in the spring with the request to come back when the summer visitors were in town. Jack said, "I wonder what it will be like to be boss of my own store, when you leave, for I have been taking orders for six years."

I returned for the summer months, then left for good and it was rather amusing to hear the number of men I was to be married to. The people knew I was going to be married but were somewhat puzzled who the man was to be.

One little thing amused me very much. A farm woman asked me what hose I would recommend which would be easy on her feet. I said, "I have found cashmere the easiest of any I have worn." She said, "What do you know about standing on your feet?" I never sat down from eight in the morning till after seven at night excepting while eating dinner and supper, and always on hard wood floors, no carpet, no matting, so I do not know who had more experience. Women's shoes had soles so thin I could feel the knots in the flooring through the soles.

I went to a cobbler one day, when I had bought a new pair of shoes, and asked him to put on a half sole over the sole already on the shoes and I could not get him to do it. He said, "Wear the sole and I will replace it." I could not get him to understand how I suffered with thin soled shoes.

I enjoyed my work and have always thought, through the years since I married, if I ever had to earn my living, it would be store life, I would prefer to any other kind of work.

Social Life in Clinton and Coderich

I had been in Clinton a couple of weeks or more, when going to work one day, a young woman crossed the street to me and asked me to attend the Epworth League meeting for young people of the Methodist Church, which met every Monday evening. She suggested I call at her home and go with her, as I had to pass her home to go to the meeting.

I had met this young woman, Hester Moore, before I came to Clinton. While Mary was taking dress making lessons, she boarded at this young woman's home and she had come home with Mary on more than one occasion. Hester was much in love with Geo. Calbick and one time, to get an excuse to come to my home and maybe meeting George, met me one Friday and said she would drive me home Saturday morning and stay over Sunday. Saturday was a holiday.

There was no way to get word to the home folk not to meet me and expecting I would be home before dinner I waited for her. She delayed until dinner and so it was after two o'clock when we reached the farm to find some of the family in tears. When we walked from Clinton we took a short cut through the fields and usually some one went part way back to watch for us crossing the field. We had to cross a railroad track about half way across the mile of fields and in a position on a hill one could be seen from the time they left the Huron road until we came to our own farm.

Tramps were so often walking the track that we always sent a lookout back in the lane a piece and so some one had come to watch for me.

I did not come, hours passed and I did not come and the day before Father had seen signs of a tramp in his back wood just a short distance from the track so I was supposed to have been molested and dear knows what had happened to me.

If they had put a horse in the buggy and came to town, it would have only taken an hour to make the trip there and back but we walked so much in those days, no one ever thought of driving for me.

Well, I accepted Hester's invitation to go to League and continued going the four years I was in Clinton. It was the finest League I ever attended. It took in all the young people up to thirty years of age and several of these were married people.

There was Bob Holmes, who was editor of the Clinton New Era paper, which his father owned; Wm. Beasley, who managed the Beasley Millinery Store, and his crippled sister, who was head of the girls who made the hats; A. Taylor, who worked in his father's shoe store; Horace Foster, who was the photographer; Sam Booth and his wife, he worked in the organ factory; and several young women who were between twenty five and thirty years of age, such as Hester Moore, Miss Graham, and Miss Trewartha.

These people were wonderful help to the league and kept it going along an uplifting line of work, and how the younger people developed in Christian life. Leading in prayer, conducting the meetings, preparing and delivering their own addresses, and in doing kindly acts all over the town.

I soon learned of some of the things different members were doing, such as sitting up with the sick, we had no trained nurses in Clinton in those days, as well as helping people in many ways.

There was one young man who was very low with T.B. Different people had helped his mother, who was a widow and he her only child, and had sat up all night with him. So I was not going to be behind the other people, for was I not accustomed at home to helping people and my parents helped care for the sick, so my Irish impulsiveness came to the fore and one evening I stepped up to the door, knocked and inquired how her son was. I had never seen the woman before nor had I met the son.

In the conversation I learned she did not know if anyone was going to be there that night to sit up. So I said I would be back about eight thirty and if no one was with her, I would remain the night.

Just eighteen years old. Never did anything for a sick person in my life, excepting one time at my Mother's request I put a hot iron to her feet. She was not feeling well and had asked me to do it. Father had gone for a neighbor woman. We had very little sickness in our home, excepting light colds.

I came back at the appointed time and as no one was there I remained. The mother went up stairs to bed almost immediately and I sat down to watch. I had no work, no reading, or anything to occupy my time and the lamp, in the room, having no shade, had to be kept turned low. It was the longest night I ever put in. He needed no attention which was a good thing. Every change in his breathing, I wondered if he were dying and what I would do if he appeared to be doing so. I dozed for a few minutes, around three o'clock and awoke with a start, ashamed of myself. Morning came at last and his mother came down stairs. I struck out for my boarding house for a good wash and breakfast. He died a few nights afterwards.

That was the first and only time I sat up alone during my working days. Fortunately none of the people I sat up with passed away the night I was there.

Many of the young people of the League were on the church board, taught in the Sunday School, and were officers in the church. They helped the preacher in every way they could.

Once a month, in the league, we would have a literary meeting. Have debates, songs, and different things. I remember

one debate the married men put on. Resolved it was an act of kindness on the part of Peter Pumpkin Eater to keep his wife in a pumpkin shell.

In this League we had a glee club of young men and at these monthly meeting they sang all kinds of funny songs, and often Negro Spirituals. We had a man over six feet and one not more than five feet and a few inches. Both were good singers and one night these two men sang "Six feet of ground makes us all of one size."

In this League we had different groups, those near my age associated together. In the older group was Miss Beasley, the cripple, and as I used to assist her to and from the League, I was invited to the doings she and her crowd took part in. Then I was also in the crowd about my own age.

The older crowd would be invited to different county churches when revival meetings would be on. A band sleigh would be hired for us and we would go out and take an active part in the meeting. On one occasion Crosley and Hunter, two noted evangelists, were holding a revival meeting in Exeter, a town nineteen miles south of Clinton and we hired the band sleigh and drove down to hear these two wonderful men. Nineteen miles with horse and sleigh was some ride.

On Sunday evening after church service, we would sometimes meet at a home and sing for an hour and light refreshments would be passed. We often went to homes where people were shut in and have a prayer meeting, at least we would sing and pray. I recall one night, after a League meeting, some of the older crowd asked me to go to a home where the woman was to have an operation the next day. She had sent word she wished a few to come and pray with her before she was operated on.

An operation, in those days, was very rare. A surgeon had come from some distant city to perform the operation, as she had been given only a couple of weeks to live if she did not have it done. She lived after a very large tumor had been removed.

The younger crowd, that I associated with, of the League members consisted of twelve boys and twelve girls, all about the same age. It was in this younger crowd we had such good times during the winter. We would seldom let a week pass without being at a party, as each parent gave a party. Country people invited us out to their places and I took them out to my home.

The glee club would be invited, in the summer, all around the country, to social affairs. They would go out to these gatherings and sing and put on the entire program for lawn socials. The country church people would hire the band wagon for the glee club, and as it was made up of our young men in the younger group, we girls always went along.

The year that was leap year, during my life in Clinton, was one I well remember. We had some interesting parties. I dropped into the Cooper book store and some others were there and some one said we have not had a party for some time, let us have a leap year party. So it was soon decided we would have one and I invited them out to my home in the country. So the party was arranged then and there, as so many of them had been before.

We girls hired the band sleigh for the party, it being leap year, and we called for our young men, let them into the sleigh ahead of us and looked after their comfort. We arrived at my home without any trouble and when getting ready for our midnight lunch, we found the boys had clubbed together and bought oranges for the crowd, which I thought was very fine of them.

One of the girls had a party at her place, an invited party. Shortly before this party, a new preacher had come to town and had two daughters who were invited and when going home time came no young man accompanied them. They had only a block and a half to go, but that was not the way to use the girls right.

Later on another girl gave a party and again the preacher's daughters were invited. When we went up to get our wraps on, the young woman of the house remained down stairs and she told the boys what she thought of young men, letting the preacher's daughters go home without a companion, at an earlier party. She was going to arrange things so this would not happen at her party. So she told each boy who he was to accompany home.

In one way these parties rather amused me. When we girls started down stairs, the boys would be lined up, near the front door, awaiting the young woman they wished to see home. Up stairs the girls stood back hesitating to go down stairs until I got my wraps on and I would strike down first. This happened so often I could not but notice it. I would walk down stairs out to the living room to bid the family good night and then strike for the door, and some young man would step to my side.

We were invited to bring our crowd out to Mrs. Thompsons. We left there a little before three o'clock A.M. Some did not want to leave so early, and the family seemed to enjoy our crowd for they urged us to stay longer, but some of us were set on going home for we who wanted to go home were dated up with another crowd to go to Goderich the next night.

We went to Uncle John Anderson's in Goderich which was fourteen miles from Clinton and we reached home just as the town bell was ringing seven o'clock. I changed dresses, had breakfast, and went to work. It was hard to work that day in the store, but as the boss had been along with us, he was easy on me.

You may wonder how I kept warm on these trips because I did not have on a heavy coat. We had paper vests, some of them had sleeves, which we wore under our coats and these kept the heat of the body in and the cold out. They were made of tough brown paper, very pliable. Then we girls and women wore woolen pants, under our skirts and underskirts, which we slipped on over our underwear. They came down to near the bottom of the dress and were taken off on entering a house, if you took your wrap off, and put on again when you put your wraps on.

The night we drove to Goderich, we had a hired driver and two spans of horses. The road to Goderich was very hilly with high steep hills. I was sitting close to the drivers seat and on the top of one of those hills he let one pair of lines, or rather the lines in one hand drop from his grasp. When he recovered them he took off his gloves and drove the balance of the way with his bare hands and it was a cold night.

In Canada the twenty fourth of May is a holiday, being Queen Victoria's birthday. It comes at a nice time of the year, being between Easter and the first of July and the weather is getting warm enough for out door sports. So I began inviting the young people of our crowd out to my home for a picnic that day. They would bring their own eatables and sit out doors or on the veranda for their meal. We would play all kind of games on the lawn. Some played tag or crack the whip and some played croquet or other quiet games and after lunch would take a stroll. Some going to the woods, to the creek, some strolled along the road and some would lie under the trees on the lawn. On one occasion we had dinner at my place and supper in Bayfield and had a nice ride home.

When we went on those party drives either winter or summer, we always had musical instruments along with us. We would sing songs or hymns and the boys who could play the instruments would play them. In going past homes on our way home, late at night, we would make a lot of noise and waken the people.

Next day customers would say, "Were you out last night?" I would say, "Yes." Then they would answer that they had decided it was the noisy Rattenbury crowd that woke them up in the night. Our church was on Rattenbury Street and always went by that name as there were two Methodist Churches in town.

Jack Armstrong, now of Ontario, Cal. wanted to teach me to play the banjo. He made one for himself and learned to play it, but a great chance I had to learn to play when I could not keep time either singing or on the piano. When I could not manage music in any form. I took up pencil drawing and did several pictures.

I want to tell you my first act of charity. I heard, in some way, a family on one of the back streets was in very poor circumstances, indeed I heard they were starving. So I bought a loaf of bread and went to the back door of their home and handed it to the girl who answered the door. I told her what it was and she just said, "Oh, bread," with such emphasis that I could not but think she was glad to get it.

Some time later, after hearing more about this family, I put a dollar bill in an envelope and took it to the house. I again went to the back door and the girl took the envelope, and, thanking me, went back to the other room as I left. I had only gone a hundred yards from the house when the front door opened and someone shouted, "Wait." The girl rushed out of the house and up to me saying, "I want to know who you are. You are so good to give us that dollar." I said it was not necessary for her to know my name. I had heard her father was out of work and could not get anything to do.

She said, "I know who you are. You are an angel. Yes, an angel, and we thank you." She then told me how hard her father had tried to get work, but could not. So the next day I dropped in to see Mr. Foster and told him what I had learned of this family. He thought a few moments and said, "I may be able to get him some work in the country." He must have done so for I heard the father had work.

I went with another group of people, the store workers and friends for winter fun. Besides our parties we had toboggan sliding, ice skating, and snow shoeing, in winter. In summer we had tennis, la crosse, croquet and bicycling.

Out town people put on plays and our League put on concerts in the town hall and a goodly number of travelling troupes came to town so we had plenty of entertainment.

I kept myself busy in my spare time, doing fancy work, making calls, taking up pencil drawing, attending church meetings and concerts, calling at the homes of my Sunday School pupils, and had a good time all the four years I lived in Clinton.

When I left Clinton to go to Goderich, I took my church membership ticket, and after I was in Goderich a few days I went around to the parsonage and met the Rev. Richardson, an elderly man and gave him my church ticket. He made inquiry about the Clinton League and asked how it was handled.

I began attending the meetings and after some time was elected president. Before I took office, we changed ministers and Rev. Howell was on the charge. The Epworth League grew steadily and soon we had an attendance of from eighty to one hundred and we had some interesting times at the meetings.

A number of us girls learned to swing Indian clubs. A young man had come to town to work and could swing them so another girl and I went to interview him and asked what he would charge to put on a class. He would take nothing for his teaching and we had about twenty five girls in the class. We practiced once or twice a week, in the open. By the time fall came, we were asked to swing at different doings and on one occasion we swung in the opera house.

My clubs weighed three pounds each. We selected clubs according to the strength of our arms. If we could raise the clubs high over our heads and down again without tiring then we could have that set of clubs. The heavier they were the easier to swing.

After a revival meeting about thirty girls joined the church and I was appointed to be the leader of that class. I kept this class for two or three years, right up to the time I left Goderich. I know of only one girl that fell away from that class. She had some falling out with a young man she was to marry and began going with another young man, not a church goer, and I was told she was declaring she was going to a dance. I went to her to persuade her not to go but she was determined to go. The preacher went to her and told her he would be obliged to take her name off the church roll if she went, but she went. Dancing was forbidden in the Methodist Church.

I attended very few parties in Goderich. We did not seem to need that kind of entertainment. We had the lake where we could go rowing and bathing and we sometimes hired fish boats to take us out for a sail. Sometimes my crowd would come up from Clinton for a sail and I would invite a group of Goderich people to join them.

I had been down to Holmesville for a visit home, one public holiday, as I usually went home for those days. I could leave Goderich on the seven thirty train in the morning and leave Holmesville at seven at night or at ten o'clock and it was only a twelve mile ride.

So this day I had been home and was returning. There were only a few people on the train and when I took my seat, I noticed, a few seats ahead of me, was a young man with a moustache. He was sitting with his seat turned so he was facing me but was not paying any attention to me. He was a stranger to me and looked quite interesting. I had a book I was bringing back from home and did everything I could to get this young man's attention, without being bold about it, but he would not even look at me, unless it was when I was fingering my book.

Well, I felt quite taken back. Me, who had no trouble finding people to chat to could not even get a glance from this young man. We arrived in Goderich, and he rose quickly and was the first to get off the train. As I was on the train platform, ready to come down the steps, I saw the young man being greeted by our new preacher's son Will. A day or two later I learned the young man was the preacher's eldest son Albert, who had come home for a rest as his health was not what he desired.

A couple of nights after the train ride, I came home from the store to find him at the boarding house, at Calbick's. When Dan Calbick worked in Seaforth, Bert Howell was book-keeper there, so he had not been in Goderich many hours before he met Dan and this evening he came to the house with Dan.

I was made acquainted with him and soon asked him the time. When he drew out his watch, I said, "So you got it." She said, "Got what?" I said, "Your watch." I had been at church one Sunday in Clinton when Rev. Howell preached, he was a visiting preacher, and he spoke on bringing up children. He said one should always have something for the children to work for. Then he explained how his eldest son would be eighteen years old in a short time and would receive a gold watch for abstaining from tobacco, liquor, and from using profane language. So I was anxious to see if he had received his watch and I asked the time, while I carried a watch myself. I could not but think that a young man brought up under a parent of that understanding should be a young man to be interested in.

He had been working in Eaton's in Toronto as bookkeeper but his health failed under the strenuous work and he had to take a rest.

He decided to change his line of work and remained in Goderich going to school to prepare for college. Then he went to Belleville to prepare for the ministry. He took two years of college in one year and the next summer spent his vacation in Goderich and preached once in the other Methodist Church. We were not going together at this time as he was engaged to a young woman in Toronto.

The Sunday Bert preached, I attended and he gave a very good talk but was extremely nervous and had to drink water quite frequently.

He gave up the idea of being a minister and took up medicine. When he went to Detroit to take up his studies, his lady friend broke off their engagement. She would not be his wife unless he continued in the ministry.

His real aim at this time was to be a doctor and then go as a foreign missionary where he could reach the people through medicine, as so many missionaries at that time were medical men.

Weddings

The first wedding I attended was that of my Aunt Lizzie to Wm. Cox, which was held in the parlor at my home, when I was six or seven years old.

After the service, the grown up people went to the dining room and we children had to wait for the second table, along with three or four more cousins. There was no fun in waiting, for no one ever thinks of leaving a choice thing for the children. However our time came and we hustled to the table. It was, "Here, Mary, sit here, you can eat off your father's plate. Here, you sit here, it is your mother's plate," and so on. So we used their knives, forks, and plates.

The children did not begin to fill the table, but all the soiled and used dishes were left on the table, while we ate from the other used plates. As soon as we were seated, we were left to ourselves. All cousins or sisters, but as we had met the cousins a couple of times, they were strangers to us, and all were shy.

Fortunately for us, the bride left the parlor to go upstairs to change her dress and looked in at us, then came into the room saying as she did so, "You blessed children. Is no one looking after you?" Reaching over she picked up the carcass of a turkey in her hands, tore it apart, and handed out portions to those nearest her. Then she came near where I sat and did the same thing and urged us to eat all we wanted of everything.

I can see her today as plainly as I saw her over sixty five years ago, pulling those birds apart, wearing her silk wedding dress, and her long hair in ringlets. She had beautiful curly hair, and she wore ringlets at the back, while the front part was caught up on the head in the style of that day. How she laughed as she served us, as if life was one happy dream.

My eldest sister Mary was married to Dan Calbick at our home, on the farm, when I was seventeen.

Dan's parents lived on a farm at the edge of the village of Holmesville. He and Mary went to school at the same time and when we were vaccinated against small pox, Mary had her vaccine from Dan.

In those days, we did not go to a doctor to be vaccinated, but someone would get a point from the druggist or doctor and vaccinate someone in the family. Then when the pus formed, the rest of the family used it on their arms and the neighbors would also get it. So long as a child was healthy, the arm would be scratched with a needle, always a needle never a pin. A pin would cause infection, but a needle would not, of course the needle was never sterilized. We never heard of that. If they wanted it to be clean, it would be passed between the lips, and so washed off with the saliva of the mouth.

Dan grew up and left home, going to Seaforth to learn the carpenter trade or cabinet work. After working there a while, we worked in Clinton in the organ factory and began keeping company with Mary. Then he went to British Columbia.

He was the only young man that my mother would not let us younger children play pranks on, if she could help it. So all we could do was turn the clock on, for Dan would leave at ten o'clock sharp, walk four miles to town, and be ready for work the next morning at seven. This did not effect him, as he carried a watch, and though we opened the hall door so he could hear the clock strike as they sat in the parlor, it did not make him leave.

When they were married, Susie and I made out a bill, without Mother knowing of it; and we had charged Dan with fuel, oil, meals and such things. We gave him credit for every meal he had given Mary, or any work he did for Father, or if he took her to a concert, we gave him credit for it.

We handed Dan this bill the day before they were leaving for their home in the west. Mother was quite ashamed, but had to laugh over it.

Two years after he went to British Columbia, he came back to be married. Another man, who had been a Goderich Township young man, was coming back to be married to his lady love at the same time, and at meal time they would drink a toast to the two sweethearts, and this was the toast:

Here's to we two and they two.
If they love we two as we love they two
Here's to us four.
But if they two love not we two
As we two love they two,
Here's to we two and no more.

Well, Dan and Mary were married at high noon, the Wednesday before Christmas 1885.

The relations were invited, or rather two from each family. In all over fifty were there. My sister Susie and Dan's brother were bridesmaid and groomsman.

We had borrowed two tables from the village church. Each held twenty four. A couple of aunts served the meal and the other aunts helped in the kitchen.

Not much serving was needed as the eatables were all on the tables, and how those tables were loaded with food. Each table was exactly alike. Turkeys at each end and experienced uncles and Father stood up and carved them. There were other meats such as chicken, and ham. The bride's cake of five stories was on one table and another

five story cake on the other.

We often hear of tables groaning with food. Well, those tables must have shrieked.

My father and his brothers were expert carvers, their father teaching each son when he reached manhood, and if anything adds to a meal it is to watch experienced people carve a bird. Father taught us all when we were quite young.

The bride and groom left, soon after we had all been served, for the train with the usual rice and old shoes being thrown after them.

Gifts were looked over, and visiting went on, until those who did drive to town, returned when another meal was served. After this meal, the farmer relations who had chores to do, went home but about twenty five or more remained.

After supper, the crowd entered into games of all kind; spin the pan, charades, dusty miller, and all old fashioned games, as well as shooting at targets indoors, bean bags, etc., and at twelve o'clock we were fed again. The fun continued until after four in the morning. When they began to talk of going home, eatables were set on the kitchen table for anyone wanting lunch. Those romping games would create an appetite in anyone who entered into them heartily.

As the last buggy drove away and Father entered the house, he said quite emphatically, "Well, that's the last time anything like that will take place in this house."

Next day, baskets of eatables were carried to the neighbors, besides what some of the aunts carried home, and we ate wedding stuff for over a week afterwards. That was the last wedding in that house on that scale.

Mary and Dan visited around among the relations on both sides for a few weeks, then went to British Columbia. The Canadian Pacific Railroad had not been built through Canada so they had to go through the States, going through Chicago, Seattle, and by boat to Vancouver, taking fourteen days and nights to make the trip.

Mary wore a colored silk dress for her wedding, and I think it was light brown. For her travelling dress she had a blue serge, trimmed with silver fox fur, cost one dollar and twenty five cents a yard and was about two inches wide. It was on the collar, cuffs, and around the skirt. Her coat was short, and the same kind of fur went around the collar and down the front. She had a velvet dress as well and also had a dozen quilts, eighteen pillow cases, and a dozen sheets, as well as a good supply of other things needed.

Susie and I went to the train to see them off and Mother kept herself busy packing their things and finding something to keep her busy every minute. She bid them good bye and not a tear was shed by anyone, but when we arrived home from the station, Mother was sitting in a chair and could not rise without help. For two or three days she was helpless. Aunt Susan Ford came down to see her, and I heard Aunt Ford say, "Ann, I think you have two of the hardest hearted girls I ever met. To think they saw their sister off on the train and may never see her again and neither of them shed a tear". Mother answered, "I am very proud of them I certainly would not want them to make an exhibition, at the station, crying. It shows they have some control of themselves."

My sister Emma was married next, in my family. She had refused twice to marry the groom but he was persistent and finally won her consent, and they were married in May 1896.

She told me, when she refused Will Nesbitt the second time, she felt rather sorry for saying, "No." She was a plump good looking girl with fair curly hair, took life quite as a matter of fact, and good natured except when she could not have her own way, where I was concerned. She was quite a favorite with the people, was shy and quiet.

Her young man was the only son of a farmer about five miles from my father's farm. His mother had passed on some years before, and his father, three sisters, and the one son lived together.

They were married the thirteenth of May, proving they were not superstitious, as May was considered an unlucky month and the thirteenth day was also considered unlucky.

She had a small home wedding with his sisters weeping during the ceremony. Emma wanted only his family, her own family, and her most intimate chum, who was her bridesmaid. My brother was groomsman.

After the dinner or wedding breakfast, whichever they call the meal, the groom's family all left, as well as the bride and groom, and my brother had taken the bridesmaid home, when Father came into the house and said, as he had said some years before, "That is the last thing like that, that will ever be in this house". I said, "I guess it will be up to me to elope, as we had one big wedding and now we have had a small one, and neither is to happen again."

They went to their farm on the sixteenth concession, and took the homestead, while the father and the three girls moved to another farm they owned, almost across the road.

The couple had four girls, Beulah, Helen, Emma, nicknamed Johnny, and Mary. They had a hard time selecting a name for their firstborn, so a lot of names were put into a hat,

one selected and it came out Beulah. Her babies were all healthy and I heard her say, when one was a year old that they had not lit a light the whole year for the baby.

Will Nesbitt was very highly thought of, both in town and the surrounding country, and so many people stopped Father when he went to town and complimented him on his son-in-law. My Father became quite impatient over so much praise and answered people by his nearest to swearing words, "Hang it all I have given just as good as I got."

My Wedding

I had been home, from Goderich, a few months, trying to get a little knowledge of housework and cooking, so I could run a home.

I had always wanted to have a quiet wedding in the church, sending out to my relations and friends an invitation to come to the church and witness the ceremony, but have no reception, going directly from the church to the train. But Mother would not hear of it, and as she was giving the wedding, why quarrel. Besides Mother Howell was in poor health, and it might be too much for her not to have a chance to rest for a while, so I yielded to a wedding.

As the time for my wedding drew near, Susie and Mother would lock horns over something, when I would say, "I will elope if there is any row." And this would quiet things down.

At this time, in Canada, the girl and boy both had to appear to get their license. As Bert Howell was coming from Fairgrove, Michigan to Clinton, Ontario, and his train was to arrive in Clinton at 10:30 and he had to drive out four miles and be married at twelve, as well as call at the license office and sign the license, he did not have much time to lose.

I had all the arrangements to make, or rather I made them to be sure there would be no slip. I went to town a few days before, had my part of the license filled out and as much of his as I could, and asked that the rest be held for him. I had to see to the cab. His father and mother were coming in on the 10:15 train and the groom on the 10:30. The cab man was to go to the train to get the father and mother and wait for the groom on the second train, drive to the license office, and then bring them to my father's home in the country. Then two cabs were to come after the wedding and take the ones going on the train to the station.

All this appearing in public a week or less before my wedding was quite improper, for where I lived, a bride was not to appear anywhere after the invitations were out. But I never followed the rules, so I was out on Sunday as usual and taught my Sunday School class of boys, much to their surprise.

Before Doctor started from Fairgrove, the supervisor, who knew he was coming to Ontario, asked him to look after a Canadian woman who had lost her mind and was being sent back to her own country. Her sister was to accompany her.

Doctor promised to look after her, and as they travelled all night with a four hour wait for change of trains, in Port Huron, there was little chance to get any sleep.

As soon as the train stopped in Clinton, the patient took advantage of his being ready to get off the train and beat him to it by getting off the side away from the station, and started off with Doctor and the conductor after her. They succeeded in getting her back on the train as she had to go about twenty miles further.

I had told him to bring his trunk with him so we could fill it and save expense, as we could carry one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage on each ticket and I had my trunk to take on my ticket.

As his trunk would be empty, he put his valise in the trunk and checked the trunk, but it was not put off at Clinton, and he arrived at my home without any luggage. I wondered many times just how the train men failed to put it off, but as I learned to know him better. I decided he had checked the trunk to Brussels, where the patient was going. I am only thankful he did not make any worse mistake at the time.

Of course he had no luggage, his collar was soiled, and his tie was old, so he had to borrow a clean collar, a good tie, and a pair of cuffs along with cuff buttons from my brother and his brother. His shoes had to be cleaned. His hair fell long in front over his forehead and my two girl cousins took a curling iron and curled his hair to keep it up. So half a dozen got at him to put him into shape for the ceremony.

When every one was in place, the service began and his father, with the help of three other ministers, tied the knot. Our wedding was on the last day of leap year, 1896.

My sister Susie was bridesmaid and Doctor's brother William was groomsman.

On the morning of the wedding, Mother slipped on the stairs and broke a couple of ribs in her fall, but no one knew of it until everything was over.

My dress was white china silk, with what was called a leg of mutton sleeves and the skirt was quite full. The silk cost 35¢ a yard.

The "New Era", the Clinton newspaper, had the following account of my wedding:

The Marriage of Dr. Bert Howell and Sarah A. Acheson.

The house of Mr. Robert Acheson on the 14th con. was the scene of a happy and auspicious event on Thursday, Dec. 31st. The occasion was the marriage of his daughter Sarah A. to Dr. A. J. Howell of Fairgrove, Mich.

The bride is not only an exceedingly popular young lady but an unusually able one and by natural and acquired graces is eminently fitted to preside over the destinies of

any home. An active, zealous, and effective church worker, her life has been a model one and in her new home will be no less an effective worker for the master than she has been here.

The groom is the oldest son of Rev. J. E. Howell of Acton and is a practicing physician in a growing town in the border state. The ceremony was performed at one o'clock by the father of the groom assisted by Rev. J. Edge and G. W. Andrews. Miss Susie Acheson, sister of the bride, and Will Howell B.A. of Simcoe, brother of the groom acted as bridesmaid and groomsman respectively.

The bride had wisely placed on her wedding invitations the term "No Presents". After a wedding lunch, they went to Beamsville, then to Fairgrove, Michigan.

The day of the wedding was a beautiful day and as we drove to the train, all the young people of the wedding guests followed, and the Goderich people had whistles and horns and driving through Clinton to the station they attracted a lot of attention and certainly made some noise.

In Goderich people blew whistles, bells rang and factory whistles blew whenever a bridal couple was seen driving in town, so my friends did the best they could for me along that line. The Goderich girls used to say if bells did not ring for them or whistles blow when they were married, they would feel slighted, as they took all this noise for a sign of approval.

As we would not reach Fairgrove that night, we went down to Beamsville so Bert could have a visit with his parents and one sister who was not at the wedding. The following day we took train for Fairgrove. On the train to Beamsville no one took us for a bridal couple, for Bert lay down on a seat and slept the most of the way while Will and I visited.

Your grandfather did the checking of my suitcase and trunk, sending them on to Fairgrove, while we could not make connection to go through that night and were obliged to remain in Flint overnight without anything but the clothes on our backs. Not even a toothbrush, to spend a night in a hotel.

Next morning we arrived at our destination and went to Bert's boarding house for breakfast. What a breakfast. I never sat down to so much on a table for the first meal of the day. There was oatmeal porridge, toast, pancakes, potatoes, meat, rice pudding, cake, pie, fruit, and beans, as well as pickles and cookies.

On the way to Fairgrove I asked Bert how brides behaved in his town. At home, there was always the reception when the house was open to callers, the bride, presiding at the table, poured tea and served bride's cake and cookies.

He said, "No one knows you are a bride. I told them we were married months ago," that I was short, fat, and fair with curly hair and was expecting a baby. Whereas I was tall, thin, and dark with straight hair. So of course I had to put away my wedding things and my bride's cake and pretend I had been married for some time.

About a month or more passed and a man in the country received a parcel from Ontario that was wrapped in a newspaper from a town eight or ten miles from my home. In it was the announcement of our wedding. He set out for town upon reading this news and told it around. The town band came down that night and serenaded us.

Life in Fairgrove

After Doctor Howell graduated from college in Detroit, he wanted to go to New York to a post graduate college, but his money was all gone so I loaned him three hundred dollars, for the three months he would be there, taking his note for it. After we were married, the note was destroyed.

The reason he wanted to go to the post graduate school in New York was that he did not feel confident to start out doing confinement work, with the little knowledge he had. At the time he graduated a doctor did not have to spend one or two years in a hospital getting experience.

During his vacations he spent his time in a doctor's office a couple of months each year, but patients came to see their own doctor and not a student doctor, so there was not much learned there. He was expected to be present at two confinement cases, before he started on his own. He had these two cases, but they were normal cases, and he felt if he was up against something difficult he would not know how to do it.

So, to New York he went and spent his time in a lying-in hospital and sometimes had as many as five cases of confinement in one day and so much of his work was in the slum district. So he got experience and many a time he expressed his gratitude over his experience there.

Dr. Howell bought out the practice of Dr. Smith then located in Fairgrove, Michigan. His father loaning the money to buy the horse, buggy, cart, and drugs as well as the practice.

Dr. Howell rented the house Dr. Smith was living in, paying twenty four dollars a quarter, for rent, in advance. It was a nice house, second from the Presbyterian church, and had a nice lawn at the side and quite a plot of ground at the back for a garden.

It had no basement, no furnace, no hard water well, and no bathroom. A green lattice fence separated the lawn from the garden plot at the back. A short distance from the fence was an office of two rooms and a little further away was the stable and it accommodated a couple of horses, the buggy and cart, and had room above for hay.

The office Dr. did not use excepting to keep his drugs in as he would have had to have an extra heating stove in it and fuel to keep it warm, so he used the house for his office.

He had bought the furniture that Dr. Smith had in the house. It consisted of a cook stove, dining room table, chairs, linoleum, lamps, wash tub, boiler, carpet in front room, couch, chairs, rocker, bed with springs and mattress, commode, dresser with full length mirror, bed room carpet, and bed room dishes, all for sixty five dollars.

I paid for the furniture with some of my savings. I also paid for the second quarter rent and bought a supply of drugs that was needed. The balance of my savings went for eatables as long as my money lasted.

Fortunately I had plenty of clothes, bedding, towels, and all the things I needed for a good while, even to dust cloths.

When a doctor sold his practice, he remained for a week or two and would take the new doctor around to his patients and introduce him, explain each case and his treatment and the new man took over the cases.

Dr. had laid in a supply of groceries, such as flour, lard, potatoes, sugar, tea, and such things so we could start housekeeping at once. So arriving about eight o'clock A.M. we went to the house across the road where Dr. had been boarding, for our breakfast, and then set up housekeeping at once, having dinner in our own home.

Our roads were very bad that winter as it was what is called an open winter, one week would be cold and the mud would freeze, the next week would be quite mild and the frost would go out of the ground and the mud was deep. No stoned roads around there in those days, just mud and plenty of it.

Into any house I went, if the table was set, there were beans in a dish that looked so different to the beans at home and tasted different. At home, we would boil beans with a chunk of pork, and when done were put in the oven, and the pork sliced over the beans and left there until they were slightly browned. So I asked the family across the road how they cooked their beans. She explained the Boston baked bean method, but when she said to put them in the over, she told me all about adding the seasoning, but did not say anything about adding water. I tried them but with very poor success.

One day I was over when she was fixing her beans and she put water on them before she put them in the over. I said, "You did not tell me to put water on them". She answered, "Anyone would know that." Well I did not know that much.

Some weeks later we drove down to the town of Tuscola, to visit a class mate of Doctor's and when we two women were visiting, she said, "Do you ever have baked beans in your town?" She was a Canadian. I answered, "At every meal the neighbors have them. She said, "I have been told different how to bake them, but I cannot get them right." So I asked her if they had told her to add plenty of water when she put them in the over. She said, "No one mentioned water." So I told her my experience.

Dr. was very busy and I would be alone from eight o'clock in the morning till night and often on into the night. As

I had all my sewing well done, not even a button missing, I had nothing to do all day. The township library was next door, at Mrs. Butler's, so I began reading. I read nearly the whole library that winter including the works of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, and many others.

Forty five years ago we had very different roads to what we have today. Fairgrove had no gravel pits, as some townships had to put on the roads, and in the spring and fall the roads were almost impassable, as well as the streets.

Part of the way uptown from our house there was no sidewalk and during the muddy times, I would wait until Dr. came home to borrow his long rubber boots that were knee length, and put them on when I was going uptown. Otherwise I would have to crawl along the fence for half a block or more. You will understand this when I state I have seen an empty wagon, with a large span of horses, stuck in the business section of Fairgrove streets.

Doctor would ride a two wheeled cart, a buggy was too heavy for a horse to draw, and there were times he had to get off the cart and get on the horse's back to keep his feet out of the water, when the spring rains were on. Then there was the danger of culverts being washed out. On one occasion, he was riding the cart on one of the roads that had a ditch on the side of the road. The cart wheel dropped into a hole and he was thrown into the ditch full of water and had three miles to ride home with wet clothes.

One day a man came in after Doctor and on asking him where he lived, he said, "Nine miles out. Across the swamp. I walked in for I could make better time."

So many came on horseback. It was easier than riding a buggy.

When the weather was cold enough to stiffen the mud, the wheels of the cart would fill up with mud, and Dr. would come home tired out and it was my job, at least I made it my work, to take a hammer or axe and knock the mud out of the wheels, for the spokes were packed with frozen mud, and get the cart ready for the next call or visit. I would have the feed before the horse and water in the barn, ready for the horse when it came in. Dr. was so busy the first winter, one horse could not stand the work, so a farmer loaned him a horse and afterwards declared the horse was never any good afterwards.

He bought a new horse every winter. The only kind that would stand up was the ugly kind. We had one that Dr. had to tie up its front leg before he could begin to harness it, then it could not kick.

When the roads began to dry up so a buggy could be driven without getting stuck, Dr. would urge me to go along. He

grew so tired of driving alone, so I began going when he did not have too many calls so as to keep me from the house too long. One day he asked me to go when I was in the midst of my washing, so I shoved the boiler back on the stove, and dampened the stove, and finished when I came back.

There was no baked bread in the stores in those days, in small towns, so I had to bake our bread, and it happened I was baking one time when he asked me to go along. I had just set the bread and knowing he was going past an acquaintance, I took the dough along with me and went into the farmhouse while Dr. went on to make his call. I mixed my bread and was ready to join him on his way back and on arriving home, it was ready for to put into loaves in the tins.

We had a queer family about two miles from town. The father at one time was the owner of a large sawmill and he broke down both mentally and physically. The family was very destructive. The neighbors told us one time they bought an organ and in about a year the whole inside had been destroyed and the box part used for storing things in.

The daughter, who was married, was taken sick and her husband, who seemed a very nice fellow, came to see if Dr. would go out. Dr. was not at home and I told him if she was as bad as he thought, he had better try the other doctor in town. He broke down and wept and said he could not get any doctor and he feared his wife would die, so I promised him as soon as Dr. came home I would send him out.

Dr. went and found things in quite a serious condition. The next day he asked me to go along and I went. When I went with him, I never went into the house when Dr. went to make a sick call, unless some one of the family came out and asked me in. Otherwise I remained in the buggy, unless I could help in some way. This time Dr. said, "You are coming in" so I went. When we entered the house without knocking, we heard the greatest commotion up-stairs. As no one was in the room we entered, Dr. said, "You stay here", and up stairs he went two steps at a time. On entering the sick room, he found the patient out of bed on her knees while the mother and sisters were weeping and wailing. Dr. ordered them to stop their crying and to get the patient back to bed, then learned they thought she was dying and made her get out of bed and pray before she died. Of course, on her knees was the only way a person could pray, to their way of thinking.

Dr. finally got them quieted down up stairs, and all the time I sat on a broken chair, there was not a whole chair in the room, listening to the old man in the next room swearing and wanting to know who I was and what had brought me into the house as I had no business there. Every minute I expected him to come out of his room, and had he done so I intended to mount those stairs as quickly as Dr. had gone up them. He did not come out and when Doctor came down, he went in to see

the old man. He was sitting on the side of his bed pulling straw out of the straw tick, one by one.

The young woman recovered.

Shortly before we went to live in Fairgrove a cyclone had passed over the country about three miles from town. The remains were still there and it was interesting to drive over the part it had passed over and see the queer pranks a cyclone does. For instance, one small country school house had been removed from its foundation and carried away; while the stove stood on its four legs on the ground and, we were told, in the exact spot it stood on the floor in the schoolroom but the floor was gone from under it. One woman told me the roof and ceiling of their house was gone and all the furniture taken out of the room where she and her daughter stood and their clothes did not even twist on them and they were left standing in the empty room.

When vacation time came, Dr's brother Will came to visit us. We had only one bed, so I put some quilts on the floor upstairs and slept there. I could not sleep on the couch in the living room, as there was an archway between the bedroom and living room. So Doctor slept with his brother. Will did not say anything for a few days, then he said he was not going to separate man and wife and if Doctor did not go upstairs to his wife, he would go upstairs and I could have my bed downstairs. So Dr. was obliged to come upstairs and share the hard bed. I often wondered what Will would have said had he known the kind of bed I slept on.

During the two weeks of Will's visit I put my best foot forward, but it was hard to provide the food for the three of us. We were awfully hard up for money, for it was during the depression of the nineties, and the people think the depression of the nineteen thirties was hard but it did not compare with the hard times when we were first married.

There was no assistance to be had from any source. No help from Township, County, State, nor from the Government.

I had to do up my fruit without sugar, and use medicine bottles to put the fruit in. Speaking of fruit and canning reminds me of the cherries. I had spoken in June to a woman about cherries, they were one dollar a bushel, so I told her to bring me half a bushel, when they were ready to pick. When they were delivered there were no stems on them. In a day or two, another woman called and asked me if I would take a bushel of cherries on their account. This usually meant take them or get nothing.

I had this bushel about finished when Will Howell came, so he helped me do some cherry pitting and while at this job, a knock came to the door and a man stood with a bushel of cherries at his feet. As I opened the door, he picked up the cherries and walked in saying as he came in, "Get something to

put these cherries in. I have brought them to be put on my account."

His wife was behind him and she followed him in. I led them to the kitchen and when I went to get some vessels to hold them, Dr. said, "Mrs. Howell has already done up one hundred and fifty quarts of cherries". Of course he was adding on about one hundred quarts, but the old man believed him and turning to his wife, who was hard of hearing, he said, "Mrs. Howell has beat you. She has one hundred and fifty quarts of cherries." The old lady threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Four hundred and fifty quarts of cherries." But she never said then you will not need these. So they emptied the cherries, and I did them up, as I have stated above, putting them in medicine bottles.

Dr. had a patient who lived four miles in the country. She slipped on some ice and broke the end of her spine. For months he attended her as she would not have an operation. One day in winter, her husband came to the house with another man. Dr. was away and when I answered the door he said, "Does Dr. Howell live here?" I said, "He does when he gets a chance to be home", and so I asked the trouble. He said, "Dr. was to be at my home some days ago and has not shown up." So I explained that Doctor had started for his place but some man told him he could not get through the roads. The other man spoke up and said he had told Doctor that.

The first man said, "If he was anxious to get out he could have made it." I gave him one better by saying, "If you needed him, I should think you would be man enough to open the road to get a doctor for your wife. You are very anxious to get him out, but you will repay him with nothing. You refused him some straw for bedding for his horse." He said, "I needed that straw, I could give him some chickens." I said, "All right, we will take some chickens." So he brought in two roosters. That was all we ever got on a hundred and fifty dollar bill.

The wife finally consented to an operation and went to Bay City for it. On recovering, she left her husband and earned her own living in the city.

Thanksgiving day I killed one of the roosters and after dinner Dr. Howell sat down and wrote his Uncle John telling of the meal, and the prices were equal to those in the Klondike. As the Klondike gold rush was on then and the prices were reported very high.

Dr. wrote that we had a chicken for dinner which cost us seventy five dollars. It was cooked with wood which cost forty dollars a cord, being all we got for a bill of forty dollars. For dessert we had a pudding with strawberries on it, the berries cost a dollar a quart, and there were some other items on the bill of fare of equal cost.

One job I had to do in their house was to train your grandfather or rather break him of some habits I did not like.

One was going up town just as I was lifting the potatoes out of the pot, ready for dinner. He would walk off uptown to the drug store for something he needed. If anything is exasperating it is this, when you are trying to put on a good meal. I asked, I begged for him to change his way without success. Finally I ate my dinner and left the eatables on the table until he returned, when they were cooled. After this he improved.

One day he said, "I don't see why a man in the country has to pay more for my services than a man in town. From now on it is going to be fifty cents in the country as well as in town."

This was the price for town calls and provide medicine as well. I had to explain that in town he could make a call in a few minutes, while the country calls took from an hour to four hours, so that was settled. He saw the reason for the charge of fifty cents a call and twenty five extra for each mile.

We had been married nearly a year and times were awfully hard. Dr. came home one day and said, "I did not get anything today either, but if worst comes to worst we can write home for help." I said, "We can't." He asked what I did with the little change we had, I told him I gave it to a child collecting missionary money. He said, "Well, that bridge is down, we can't even write."

Next day a man came in for some medicine and paid for it as well as some he had before and we had one dollar. He was hardly out of the house till we caught each other and danced around the room with joy.

I have seen a hundred dollars come into the house at one time since that day, but it did not give us as much happiness as that dollar did in 1897.

We had so much land back of our house I grew ambitious the first spring and decided I would have a small garden. So as soon as the frost was out of the ground, I spaded a spot and sowed seed. I stood on a board while doing so as the ground was so wet I would sink in it. I put in the seed on the twenty ninth of March. In the early part of May, I put in some more and the later sowing was ready for using before what I had sown in March. Then so many people said to me, "Don't dig up your flower beds. You have lovely flowers that will come up from the seed of last fall", and they would ask me if I would let them have some plants. So I promised plants to every one who asked for them, and as soon as they began to grow I gave them to the people wanting them, and always dug up the most advanced for them.

Then a woman came one day and asked for some plants, and I began to take up some for her when she said, "Those are not flowers, they are weeds". So she selected the plants that were flowers. Later on I found that most of the plants I had given away to the other women turned out to be the weed called

Cockle. Of course when I learned the plants which were flowers, I gave the right things away.

My beautiful flowers I had heard so much about were petunias. I had looked forward to seeing something rare but was quite disgusted to find they were such a common flower. But we did have some nice vines climbing the veranda posts.

The second winter was quite mild. At least we did not have any snow until March, and then the roads were blocked. Mrs. Douglas, the wife of the veterinarian and a Canadian, who had been married a few months, and I went to the country with Doctor for a cutter ride. He had to take to the fields as the roads were impassable, and in going from the road, the cutter upset and we were thrown out. We were both with child but it did not injure either of us.

When this snow storm passed over, it left our side walks with quite a depth of snow, so I took a shovel and went to clean it off. I was only nicely started when one of my neighbors was over to tell me I should not do the shovelling. She apologized for coming to me but stated as I was so far from my mother she was taking her place and advising me. I told her I expected to keep on working at whatever was to be done and did not see why nature would expect me to stop or, if I did not, deform my child.

Another day I cut the head off a chicken and one of the women saw me. I had two neighbors, one on each side that kept close watch on all I did. Well one of them came over in a hurry. "Did I not know I would have a headless child for killing a chicken?" So I said nature must be queer if such things take place. Well Jim was not born headless.

The first year we were in Fairgrove, Doctor took in three hundred dollars, counting cash, grain, hay, wood, chickens, and fruit. Our house rent was ninety six dollars, our drugs had to be paid, the horse and sometimes two horses fed. We gave ten dollars to the church besides collections, the fuel for our two stoves and our living. At the end of the year, I found we had lived on one dollar and a quarter a week during the year, for our table.

When we were in Fairgrove a year and a half, our boy was born. We named him Jim after Doctor's brother who gave up his life trying to save a younger brother from drowning. Both went down and Dr. always said if he had a son he would be named Jim.

This son was born at four o'clock Monday afternoon and when we looked at the time piece later it had stopped at 4 P.M. The only time piece we had was a watch that hung on a nail on the wall. Dr. carried my watch, his was larger than mine and could be seen farther away.

Just after Jim was born and I was cared for, Dr. said to the woman we had with us, "I will go and get the girl I have engaged." She was a single woman about thirty five years

old and lived a few miles in the country. He had hardly gone when the woman said to me, "I really ought to go and get my husband his supper". So I told her to go.

It was a very hot day, the window was closed, and the heavy curtains were across the archway. I thought I would suffocate, but a knock came to the door and I shouted, "Come in". A neighbor came in and I asked her to draw the curtains back. She said she had heard the baby cry at four o'clock so came over to see it. She was hardly seated when in came a man and woman from the country with the black cap berries I had ordered some days before. They also sat down in the bedroom and soon another caller came. When Dr. returned with my help, my room was packed full of callers.

He was nearly bowled over for he had insisted, in all his confinement work to let no visitors in, until after the third or fourth day.

The young woman we had hired was very capable and we were fortunate to get her as a last need, for we had spoken to a widowed woman to be with me, but just shortly before I needed her the daughter ran away and married the man her mother was expecting soon to marry.

This woman was on a farm and had a number of wild raspberry bushes in the woods. About a week before Jim arrived, Dr. had to go past her place so I went with him and got out at her place, ready to go and pick berries. When she saw me she just gasped and I said, "Oh. Don't worry. If I have a pain come on I have some morphine tablets with me and they will hold things until I get home." I had no trouble, but the morning I did have I rose at six o'clock, went to the stable, fed the horse, and then prepared breakfast. This done I waked Dr. and told him. He said "I have to go to Gilford and see my patient." Gilford was six miles away. I said, "Go. I will be all right." So I did up the work, dug the potatoes for dinner, and prepared it but did not eat it.

Dr. kept me in bed fourteen days, having had a hard birth and a fever for eight or nine days, and never had my hair combed all that time. Then three days after I was up we took a trip to Canada. A wild thing for a doctor to do and proves experience is much needed to make a capable physician.

Dr. Douglas drove us to the station for the seven P.M. train and we travelled all night excepting the four hours we had to sit around the Port Huron station, from ten P.M. to two A.M., waiting for the train to London, reaching our destination at five o'clock in the morning. Having had no sleep during the night. It was not good judgment, but worse was to follow.

When we alighted from the train at that early hour there was no bus or cab at the station to meet the train and accommodate the travellers. So rather than wait a couple of hours

in the depot, the man of the house suggested we walk the mile to the parsonage and carry our suit case and the baby. Part of the way Dr. carried the ten pound baby but grew tired so he took the suit case and I took the son. We changed different times and when we reached the parsonage he was carrying the son, and he handed the boy to his grandfather when we were received. They had not known we were coming.

Mother Howell showed her good sense by hustling me off to bed to rest up.

It was on this trip I was urged to buy a new hat, so Doctor and his sister Lou took me to the millinery shop to buy a hat for me. At that time the hat was made by the milliner. They bought the straw by the yard, sewed it to a shape and trimmed it. They had some shapes made up for exhibit on hand at the store. I had nothing to say regarding this hat. The style was ordered, the trimming selected, and I was mum.

A couple of days later I was to call for the hat and when I entered the store, I saw, away back, a woman come out of a door with a flaming red hat in her hand, stand in front of a mirror, and put the hat on her head. I just said to myself, "I hope that thing is not mine." But when I asked for my hat out came this thing I had seen.

It was a straw hat, the color of straw, turned up at the back quite high and yards and yards of scarlet chiffon on the back and on different places. It was just one bunch of flame. My heart sank, I took it, paid for it, and carried it to the parsonage to hear them all praise it. The following day we went to my home, Jim three and a half weeks old. My hat was again praised when we reached home but I was silent regarding it.

The trip to my place was worse than the week before, but I was stronger. We were four miles from my home when we alighted at the depot, and this by taking the shortest way. By cutting through the fields and walking the railway track. So again we walked carrying the son and suit case. I had no ill effects from it but it was more that I was good and strong and a healthy persons, though thin, than from good judgment or common sense. And for a doctor to not only allow, but urge, and take part in, was ridiculous, to put it mildly.

My mother would not believe it was my child until I nursed it. Had it been a bottle babe she would never have believed he was mine. I had been home six months before and she had not noticed I was pregnant though my waist band had been let out three inches at Christmas time when I was there.

After we were at my home a few days, we again took to the railway and went home to Fairgrove.

At Port Huron where we had our four hour wait to change cars a man said to Doctor, "Is that your wife?" He said I was. So the man said if you don't soon get her home you will have no wife. But we arrived home safely, got rested, and carried on.

We got off at Vassar where a man from Fairgrove met us us with a light wagon with a high seat where all three had to sit. We had twelve miles to ride and how I rode those twelve miles and held the baby all the way is still a wonder to me. I was so exhausted I thought every moment he would surely fall from my arms. I centered all my will power on holding him and succeeded. Had I spoken to Doctor, he would have taken him but I would not speak. I felt he should have known I was tired.

It may strike you grandchildren that your grandfather should have been more thoughtful of me, but a lot depends on how we are raised. At his home, when a boy and later when a young man, his people had hired help all the time and the children did not have to help the mother or consider her in any way, for the maid did the work and this makes a difference as they had not been educated to think of others. Different times in later life he spoke of that trip and felt very much ashamed over it.

I must explain something and you may understand the reason for the rush to have this trip. Your grandfather did not like his work. It was forced on him, or some profession, by his mother, as so many parents do. He enjoyed the study and did not mind the patients but the families were his great trial. So he found no happiness from day to day but slavery, and here was a son he wanted to show his people. So all his energy he put into getting that son among his people as soon as possible.

I wore this red hat all that summer. It was praised by some friends in Fairgrove and the following summer I wore it until one day Doctor said, "If you don't get rid of that hat I will burn it. I am sick and tired seeing it." I quietly answered, "I have been sick of it since the day I got it."

I did not burn it but wore it the balance of the summer, money was too scarce to buy a hat in the middle of the summer, when it was still in good condition.

This trip recalls some old notions. My Aunt from Goderich came to see me and said, "Of course you give your baby castor oil every week as your husband is a doctor." I said, "What would I give it castor oil for. He is nearly four weeks old and has not had any yet." She said, "It is very necessary."

I decided to shock her still more and said, "We took his band off before I was out of bed." These bands were kept on for six months and were very tight. When I told her she was aghast at such a thing and declared I would have a deformed child.

The band on Jim would roll up and one day Doctor said, "Young colts don't have to wear these things and I don't see why a baby had to, after the navel is all right." So he took it off and that was the last of bands for him.

Another custom I broke. Babies first dresses would reach

the floor when you had a baby on your knee, and I could not see the sense of it. So when I made his baby clothes, I only made them twenty seven inches from the shoulder, and when I shortened his dresses I just put a couple of tucks in his baby dresses. I had to make all his clothes by hand as I had no machine, and used some nice fine material I had bought before I was married for some underwear for myself, but did not make it up so it came in nicely for Jim. His night gowns and diapers were made of outing flannel which cost five cents a yard. I did not pay out more than five dollars for his whole baby outfit. The shawl both children were wrapped in was one I bought as a girl in Canada.

I had to punish Doctor in other ways to stop him from doing things to his son. One day he called me into the front room to see Jim spit, and I learned his father had put some quinine on his tongue. I said, "I will try it on you someday", so I carried quinine in my pocket, and one day he was yawning. I did not put it on the tip of his tongue. I threw it into his mouth, about half a teaspoonful. He never did that again.

Our friends the Douglas had a baby girl born shortly after Jim was born, perhaps two months. When this baby was two or more months old, the mother took sick and Dr. would not allow her to nurse the baby. They did not want to put it on the bottle, so it was arranged that baby would be brought over to me every two hours during the day and use a bottle at night. The mother would pump out her breasts until she was better. She had this done regularly and so kept her nurse. I saved my right breast for the baby and gave my own child the left breast. When the mother was better and Dr. thought it safe for her to nurse her baby once more, I dried up my left breast as I had such a flow of nurse Doctor called me his Irish Holstein.

Then the old women got busy over my drying up one breast and warned me, if I ever had another baby that side would dry up at the same time again. I said, "I think nature must be queer if this happens." Well, I had a second child and it did not happen.

When I weaned Jim the weather was hot and again I heard I would lose him, but he lived through.

Life in Fairgrove was a hard grind. I cannot look back and see much fun in those nearly three years. The first year we were there hog cholera broke out among the hogs and how they died. One man lost sixty hogs and the disease was widespread. Of course corn dropped on price as there was nothing to feed it to. Then the second year there was a crop failure.

I believe a struggle is good for men and women in early life. Well, we certainly had one during those three years. I had one new hat which I have told you about. I bought the makings of a dress for one dollar and paid one dollar and a quarter to have it made up. This was my entire clothing expense for the three years.

During the early spring sickness, Doctor would be gone from eight in the morning until late at night. When a caller came, I would tell him he would find Doctor at such a place at such an hour. Of course there was no telephone. He would come home so tired he would not be able to sit at the table to eat and I would feed him as he lay on the couch, then get out some medical book and read to him what he directed me to read about some case.

One holiday we were invited out to dinner and we were just getting started out when a man came in for Doctor. I went back into the house to a pick-up dinner. Such was the life of the early country doctor's wife but I soon got used to it.

The first March we were there, Dr. had thirty cases of pneumonia and did not lose a case.

Some months later in the year Dr. had a case of pneumonia. A farmer had both lungs affected, he was very bad when Dr. was called and he died. He left a wife and a child. Doctor came home late and paced the floor for hours, he was so broken up over the death. It was the first one with dependents that he had lost.

A woman called Doctor out four miles on a very hot summer night. When he got there the woman stated the baby was ill for when it nursed it sweated so. The woman weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds. Dr. came home in a rage.

Six miles away we had a doctor who had been doctoring for years. He did not treat the young doctors justly. He would come to our town, drive the six miles, and charge the same as Doctor charged, namely fifty cents. When he was called in on consultation, he would see the young doctor left first or he would purposely leave something behind and would go back for it when he thought the doctor would be gone. Then he would tell the people such a doctor was new and had little experience. He did this to Dr. Howell and Dr. Hammond. So the young men put their heads together and would help the older doctor on with his overcoat, look around the room and pick up his belongings and see him to his buggy. Then they would go back to the house and visit a while over the case and so the older man had no excuse to visit the house.

That was the only time we ever had such opposition. Dr. Howell and Dr. Hamilton, both in Fairgrove were great friends. Then a Doctor W - came there and settled. He was very hard up. His family went home to her people for a while. Dr. would allow him to help himself from our drugs. If he could pay for the drugs it was all right, if not he gave him what he needed. Then after a while Dr. W. - got a position in another town as an assistant to a doctor. He had no money to pay his fare so Doctor gave him the money so he could go.

A young girl in Fairgrove had bad teeth that were affecting her health so the mother asked Dr. to pull them. The child objected so the mother got a strap and said, "Now sit down and

have them out," and she stood over her. The child complied. You will say, "How awful", but wait till you see how it affected the mother. She spent two days in bed over the strain of forcing her daughter to have her teeth out so her health would be better. And it was.

Dr. Howell had only one operation performed on a patient there that I remember. A surgeon came from Saginaw and two neighboring doctors were invited to witness it. As I stood and watched those four doctors start off for the patient I could not do anything but offer up a prayer for the patient.

Dr. had a case of appendicitis four miles in the country. They would not listen to an operation on the son of about twelve years of age. So finding he could do nothing with them, he decided to call another doctor in. Having no phone in the town, he had to drive. He decided to hire a span of horses from the livery, as our horses were tired and the drive to Vassar was twelve miles each way. He went to see a Dr. Morris, a much older man than himself and an uncle of Dr. Morris who was in Sebawaing when we came to Bay Port.

Dr. asked me to go with him. It was night, so picking Jim out of his hammock bed I wrapped a shawl around him and got into the buggy. Dr. handed me the lines and I drove the horses, holding Jim on my knees while Doctor slept, he was tired. Dr. Morris said he would visit the case next morning, but still they would not let the son be operated on, and he died. Just before he passed on they asked to have him operated on and had to be told it was too late.

In the spring, when we had been in Fairgrove nearly two years and a half, Dr. became tired out and going into a house to visit a patient, he fell on the floor in a faint. Coming to consciousness he found himself on a couch in a worse condition than his patient. So we decided we would take a holiday for a couple of weeks as a change for him. So we took a trip to Prince Edward County to visit Doctor's uncles and aunts.

Uncle John took us to a distant relative's for dinner one day, and they gave us a very nice dinner. For dessert we had cake and canned pears. The pears were quite firm but were very acid, indeed one might say they were alcoholic. The old people were very religious but the old man liked the pears and he spoke about their being so good. He called to his wife and said, "Betty, these pears are the nicest I have ever tasted. When you can pears again I want you to do them just like these." No one made a remark but it became a standing joke with us ever since about Aunt Betty's pears.

After we came back he still could not stand the work over the roads so we sold out.

Life in Bowdon

From Fairgrove we went to Canada and Doctor went to Toronto to learn to test eyes. He had found, in his practice, so many people had headaches and tablets gave only temporary relief, they did not cure the seat of the trouble. So he reasoned there must be some trouble with the eyes.

I went home for a week or more, then joined him in Toronto and we boarded during our stay there.

Doctor was very anxious to have Jim taken to a phrenologist to have his head read or examined. I remember a few things he said. The first remark he made was to ask if I was the child's mother and if he was my first child. When I said he was, he stated he was enough to kill any woman, if not two women. Then he said, "You will never raise him." He stressed this remark a couple of times, "You will never raise that child. But if he does live, he will be either a fool or a clever man, but you need not fear. You will not raise him."

He wanted to examine my head but we did not feel we could spare the money, so he told me as a coxer, to get me to yield, that I was good at fancy work. I told him I was not, when he answered, "Probably because you have not had the opportunity to work at it."

Dr. decided to go west where the rains would not keep the roads in such a condition as the roads in Michigan were at that time. So he went to Chicago where his brother Will was attending college. He visited Will a few days and learned of a new town in North Dakota called Bowdon that had no doctor. He went there in December and I followed him in February nineteen hundred.

Bowdon was not in existence the previous July, but the railroad was being built, a new section of land was being opened to homesteaders, and at the end of the railroad this town sprang up. When I arrived there was a business section that would equal a town of two thousand or more. For instance; we had two large livery barns, a hotel with a dining room that would seat nearly a hundred people, a large restaurant, drugstore, meat market, two grocer and dry goods stores, newspaper, barber shop, post office, pool room, and five blind pigs though Dakota was a dry state. The building equalled those of a good sized town, excepting the blind pigs.

There were about half a dozen homes when I arrived and I was the tenth woman with a male population of three to four hundred. Many of the men were locating land which was open for settlement miles from town.

I arrived at six o'clock in the morning. Dr. was at the station to meet me and the temperature was thirty below zero.

We were taken to the hotel which was near the station, and

up to the room Dr. occupied and which had never known heat excepting that which came later in the day from the sun, as the room was on the south. Dr. went downstairs for a pitcher of warm water for me and I took a sponge bath and gave Jim one so we would be fit to go downstairs to breakfast. Doctor was so elated at being able to get some warm water at that hour of morning, for water was not plentiful in Bowdon.

So Jim and myself refreshed, we went down to breakfast, and what a breakfast. The waiter had been instructed, by the cook, as soon as I appeared he was to go to the kitchen and tell the cook. The preacher sat at the head of the table, I sat at the side with Jim and Doctor sat next to me. The rest of the table was full and the other tables were filling fast, about seventy or eighty men and I was the only woman.

The waiter came in and placed before me a slab of beef steak about an inch thick and enough for two or three men and it was not thoroughly cooked. As I never eat raw meat, I did not enjoy it and being far too much for me, I shared it with Dr. and the preacher. Doctor told me it was a special treat from the cook so I had to eat it. I sent a message of thanks to the cook and later on thanked him in person.

Shortly after breakfast, the preacher came to me and said, "You will be wanting to take a bath after your train trip, and when you do come to my room and take it". I said, "I have already taken one, Elder." He was shocked saying, "You surely have not had a bath in your cold room. Now, from this on, any time you wish to bathe, come to my room, order me out, and bathe. His room was a small study along with the bed room and the stove pipe from the office came up through the study. There was a drum on the pipe to heat the room.

I never availed myself of his kind offer, but took my sponge off in my room in the afternoon when the sun was shining through the window. I had noticed, in the bedroom across the hall from our room, that snow had drifted in and lay on the window sill and it was still there when we left to live in our own house two months later.

About four o'clock that same afternoon a man with a sheepskin coat came into the hotel to see Doctor, and I was in the small sitting room upstairs. Dr. brought him in to meet me and the first thing he said after shaking hands was, "You are coming out to my place with me, so you may as well get your things on so we can leave at once." I looked at Dr. and he said, "If he says so, I guess you are." Then the man said, "Dr. is coming out as well."

This man lived out about five miles. There was just a skiff of snow and he had a team of fast travelling bronchos, a sleigh with a board for a seat, and a lot of straw in the bottom of the sleigh.

I climbed onto the seat with Jim and the man, Mr. Farrington, said, "Oh, No, Not on the seat. You get down on the straw."

So I stepped over the board and sat down on the straw to learn that I did not sit on the straw, "I lay down". I lay down with Jim by my side, then Mr. Farrington took a big fur robe and spread it over us. Our heads as well as our bodies were covered. Dr. and Mr. Farrington sat on the seat. Dr. had on a fur coat.

How that sleigh flew along bumping over the lumps of earth, as the snow was only a light covering of the earth. The bronchos running down into the slews and well up the other side. I heard Mr. Farrington say to Doctor, "You will notice we always race the horses down the hills in this country. That is to give them a good start to climb the hill on the other side of the slew."

To the eye the plains are level, but as you drive along you dip into a hollow and up the other side. This hollow is called a slew; so the plains have our hills reversed, a hollow in place of a hill. The rain, when it comes, runs off the level ground into those hollows, and it is there they get their hay for winter feeding. The grass on the plains does not grow more than six inches high and so can be used only for grazing.

We were not long reaching the ranch and I was taken into the house to meet his wife, but she was not there. He said she spoke earlier in the day of going to see some friend and has not returned. So turning to me he said, in such a matter of fact way, "Well, it is up to you to get supper for us." He went into the pantry, bringing out some potatoes and a good sized piece of ham and said, "You will find the dishes and things you need in some of the cupboards or drawers in this room. There is a hired man besides ourselves." At that he went out saying, "It will take us about an hour to do the chores." So I prepared supper.

Dr. and I slept in the other room downstairs and Mr. Farrington and the hired man went upstairs. In the morning I was called to get up and cook breakfast while they went out to do the chores.

While I was dressing, I went to the window to see what kind of a day we could expect, and attempted to scrape some frost off the window pane. To my surprise I found the frost on the pane even with the sash around the glass, an inch deep.

After breakfast and the work was done up, Mr. Farrington brought the team and sleigh to the house and we were transported back to town.

In the afternoon a much hurried woman rushed into me to apologize for not being home to receive me. We had a nice chat and she went home.

I will tell you of their house. It was a sod house. The earth in the west is different to our clay. It is cleachy, something of an adobe clay. Some sod is dug up, about a foot wide, and this sod is piled on another piece just as cement blocks are in a wall here, and this is plastered over with some moistened clay. By putting in a window frame and a door frame the walls are built. A few rafters and some roofing and your

house is built. Mr. Farrington's had an upstairs so had a floor upstairs as well as down, many houses had no floor.

Different times some one in the hotel would call to me and say, "There goes the making of a new home." On the wagon would be a door frame, windowframe, door, and window. All the material would be on that one wagon load and not a large load.

The water in Bowdon did not agree with Jim and all the time we were there Mr. Farrington brought in a three gallon jug of water from his deep well, three times a week, until deep wells were dug in town. It was a common thing to have men come to the house for a drink of water.

Just behind the town was a slew and on the level plain beyond, the two livery barns dumped the manure. The snow that fell and melted in the daytime ran down into the hollow. When I went to the hotel, I took milk for my meals and later on I did not like the taste so changed to tea, but it was not good, so I asked the cook one day why the milk had such a queer taste. He said so many were using it they had not enough, so watered it. I asked why the taste, so he explained they used the water from this hollow and the manure was piled on the bank above it. It was not long before they had to get water elsewhere as the State Health Department gave orders. So a water tank was sent some miles into the country and brought water into town from a spring. We took water from this tank after we were housekeeping. We paid twenty five cents for a half barrel for it.

One day Dr. received word to go and visit this spring and examine the water, so he and a couple of men went out. When they did a little digging they found it was an old buffalo wallow and dug up some bones. Then some in town began digging wells, but we still used this water for washing and cleaning.

After I began doing my washing in our house, I said to my neighbor, "My clothes look worse after I put them on the line than before I began to wash them, but yours look good. What do you do?" She said she put lye in the water when she put it on to heat. I tried this and was amazed at the dirty scum that rose to the top, about two inches deep. This was taken off and my clothes looked different.

I often helped the men in the kitchen clean up after supper and the men would talk and tell me a lot of stuff. One night it was, "I don't know what you will get for breakfast tomorrow morning." I asked, "Why?" Well, they were going out to get drunk, and going to get good and drunk. They went out and did just as they said they would do. Next morning we did not know what the porridge was made of.

One day I was talking to the cook in the small sitting room and I said, "Cook, we were divided in opinion about the kind of meat we had for dinner today at our table. Just what kind of meat was it? Some said it was mutton, some said pork." He said, "What did you think?" I said, "Well one bite would taste like pork and the next like mutton." So the cook said,

"In a place like this you have to make whatever meat you want and today you had pork boiled in mutton tallow."

One night I went to the kitchen and how busy everyone was. One man had a hoe scraping the mud off the floor, another had a shovel throwing the mud out doors while the cook was scraping the table top. I asked what was going on and learned that a new cook was coming, and "No new cook would be able to say the kitchen was dirty." And they bent to their job. But how could a kitchen be clean with a gang of men walking into it from the back with mud that would cling to your feet till you could hardly lift them, if there was any dampness in the ground.

The first night I was at the hotel Dr. told me to lock the bed room door when we retired if I did not wish some of the 'boo' gang to pile in on the bed. Then he explained that there was a bunch of men who would spend a good part of the night drinking, then in the small hours would strike out to serenade and would do their best to awaken everyone in town.

The men were nicknamed the 'booze' gang but a small child could not say booze, so said boo, so they were known, when I came, as the 'boo' gang. They would get a barrel and roll it along the street while someone had a large saw that was rubbed with resin and would draw the saw over the barrel as it was rolled along. Try this sometime and hear the noise it makes. They did other things too, and when wearied would find a bed. Going to the hotel they would enter any rooms not locked. One day one took sick and died and this broke up the gang's parading at night.

We had five blind pigs and I have counted twenty five men lying outside on the grass too drunk to walk. I have met men walking, being helped, along the street by two helpers, yet I have never seen a man so drunk he did not tip his hat when we met and say, "How do you do Mrs. Howell."

Before the Hotel was ready to be occupied, a Methodist minister used to come over from the country seat, sixteen miles away, and preach in the town in the early fall. He would sleep under his buggy, but one night a very heavy wind overturned his buggy and when the boys learned of it, they arranged that the pool room would close, the night the preacher came to town, at ten o'clock and they made a bed on the pool table for him to sleep on, in place of out on the prairie.

Bowdon had its own minister when I arrived, Rev. Pittenger, he was a man about five feet seven or eight inches tall. He had three places to preach. He started Sunday morning, walked seven miles and preached in a railroad station waiting room, then he walked seven miles in another direction for the afternoon service in a school house, and back the seven miles for the evening service in Bowdon in the hotel dining room. He ate but two meals a day to save money as he got only \$100 from the missionary board, and the church collections. He did all right until the dry spell came on, the collections did not amount to much. Times were hard and when times are hard in the west, they are beyond your grasp. We in the east do not know the meaning of hard times.

The first Sunday night I was there, as soon as supper was over, the tables were all piled up at one side, chairs set out, the organ wheeled to one end, and a number of men seated behind it. One man played the organ.

The service began and when the people rose to sing, the men by the organ rose, putting their arms around each other. I learned later they were all too drunk to stand alone.

At the close of the service, the chairs were piled on the tables, a violin was brought out, what women were there gathered with the men on the floor, and several men tied handkerchiefs on their arms, thus taking the place of women, and a dance was carried on for an hour or more. I had started to leave the room when the service was over, but D. said, "The evening is not over yet," so the preacher, Dr., and I stood at the door watching the dance.

The second Sunday night, I felt a tenseness in the meeting and as soon as the service closed, a bunch of men and the preacher left the room. I learned a farmer, about a mile from town, had shut up the hotel man's cows, they having wandered out to his farm, and the farmer demanded quite a price for their release. The snow was still on the ground and when the service was over, horses were put to the sleigh and out to the farmer's they went. Some went to the house and as soon as the farmer opened the door, he was grabbed while others went to the corral and let out the cows. When they were well on their way, the farmer was released.

Mrs. Farrington took sick, and it was to keep a doctor in town that her husband brought us the water. Dr. told her she would have to have an operation. I don't remember what the trouble was. The doctor from Fessenden, sixteen miles away, came over and about 2 P.M. the operation was performed one Sunday.

About four o'clock Mr. Farrington came to the house with horse and buggy and told me to get ready as I was going out to his place. We were in our own house at that time. I said, "But your wife has just had an operation". He said, "That is right, but you are to come out with me." So I went. On arriving I found the preacher there, he had walked from the school house to the Farrington ranch, I went into the room to see the patient and found her smoking a cigarette. She averaged twenty four a day. That was in 1900.

I was sitting in the sitting room of the hotel when one of the boarders came in, went to the desk, and took out a revolver, and put it in his pocket. I knew the men were going to a school meeting. I said, "Expecting trouble". He answered, "We may have but I never go anywhere without a gun, you never know when you will need it." There was none that day.

Some horses from one of the livery barns got out one day and a man on a horse started after them. For some time he

could do very little when an old cow boy horse among them realized the man was trying to round them into the barn again. So the horse, of its own accord, without anyone on its back started in, rounded those horses up and brought them back into the barn. I witnessed this performance myself from our own house.

Early in the spring we bought a lot. Ollie Ohnstad bought the one next to ours the same day. I think it was on a Wednesday morning. At one o'clock a carpenter was at work, with the lumber on the lot, and in a week we were living in it and settled.

I think the house was fourteen feet by sixteen feet with two doors and two windows. It had no lath or plaster on the walls, just studding with siding on the outside. It had a board ceiling and an attic. We had a bed Dr. made out of two by four studding that was left over. We bought springs and a mattress. At the foot of the bed we hung Jim's hammock. We had a kitchen table that cost about \$1.25, four kitchen chairs and a small cooking stove. Our cupboard was boards nailed between the studding with a curtain in front. My work table was boards just below the shelves, then shelves for the pans below the work table. We had curtains on the two windows. The house cost ninety dollars including the carpenter's charge of twenty seven.

Dr. went out 18 miles into the country and brought home a small willow shrub. I planted it below one of the windows and often, when people came to town, they came to the house to see the tree. I could not get flowers to grow, the winds were too strong.

I took three barrels of fruit with me and when I had callers, would treat them to a dish of fruit and a piece of bread. I would send a pint of home canned fruit to sick women and from their gratitude and remarks I am sure they thought the fruit did them as much good as the medicine given by Doctor.

So many people in the east think the people do not feel the cold in the middle west. I have seen the coal heater in the hotel dining room red all over and yet when they scrubbed the floor, men would enter and skate across to the kitchen door on their shoes on the icy floor.

The first garments I washed, I took them out to hang on the line and picking up a garment I gave it a shake and it split in pieces. I learned not to hang clothes out on very cold days. When I went down to the drug store I would put on Doctor's fur coat. Going out of doors it seemed needles were pricking your nose. I have seen the atmosphere so filled with frost you could not see a building a block away. The air was filled with sparkles. The thermometer would drop to fifty below zero and when driving horses icicles would form on their mouth or nose that you had to remove to save having their knees cut by them.

We had some interesting preachers in the west. In Harvey,

a town about forty miles north west from Bowdon, a young preacher arrived shortly before I reached Bowdon. He was a young Englishman, wore his monocle, and on Sunday he preached a sermon calling the men down about the way they lived in the west. So a group of men in the billiard room talked things over and decided to teach him a lesson.

As soon as they saw his light go out in the hotel bedroom, two men went over to the hotel and asked to see the preacher. The hotel man sent them upstairs. They knocked on his door, he opened it, and they grabbed him, threw a fur coat around him and carried him over to the billiard room, where a good fire was going, and sat him on one of the tables, where they placed a glass of water. The others had beer.

They had secured some hymn books and gave the preacher one, telling him to pick out a hymn. He refused, the men pulled out their guns. The preacher gave out the hymn, they sang and called for another, while they took glasses of beer giving the preacher more water. This kept up until near morning, when those sober enough put the fur coat around the preacher and escorted him back to the hotel. In the early morning, a train passed through the town and when it went this Monday morning the preacher was on it.

The morning after my first night in the hotel, Mrs. Cook, wife of the hotel keeper, came to me and asked me if I had ever seen a marriage. Not waiting for an answer, she said, "There is one going on now. We can see it from the balcony", and I followed her. I looked up and down the street but saw nothing or anybody, but Mrs. Cook was talking, saying, "There it is. A marriage often takes place here." I said nothing. I did not know what she was talking about. When I had a chance I told Dr. about Mrs. Cook and the marriage. He said, "She meant a mirage".

We had been in our own house but a short time when one morning I went out doors to get some water from the barrel, when I saw a plowed field that had not been plowed the night before. I said to myself, "Well, the Russian brothers must have been plowing all night, for that field was not plowed yesterday." Then as I stood looking, I saw a town to the north west and another town to the north east and all the land between with its farm houses and corrals. Then there was our milk man's house, which was built on the side of a slew and could not be seen from our house. It was all so strange. I went back into the house to see my family. Were they the same or was I Rip van Winkle and had twenty years passed?

I found the family natural, and waking Dr. I told him the country was all changed. He said it was a mirage. So out I went and looked and looked over the country, and as I watched, I noticed the land about fifty feet from our neighbor's house had sunk down and the far off land had come forward. As I watched the land began to move back and back and the low land began to come back to normal. Finally everything was back as

the night before. There seemed to be a thin veil between the sun and myself, and finally the veil disappeared and I had seen a mirage.

We had engaged a woman to come and work for us when Alberta arrived, but the day before she called Dr. to come and look at her face and she was down with erysipelas, and that stopped her coming. Well, Dr. had to be doctor, nurse, cook, and baby tender. The first day or two he and Jim went to Mrs. Ohnstad's for dinner, then Dr. cooked as the bed was so close to the stove I could direct him about the cooking. After he had been doing the work a few days, he said, "I never saw so much picking up and doing things over and over again and getting nowhere."

After we had built our house, the Ohnstads built theirs. He was a Norwegian and had married an American girl from Iowa. They had a nice home twenty four feet square, divided into four rooms all the same size. They were very fine neighbors and we were fond of them.

When Alberta was two and a half weeks old, I did the washing out of doors at the side of the house and Ollie came to me and told me to quit washing as I was not strong enough to do it and he could not think what Dr. was thinking about to let me do it. Of course it was all board work, the hardest way. No machine of any kind was in our home till years after this.

Alberta was only a few weeks old when the cowboys began coming in to see her. They would come to the door and say, "Mrs. Howell will you let us see the baby." They would stand and look for such a long time, then turn and with their backs toward me would thank me and go out. I knew those boys turned from me so I would not see their tears.

A Russian family lived for a while in a house on the other side of ours, and he made all his own fuel for his stoves. In place of the livery barns putting their manure on the slew bank, he had it brought to his home and he would spread it in a circle about a foot deep, then get some straw and pile it on top of the manure. On top of this he put more manure, then more straw. Then he poured water over all. Taking a horse, he would walk the horse on top of the circle of straw and manure for an hour or more, leave it for a day, when he would take a large saw and cut it into lengths, as if cord wood and pile it up to be used as fuel. It made good fuel and so long as the lids of the stove were not lifted, there was no odor in the room.

Some farmers had straw burners for their heating stoves, but I never saw one of these stoves. Most of the people had two stoves, one on each side of the room, and the family lived between the stoves.

The Fourth of July we went out three miles to spend the day and night. The woman came in for me early and Dr. was to go with her husband in the wagon. As we drove over the plains, she saw some cow manure that had been hardened by the hot sun. So she stopped the horse and picked it up and put it on the

back of the buggy, and whenever she saw any more she gathered it in and our meals were cooked with it.

The house had one room, and a lean-to on one side, and in the room were two beds and the dining room table, being summer time the stove was in the lean-to. I wondered how we were going to sleep, as she had two children, so had I. When night came she pulled out two trundle beds, one from under each bed and the children slept on them.

The dinner next day was interesting because we had home made ice cream. They had a ninety foot well that had been dug with a shovel, and as I have said the winters were cold, and the frost penetrates deep into the ground. Well, this day she and her husband had lifted some ice, that had not melted, from the winter's freezing and made ice cream.

Men, driving in the winter, would have sheep skin or fur coats and fur robes, caps of the same and large sheepskin shoes in the buggy. When they got into the buggy they would put their feet into those big sheepskin shoes. In the country, the women seldom left their homes from the time the real cold weather came until the milder weather of spring.

After we were in our house a month or two, the Russian neighbors moved to a farm, and the hotel family moved in. He kept some hens and one stole her nest and hatched out a batch of chickens. He did not want them and told Dr. he could have them, keep the hen a couple of weeks and return it when the chickens did not need it. So Dr. took four boards left from the house and made a pen and put the hen and chickens in it, tying the hen to a stake so she could not run away. We got the hen and chickens near noon so we fed them well. Dr. gave them all that was left from dinner.

Mr. Cook also had a pig, a big one. It broke out of its pen, ran over to our lot, jumped into the pen, and picked up one chicken after another until it had eaten them all. So about three hours after we were given the hen and chickens, the old hen was taken back home.

We had five blind pigs in the town, though North Dakota was a dry state. The sheriff would come over from the county seat to close them up, but would return home so drunk they had to tie him in the buggy and fasten the lines to the whip. So the places of drink remained open.

A woman came in one morning, from the country, to see Dr. We were at breakfast when she arrived at the house. I asked her how far she had come and she said twenty five miles, horse and buggy. She said she had risen early prepared breakfast for her husband and the hired man, and was in town before eight.

The cowboys used to come into town after several months of herding cattle and then things would be exciting. One day they drove a long spike an inch or more into a post, then

rode around the post shooting to see how many shots it would take to drive it into the post.

One evening they rode up and down the street fast, shooting through the fan lights above the doors to see who was the best shot in putting out the kerosene lamps. Then next day they went in and paid the damages.

On one occasion, they put on an exhibition showing how horse thieves were treated. Getting a sack and filling it with straw, tying a rope around to have it look like the head and body of a man, they fastened legs and arms, also of straw and sacks, to it, tied it on a horse. The horse was started off on a gallop, then they rode after the horse, lassoed the straw man off the horse, dragged him to a pole and strung him up as if they were hanging him.

Dr. was driving home from the country one day and overtook a Russian in a wagon. Two or three cowboys were riding around his outfit firing shots into it. Dr. stopped to see what was going on. Well, they were making the foreigner talk United States. He could not talk our language and was so scared. They let up and allowed him to go on his way but they had some fun.

Another Russian, who lived a half mile from town, with his brother, quarrelled and the brother bit off one of his fingers. It became infected and he came to the house. I had to keep his finger or whole hand in hot water most of the day. He was one of the dirtiest men I ever saw, and when he went home he had one clean hand but only one.

Another Russian, several miles out, was digging a well and after working on it for several days, it was quite deep. In the morning one son went down to continue digging and was overcome by gas which had seeped in during the night. Another son went down to help the first one up and he was overcome. The father went for a neighbor to come over and use the windlass while he went down for his sons, but the neighbor would not let the father go down. By getting some hooks, they managed to get the boys up but they both were dead.

When the funeral was about to take place, someone said, "They do not look dead". So the service was postponed and a messenger was sent pell-mell after Dr. to come out and see if they were dead.

The rider came in to town and as he passed the livery, on the way to the house, he yelled, "Get a team ready quick", and galloped up to our door. His horse was covered with lather from the hard riding. The buggy was soon ready to take Dr. to the country, but the boys were dead.

So many men came to Bowdon to get claims of land. There was a saying that the government bet one hundred sixty acres of land that a man and his family could not come out and

make a living. Well, lots of people were willing to try.

They would come to town, have a livery man take them out to look the different pieces of land over, and select their claims. They would then return to town and sit in a row. The day the land was given out, you took your turn asking for your selection. All day and night those men would wait in line, for if they left their place, someone else would take it. So the only relief they had was to have a friend take their place while they ate or rested.

One of these land seekers was being driven over the country, holding his gun between his knees with the barrel up. A wheel of the buggy dropped into a badger hole causing one barrel of the gun to go off and the bullets went through the upper part of his arm. He was hurried to town and to the house to Doctor.

A group of men filed in after him, but as soon as they saw the wound, they would turn sick and have to go out. It was just a week or more before Alberta was born, so I had to turn in and help Doctor sew up the wound and bandage it. It was a most unpleasant job, for the flesh was terribly mangled, but it had to be done and I was used to it.

The next day the preacher met Doctor and said, "I thought you had some brains. The idea of letting your wife help with that case. Don't you know it will mark the child?" Doctor said, "It will not." So the preacher said, "We will see".

The next week, on the same day of the week, in the same place, and under the same circumstances, both barrels of the shot gun went off, shooting the man carrying it. They rushed him to the house. I remember the awful look of his face drained clear of blood as he staggered in and said, "Doc. I am shot." We were eating dinner and I rose quickly for I thought he was going to fall, and told the man with him to get him to the bed. He died that night, but Doctor, after he had fixed him up, had him carried to a hotel room, where he died.

We had no roads from Bowdon out into the country, and in driving they just went across the grass land.

A few weeks after Alberta was born, a man, his wife, and baby came in to see Doctor. They had come about twenty miles. The baby was very ill. Dr. got busy, ordered me to heat irons to put at its feet, ordered the father to go down for ice to its head, and after he had worked over it a while, turned to me and said, "Get the children out of here. This child is dying and I cannot find the cause." So I picked up Alberta and took her to Ohnstad's along with Jim and went back to the house to find the child had died.

Then Dr. got a board about two feet long, and laid the baby out, placing it on the board. The man and woman got

into their buggy, took the baby on their knees, and drove home. I stood at the door and watched them drive away, and I don't think I ever felt so sorry for anyone as I did for them. Having to drive twenty miles with the baby on their laps and no one to comfort them. On arriving home they would have to get a few boards, make a box for a coffin, and bury it near the house.

Such is homesteading in a new country. But those things have made our fathers and forefathers what they were. The weaklings could not stand it.

Alberta was the first girl born in Bowdon. The day after she was born, the preacher came to see me. Dr. was about to give her a bath and baring her arm said, "Elder, no mark there." He said, "No. But you had no business having your wife help." I laughed. Then the preacher took an orange from his pocket and gave it to me.

Now, don't laugh at just one orange, it meant such a lot, you cannot grasp. I once saw a man eating an apple on the front street, and another man said to the man with the apple, "Do you mind letting me have a bite of that apple? I crave a bite of it." The man with the apple handed it to him, he took a bite and returned the apple to its owner, thanking him for the bite and passed on. Apples were selling for five cents each.

Dr. had one child patient that had scurvey. He ordered an orange every day.

One baby case in the country, the parents on the homestead had nothing to wrap the baby in, when it came, but the husband's coat. Dr. came home and told me about it and Mrs. Ohnstad and I gathered some baby clothes for it. The young couple were hard working people but had no money to buy things and the crop had failed so there was no money coming in.

We had been in our own home some time and the preacher often was in for dinner. He always sat at the side. I sat with my back to the door, and Dr. with his face to the door.

The preacher had some trouble with the hotel clerk. So far as I can remember, the preacher made the remark that he did not know how Cook, the hotel man, allowed his daughter to associate with the clerk. So the clerk and hotel man went up to the preacher's room to make him apologize.

The preacher had just gone up stairs after a meal and still had a tooth pick in his mouth. The clerk demanded an apology. The preacher noticed the clerk had his hand in his coat pocket, so the preacher immediately drew his revolver, pointed it at the clerk's head, and ordered him to take his hand out of his pocket. The clerk stated he had no gun, and the preacher said, "Let us both put our guns on the bed and I will give you until I count ten to do it", keeping his gun levelled at the clerk's head all the time. He began counting

and got as far as eight when the clerk handed out the gun. Then they decided to go downstairs and have it out, fist fight.

First one went for the preacher, then the other, and as each came to him, he threw him under the counter, then the other. They would rise and come at him again to receive the same treatment. This kept up till the hotel man gave in, and the clerk was so excited he spoke up and said, "If I only had a chance I could lick a dozen men like you". The preacher said, "You made a very fine beginning", still holding the tooth pick in his teeth.

Before the fight got started downstairs, the preacher noticed a bottle of liquor on the desk, so asked the hotel man to move it back. It was liable to fall.

Dr. went down street and heard about the fight and suggested to the preacher that he come up to the house until the excitement died down. I said to the preacher, "I did not know you could fight". He answered, "I didn't myself until I got started and then my joints acted as if they were greased."

Later on the preacher became involved in another scrap. We never heard the real cause of it. Again Dr. brought him up to the house, we were just a block from the business street. We knew the sheriff had been sent for and soon he came to the house to arrest the preacher. He asked permission to remain in the house until the sheriff was ready to leave town, and the request was granted.

I had two dollars and a half in the house and I handed the preacher one and a half stating that he might need some change. He refused it, saying, "You need that more than I do. Besides I have a little money in the bank". He was with us at noon and when I asked him to have some dinner, he said he would like to sit in Dr's. place, which faced the door. When dinner was over he said, "I wanted to sit facing the door for fear someone would come and try to pop me off with his gun."

Well, no one came. In an hour or more the sheriff returned and they left together. At the trial no one showed up, so he was free.

For the first fight he was in, the preacher received a lot to build a church on and one hundred dollars toward the building, as well as the best suit of clothes he could find in the county seat.

A slot machine was in the drug store. One day the clerk was along, two drunken men came in, and went to play the machine. They decided they could break it and get the money out. About this time the preacher entered the store. The clerk tried to quiet the drunks but they were bent on smashing the machine, when the clerk said, "If you do, you will do it over my dead body", the preacher touched the clerk on the shoulder saying, "There will be two dead bodies". The drunks left, for by this time all knew the preacher had been champion light weight boxer in his home state.

On another occasions, the preacher happened to go into the restaurant, which was run by a young woman, and a drunk was in there and was making trouble. Jessie, the young woman, asked a man to put him out, but the man answered that he could not handle him. The preacher went to Jessie and asked if she wanted him to put the drunk out. She said, "Oh, no, Elder, that is not your work". He said, "Do you want him out?" She answered that she did so the preacher stepped behind the chair the drunk was on, took him by his coat collar, and lifted him up. Then caught the seat of his pants with the other hand and walked him to the door. On reaching the door he released his grip, gave him a kick, and the man landed on all four on the sidewalk.

The editor of the paper, who was passing at the time, beckoned the preacher into his office and handed him a five dollar bill.

The next day, the man had sobered, drove back into town, and thanked the preacher for throwing him out of the restaurant.

In the town next to Bowdon, a Presbyterian preacher had a fight with a land owner and won, so the boys of Skerston and the boys of our town decided, if they could get the two preachers to fight, they would build a church in the town of the winner. The Presbyterian man would not fight, but from what our man said to me, he was keen for it. He wanted a church so badly.

The boys in Bowdon had put up a high board fence and there they held their prize fights. As a doctor was required to examine the fighters and be present, if he should be needed, Dr. was always given two tickets, one for himself and one for his wife. As I did not care to attend, I gave my ticket to the preacher, and he went until, in some way, the Presiding Elder heard, and a letter was sent to the preacher telling him to keep out of the prize fights. He did not go again but was always near at hand. Once Dr. was called out and he found the preacher looking through a knot hole.

I must tell the other side of the preacher. We had a lot of diptheria through the county, especially among the Russians. Whenever Dr. told the preacher he had a case, he would go out with Dr. and in many cases remain until the patient was better or had passed on. He kept the family and neighbors away from the patient and in this way kept the disease from spreading in the neighborhood.

One day Dr. Was called out twenty miles to a ranch to see a cowboy who was not fit to ride his broncho. He would ride until he would fall off and when he came to consciousness, would climb on and ride again. Dr. pronounced it typhoid fever, but said he could not go out twenty miles to see him so he was brought to town.

A blind pig was empty, and the furniture man loaned a bed and springs, one person loaned a mattress, the butcher gave the meat for beef soup, the druggist gave the medicine, two

grocers shared the supplies, Dr. said he would serve him, and the preacher said he would nurse him.

His mother came and for six weeks the preacher and his mother nursed that boy. When he recovered, he gave Dr. his revolver and holster, but in moving sometime it was left behind. I liked the buckskin holster and was sorry to lose it.

I must tell you of the air in North Dakota. It was so clear you could see for miles and miles and miles. I could stand at our door and see a house three miles away, and tell whether it was a man or woman walking around. With a spy-glass we could see a cat on the steps.

I never hung out my wash, that I did not have to reach for the line the second time. I would think, "Well, this time, old rope you are not going to fool me" and would reach up and miss it.

I could count some cotton wood trees, that were not large trees, nine miles away. We drove out to the Farrington ranch, stood on a small hill top and counted the buildings in Bismark, Sixty miles away.

In all the western states there is a story about a man starting out to reach a place and finding it much farther away, than he expected. Bowdon had the best story, which is as follows:

A couple of men came into town and took a room at the hotel. They arose early and while waiting for breakfast, noticed some hills a short distance away. Going to the landlord they told him they were going to take a morning walk to the hills and would be back in time for breakfast. The hotel man thought it would be a good joke on them to let them go and learn for themselves what clear air does to distance. So he said nothing and the men set out and walked and walked and seemed to get no nearer, so decided to return to the hotel. Now Bowdon's version comes in:

The hotel man sent a horse and buggy to look after them. The livery man caught up with them after quite a drive and they were alongside a small stream that could easily be stepped over, but they were undressed. The livery man asked their trouble, and they told him they set out for a fifteen minute walk to the hills hours ago and were no nearer than when they started, and so they were ready to swim the stream, though it looked narrow enough to step over.

How the people drove. The man who lived where the cotton wood trees were, had to come in for Dr. one night because his wife was sick. His wife told me later he was gone just a little over an hour, driving eighteen miles. He came into town, awoke Dr., went to the livery barn, changed horses, came back to the house for Dr., and drove home again.

How Doctor and I enjoyed those boys. So many people look upon cowboys as an ignorant crude lot, but those boys were not,

some were college educated, and a finer bunch I never met.

One night, in the small hours, we heard some shooting and next morning, while I was getting breakfast, Dr. said he would go down street and see what the shooting was over. He found that a young man, a new commer, had made some remark about one of the girls, which may have been true, but the boys were not letting anyone talk of the girls. So the boys ordered him to pack his valise and leave town. They picked him up, tied him in the back of a light wagon, and took him out some miles in the country. As the wagon started from town, some shots were fired to let him know he was never to come back to Bowdon again. When they drove out some miles, they let him out. He did not come back while we were there.

A well about one hundred feet deep and four feet square was dug, and it had two buckets hung by a rope over a bar that was a few feet above the well. By pulling on a rope, you lowered one bucket and the other came up with the water in it. I was down one evening after a pail of water and as I was pulling on the rope, I felt myself going and it took all the fight in me to keep from being drawn into that well. I never went down there alone again, but Mrs. Ohnstad and I would go together.

Before I arrived in Bowdon, a woman died, a few miles in the country. She was from North Carolina and had married a ranch man in North Dakota. He had been anything but a desirable husband. When she died the neighbors were in and the husband told them to take the body and drop it into an unused well. They refused to do so, said she had to have a coffin and be buried like other people, so he told them they could use the boards from his pig pen. They made the coffin and gave her a proper burial.

Her sister, a maiden back in the east, learned, either from her sister or neighbors, what kind of a husband he was, and sent word she would come out and keep house for him.

He gladly accepted the offer, she came and treated the widower so nicely, he asked her to marry him. She accepted, and, to the amazement of the neighbors, married him. Then her manner changed and she used him as he had used her sister and soon had him just where she wanted him. She had all the property in her name and she told the neighbors, she married him purposely to revenge him for the way he had treated her sister.

When Alberta was two weeks old, the preacher came to me and asked me if I would be superintendent of a Sunday School he was trying to get organized. There was a hall over one of the stores that could be used for the school. Of course I could not sing, but Mrs. Ohnstad said if I would lead the school, she would lead the singing.

We had quite a Sunday School, all classes of people, Protestants as well as Catholics. There were Russians, Swedes, Norwegian, and Americans among the children, about twenty in

all and some could speak only their own language. However it was a place for the children to meet and was a change. We carried on from about June fifteenth until November, when I was leaving for British Columbia. Then a woman said she would have the Sunday School in her home.

No rain came to Bowdon, from the time I went there in February until the Fourth of July and what a rain we had that day. The grain began to come up, after the rain, as the land had been so dry the grain just lay in the ground, and the flax began to grow.

Then when the wheat and flax were ready to head out, a hot wind blew all day long. As we sat out doors in the shade of the house, our eye balls seemed to be on fire and we could watch the flax, just beyond our lot, twist around, as it would near a hot stove, and dry up. When the wind ceased, the flax and corn looked as if frost had come and in place of being green, it was brown and the wheat the same.

No grain left to develop. Those that cut and threshed their wheat received about one half bushel per acre for labor and seed.

I will give you one example of what the farmers suffered that year. Doctor was downtown one day and met a man coming from the elevator. He asked Dr. how much his doctor bill was. Dr. asked him what he had to pay the bill and the farmer said he had just sold his grain. He had eighteen dollars to pay his hired man, to keep his family through the winter, and to pay his doctor bill. Dr. said, "My bill is nothing". This took place time after time. One man said, "Two years ago we lived on coffee and bread, last year we had potatoes added to the coffee and bread. This year I guess it will be coffee alone. We have neither potatoes or bread.

One week we counted eighteen covered wagons leaving the country, going back home. However the people were always cheerful, the sun always shone, and they looked forward to the next spring, hoping that it would be a better year.

As I said, we bought our water for washing and cleaning. When I washed, Mrs. Ohnstad would get my suds and scrub her floor and I did the same when she washed. One day I was in her house when she was washing dishes with a very tiny cloth. I said, "How can you wash dishes with such a small cloth?" She said, "If I get a larger one it will sop up all the water in the pan".

Dan Calbick came out to see us on his way home from a visit in British Columbia. He got at Dr. to go to British Columbia and raise chickens, and loaned him \$300 to start him up. Dr. was not gaining in strength and decided to try British Columbia.

I went first, as Dr. wanted to wait until Mrs. Ohnstad had her baby and our house was too cold to stay in with the children.

Life in Vancouver

On arriving in Vancouver, I took a cab and asked to be taken to Tom Calbick's. He was a policeman and brother to George Calbick and Dan Calbick, my brother-in-law.

I thought Tom could direct me to some rooms where we could live until Dr. arrived. Both Tom and his wife were so glad to see us, they would not let us go elsewhere.

Your grandfather, all his life, wanted to be on a farm, and during his life in medicine, looked forward to being on a farm. When in North Dakota he yearned to be on an island all by himself and family. One day, in talking to Tom Calbick I mentioned this desire Doctor had to be on a farm, and if he did not come home from uptown a few days later and say a friend of his was wanting a man to stay on his place, while he spent a while in England, and he would take me to him.

So I went to this man, who had an island, that he wanted a man to take care of. I said I would let my husband know about it, I made a mistake in not telling the man my husband was a doctor.

Tom, without saying a word, sent a telegram to Dr. to come and when Dr. went to see the man, he would not take the job. He had left the house in Bowdon to the lumber man. We did not have it all paid for, but the lot was, and I did not ask him what he did with the bedding and things. He probably left them to Mrs. Ohnstad.

We got a chance to rent a furnished house about half way between Vancouver and Westminister, at what was known as Central Park. The electric railroad ran between the two cities, and the owners of the house were people from Belleville, Ontario.

We lived there for a year, doing nothing, watching our small amount of money dwindle away. Oh, I should not have said doing nothing, as we raised some chickens. We were able to collect some from our former practice, but not a great deal.

When we had been in the house a short time, I said to Doctor one day, "I never saw so many spiders anywhere as in this house." He said he had seen any excepting hairy long legs and they were plentiful, but I said, "Little spiders".

One night I was moving Jim in his bed and Doctor was holding the lamp. I said, "There now. See those spiders." He said, "Woman, those are bed bugs." Oh, Oh, Oh, I was fairly sick. Never had I run up against bed bugs, and such a disgrace to have them.

Next morning we examined the bed and it was literally crawling, every crack was full of bugs. We took the bed down and out of doors, and I had to go to a neighbor and explain and ask her what I could do. How I hated to go over to this neighbor. I have a sinking feeling even now as I think of it.

When I told her my trouble, she did not laugh, but said, "Don't let that bother you. Bugs are in the trees. You can't get rid of them entirely but you can use kerosene and it will keep them down." So I borrowed her machine oil can and went over all the cracks of the floor upstairs, the bed was cleaned, the mattress was soaked with oil, and after a few days, I went over it again. I never saw another bug, of course we slept downstairs after that, both the children and ourselves.

When Sister Mary, her husband, Dan Calbick, and my sister Susie came out for a trip and spent a week with us, I would not let them take their trunks upstairs for fear there were some bugs around. Mary said she saw only one.

Across the road from our house, a Chinaman worked for a woman who had a traveller for a husband and she was alone most of the time. This Chinaman came over quite often to learn how to do things. The husband brought home some Belgian hares one time and John Chimaman came over to see what to feed them and how to make pens for them. When Doctor told him how to feed them, he said, "All the samey little cow." Then Dr. went over and helped him make the pens. He used to have a pig and in the small pig pen he kept a stove to have the place warm for the pig, so it would grow fast. If a Chimaman saw you doing something that was new to him he would say, "Show me." or, "Let me do it and you show me so I learn."

Across the road, a little to the west, lived an Englishman, his wife, and her brother. The man and wife came to call on us, and when I went to the door to let them in, I stood there for a moment just dumb. She was a very handsome woman and he was one of the homeliest men I ever sat eyes on. Perhaps the one made the other appear better or worse, I do not know. But her beauty and his homeliness stunned me and I could not think for a moment, then I invited them in.

He was a contractor and had a few men under him. One day he struck one of his workmen, and this man had his boss arrested. When the Englishman appeared in court and was confronted by his own workman, he said, "But this man is my own workman." The judge said, "You are living in Canada now, not England and your workman has the same privileges as the master in this country".

Dr. dropped in to their house one day and the wife was standing by the stove with a young duck in each hand, warming their feet. She was sure they would die with such cold feet.

The Englishman used to bring his cow to our place, in the dry season in the summer time, to water it, as we had a deeper well than he had. One day the cow drank and drank. Finally I said, "What do you feed your cow that it drinks so much?" He said that the cow had not been well and the veterinarian told him to give it a pound of epsom salts and there was none at the corner, so he decided to give it table salt, it was just as good. So he gave it the table salt and how that cow did drink.

We had another neighbor to the west of us. He was along in years and had two sons, in their twenties. They were digging a well, and the old man spent a good deal of time in the well digging. The sons decided to play a trick on him, and when the old man went for the mail, the two boys took down a few chunks of coal and buried them in the well. So when the father went down again to dig, he came across those pieces of coal and was quite excited over it. He told the neighbors how he was sure he was going to strike a vein of coal.

Another time the old man bought a rooster and was standing talking to a neighbor, who had called at his house. While he talked, he held the rooster under his arm with the head to the back, and the feet in his hand. A son came along and seeing the rooster under his father's arm stole up behind and cut the birds throat. The bird began to stir and the old man said, "Be still", and in a short time the bird quieted down.

The neighbor could hardly keep from laughing out. Finally the bird became lifeless and the old man saw what had been done. He did some sputtering but enjoyed the joke.

In going to the tram, which is English for street car, to go to the city, Dr. and I saw a man, near the road, walking back and forth with a crotched stick in his hand. Dr. called out, "What are you doing?" He said he was looking for water and asked us to come over to him. Then he handed me the stick and asked me to try what he was doing. You put your hands on the stick and hold tight as you walk along. So I walked back and forth as he had been doing and when I passed over a certain place, I could not hold the stick in place. It would turn although I gripped with all my strength, but when I passed that place, it would be back in the old position. They dug there for water and found it.

We were not much attracted to the English while we were living in the West. The women were dowdy in their dress. The men considered themselves above the Canadians and the Americans.

One day Dr. had to go to the tram station to get a piece of furniture that was crated. It was heavy and awkward to move and he worked and worked to get it on the wheel barrow he had taken to bring it home. Finally he managed to get it on the barrow, and all the time he was trying to get it loaded, an Englishman stood in the small station and never offered to assist in any way.

What a rage Dr. was in when he came home. He cursed the English and said that if that man had been the President of the United States standing there, he would have given him a hand with the crate.

We had a dog while we lived here. A Scotch terrier. I often wondered if it felt Alberta was his special charge. If I took her out for a ride in her baby buggy, that dog would come along and fight with every dog on the road, and always

fought at the side of the buggy. If I did not take Alberta, it remained at home.

I tried taking her and shutting the dog in the house but he became so frantic, Dr. let him out for fear he would go through a window.

Then we got a batch of chickens and they became his care. He would stand with his front feet on the board around the pen, and watch those chickens all the time they were being fed. Indeed so savage did he become that I would have been afraid to pick up a chicken.

We decided to get rid of him so Doctor poisoned it. It was gone for three days and came back. He shot it but only shot it through the lip and that did not kill it. He gave it to a man in Vancouver, but it saw one of our neighbors, followed him to the street car, and came home. He gave it to a man in Westminister. Two days later it arrived home. Then he gave it to a neighbor who had chickens and children, so wanted the dog. The man tied it with a rope, but the dog chewed the rope and came home. The man came for him and this time tied him with a chain and he remained this time.

Doctor was coming home, one night, from Vancouver and as he stepped off the car, the conductor said, "I hear a cougar is travelling tonight." As Doctor came the quarter of a mile home as quickly as he could, he could hear the big cat thrashing through the bushes parallel with the road and keeping up with him, just a couple hundred feet off the open road. Then Dr. had turned a corner to come a block or more to the house and he and the cat would meet on the road, but fortunately for him Richardson's pig pen was close to where the cat was jumping along. Dr. got home safely and next morning a young pig was missing.

It was a common thing to see bears crossing the road as one drove along, but they did not molest anyone, and deer were often seen at Central Park. Houses had been built along the road between Vancouver and Westminister, but there were no back roads from the highway, nothing but woods right up to the mountains.

The trees were very large. One stump in our yard, I measured with my arms and from finger tip to finger tip it took six times to get around it, so it was nearly thirty six feet around. Others were larger. Then these trees were very tall. Those pine trees seemed a hundred or more feet high. When trees were cut down, a platform would be built from ten to fifteen feet high. This was done to cut the tree down above the swell, thus leaving a high stump.

Tom Calbick was a constant caller on us and during the winter, he brought us chicken halibut. Boats would fish halibut and call at the Vancouver dock, and Tom would get them there. The chicken halibut were the young ones that measured about a foot across and two or two and a half feet long. We sliced them like beefsteak and fried them.

Then all summer we would have salmon. Along the Fraser River were fifty canneries, and at that time, five thousand boats started on Sunday evening to fish for salmon, during June and July, or July and August, I have forgotten which. They could not fish within a certain number of feet from the shore on either side of the river, and Friday night had to cease until six o'clock Sunday night, when a cannon was fired. The two day holiday was to allow fish to go up the river to spawn.

When we were in this house in Central Park, we had two near neighbors who had been in the circus for years, and it was a common thing to see the two women riding horseback, standing on the horse's back and going through their stunts. Keeping in practice and enjoying themselves.

The sisters had been in India a good deal, and I asked them if people became as lazy as I often heard they did. One said, "If I was sitting in this chair, a few feet from the table where there was water, I would not think of rising to get it. I would ring for a maid to hand it to me."

In British Columbia we seldom had any thunder storms, when we had rain. Sometimes we could hear away off a rumble in the mountains as if a storm was in process there.

Snow did not fall very much, some light flurries that would be gone in a day or two, but this winter we had one good snow storm. I should not say storm, for the snow just fell like rain, without any wind. I never saw such flakes of snow and next morning I never beheld such a sight. The snow had ceased, but everything was loaded. The evergreen trees were beautiful and the stumps had great caps of snow that looked like big white caps. Dr. shovelled the back door path and when he grew tired shovelling, he came in and took out a yard stick and found that the snow on the level was just three feet deep.

It remained on the ground for days and it was amusing, the things that were rigged up for sleds. As no one ever had any use for sleds, there were none in the community.

As we had the place rented for a year, the time was about up and we did not rereant, but moved into Vancouver. One of our neighbors came in one night and said he had been in to see a doctor and the doctor was very busy, so the man told him about Dr. Howell and was sure Dr. would be glad to go in and assist him. So the city man told him to have Dr. Howell come in. Doctor could not open a doctor's office as he did not have a Canadian license. Besides he was not able to do very much and helping in a doctor's office was just the thing for him.

So Dr. went in to see him and was hired to assist him. Until our rent was up, Dr. went in and out on the tram.

When we went into the city, we rented a couple of rooms, furnished, from a widow woman, who kept boarders. She had three boarders and she had two children of school age.

We were there but a short time when the woman took sick and asked me if I would do the work for her, and we could have our rooms free of rent as well as our board, while she was sick and until she was able to take over again. It was a big help to us.

The street car passed our house and one day Dr. saw the car stop near the house and on looking out saw Jim sitting on the track. The conductor was going to take him off the track. Well, his father warned him and I never saw him sit there again.

While I was downstairs doing the work, I did not want the children going up and down stairs, for they curved and had narrow steps near the railing, so easy to cause you to fall. So I would place a hen feather on the fourth or fifth step, and Jim would go up three or four steps and sit there but never would pass a feather. When he did not go upstairs, Alberta would not go up either.

Tom Calbick took your grandfather and me to all kinds of places, down through Chinatown, to a Chinese theater, Chinese funeral, and where ever he thought we would be interested.

The late King George (George V) and Queen Mary of England, who were then the Prince and Princess of Wales, visited Vancouver while we were there. He would be Queen Victoria's grandson.

We were living in Central Park when Queen Victoria died and I went in to the city to do some shopping and not a thing was open. I fooled around some hours but had to go home and come back next day. So I remember when she died. I thought it all right to close the stores the hour of her funeral, but all day, I though just too much.

Well the grandson and his wife were out to see the Province. Of course there was a great celebration. The Indians put on a canoe race with long canoes. I am quite sure there were twenty four in each canoe, sitting two in a seat, side by side, each with a paddle, and how beautifully they worked those paddles, just like clock work.

There was a great big platform built, with seats far back for the guests and the leading men of the city. Police kept the place clear so there would be no trouble, for those taking their seats, to walk along the carpeted walk. One man kept crowding to the outer edge of the crowd and in good view of the guests as they walked to their seats. The police were quite provoked.

Finally the Prince and Princess, with their escorts came along, and the Prince caught sight of this man and said, "Why George, are you here?", and stopped and shook hands with him. So did the Princess. It turned out that this man, who had been crowding to the front, had at one time been Queen Victoria's gardener.

After this happened, that man could go anywhere he wished, so far as the police were concerned.

An Indian band played. They were all fixed up with their beads and feathers and when they finished, the Prince stepped down from his high seat and shook hands with all the band players.

We had a seat in an upstairs room across the road from the platform and could see everything that was going on.

There were so many Chinese children with their parents in the street parade, and the little girls looked like butterflies with their fluffy silk dresses of delicate shades. Those children have remained in my memory very clearly ever since. They were such a picture.

Then the Prince and Princess were taken to a saw mill where a log was trimmed into a square timber, and when finished, it was four feet square and many feet long.

The town was all in gala array with flags and bunting, and in the evening the electric lighting was wonderful. Whole buildings were outlined with electric lights and the masts of the ships were strung with bulbs close to each other. There were three man-of-war ships in the harbor. It was very pretty.

When the procession passed from the mill back to the park, where they were going to have speeches etc. a few of us were standing at a street crossing and the Prince bowed very nicely. So I always say the Prince of Wales of England greeted me on that occasion.

This royal visitor raised my opinion of some Englishmen. He was very friendly.

While at the park, some children were talking and wondering which was the car the Prince rode in, when to their surprise a man spoke and said, "If you will come with me I will show you and let you sit in it." It was the Prince and these little things endeared him to the people of that city.

On one occasion Tom took us on board a man-of-war when it was in the harbor, of course it was British. We saw torpedo boats and stood beside a cannon while it was being fired, just to show how it worked. The navy man, who was taking us through the boat, told us to put our fingers in our ears so the noise would not effect them. There were hundreds of marines on the boat.

A sail boat was on the water and a sudden wind rose before the sails could be lowered. An order was given on the man-of-war to lower a boat and before the men in the sail boat realized they were in the water, as the sail boat capsized, the boat from the man-of-war was to their rescue.

We were on boats that plied between China and Canada, and Australia and Canada. Such big liners.

Our milkman was from New Zealand and he would often chat and tell of his home island. He considered it the greatest place for ease and play of any place in the world.

George Calbick took me out to Victoria Park in Vancouver one day, and there was a great tree there, whose roots stood out of the ground so a buggy could be backed into the space between the two main roots. Later on a road was made through this space.

The children seemed well while we lived in Central Park, but when we moved into the city, neither was well. Alberta took sore throat and Dr. called in another doctor. He said it was similar to diphtheria and advised a shot, so Dr. went to the drugstore and bought one. They called in doctor, when putting it in the needle, let it all spill on the floor and another one had to be purchased. Each shot cost two dollars and a half, so there was five dollars to a doctor who did not know his work, for it did not turn out to be diphtheria. But we kept sheets wet in antiseptic in front of our doors, to keep the boarders from contracting anything.

We had such a lot of fleas in Vancouver, and I have always thought this was the cause of Jim's sickness. They used to bite him so badly that lumps would rise in such swollen spots. I seldom slept through a night without getting up to get a flea off him. I would hear him restless and would rise and get the flea off him.

I would hang the children's gowns and blankets out on the line and put a pole under the line to raise them high. When I took the clothes down off the line, I would go over them carefully, killing all the fleas I could find, and many times would get a dozen or more.

They would fly up in front of you, as you walked, just like flies in the summer time.

I was out one afternoon, and a flea got in under my clothes. When I got home and removed my underwear, I had been bitten over twenty times from the hip to the knee. They did not poison me, but looked like pin pricks.

I learned to catch them in the night, or any time. If you catch one between your fingers and thumb, when you look for it you cannot find it for it has gone, but if you wet your finger and catch it, you have it. One becomes quite expert at night, wet your finger, reach down, and you have him, and Mr. flea cannot get away.

I did not connect up with any church while in British Columbia, but visited different churches in the city.

I went one Sunday to a Japanese Mission. I had always supported missions and wanted to see what was being done. It was all men. The Japanese were very nice, and one came to me with a hymn book and pointed to the hymn in English. One page was English and across it was in Japanese. I saw by the looks of the white leader, he did not want me there, so after a while I went out.

I could not get Tom Calbick to take me to a Chinese chapel, or temple as it was called. He would not state why.

Next door a case of small pox developed and we all were vaccinated. I waited until the other vaccinations took before I had mine, so Dr. and I would not be having sore arms at the same time. That was the first time vaccine ever took on me though I had been vaccinated six times or more. I had never seen people shut up in a city before, and was amused to see a policeman at the front of the house and one at the back, parading up and down all day, to keep people from coming in or going out.

Tom began acting very odd, and when I told Dr. about it, he told me Tom was going insane. I have forgotten what he called it, but it was caused by drink in certain climates.

He went down to see Tom and had a visit with him, and gave him some advice on what to do. Then he got in touch with George. Later on, George took Tom to a hypnotist and had him hyptonized. Tom was told that whenever he took a drink, he would vomit, and sure enough he did and finally gave up drinking.

One evening Dr. took me to see a man who could hyptonize, and I asked him to put me to sleep.

He started in by passing his hand across my forehead but not touching it, saying, "Sleep, sleep, sleep." This he did for some time, but I was wide awake, so he continued for a while and still I showed no signs of sleeping. Then he passed his hand a few times above the palm of my hand and asked me if it was cool or warm. I said it felt cool, so he said I was not a good subject. He called one of the girls of the house and in a few minutes she was asleep, or seemed to be. He asked her several questions such as the time of day, by his watch, etc. and she answered him, and in a few minutes he revived her.

Dr. was talking to a Chinaman and he noticed he had cut off his queue. At this time the Chinese still wore the queue. Dr. asked him if he was a Christian and he answered, "Not quite, but nearly." Then he asked Dr. if he knew Mrs. Roblin, or as the Chinaman said, "Missie Robbie". Dr. said he knew her, then he said "Missie Robbie find me workie. One day Missie Robbie came to me and said, "John, I want two bits (which is 25¢) for the Lordie". I gave Missie Robbie two bits for the Lordie. Missie Robbie nice woman, she find me workie. Then Missie Robbie come again and said, 'I want four bits for the Lordie', and I gave Missie Robbie four bits for the Lordie. Then one day Missie Robbie said, 'I want six bits for the Lordie', and I said 'Missie Robbie, is the Lordie always broke?' I gave Missie Robbie six bits for the Lordie, for Miss Robbie find workie for me."

Tom took me to a Chinese funeral and it was quite interesting. This was a Chinese of some importance, though he was not rich. The whole thing was held on a street in Chinatown. The coffin was in a wagon of some kind, not the ordinary wagon, with a box on it. The mourners sat in this wagon, all around

the coffin. Of course the mourners were hired mourners. The Chinese orchestra was made up of the queerest sounding instruments. The mourners would howl, which is the only word I can use to express the noise, and one person would call out something in a loud sing song way, then the orchestra, and this kept up for some time, first one taking part, then the other.

The street was packed with people standing. I do not recall all that was done, but all I remember was so much repetition, over and over. Of course if I had known Chinese it might not have been the same all the time. Even the orchestra seemed the same, just noise, but of course I do not know music. All sounds the same, some louder than others, some faster than others.

After an hour of this they moved on to the cemetery, with all the noise as they travelled the road, and as they rode along, pieces of paper about the size and shape of an American dollar bill, only much thinner, were thrown from the wagon with the corpse, by the mourners. This paper was punctured with Chinese diagrams and figures and was to take the place of money to pay the way back. At the cemetery, the body was put down and a box of clothes put above the coffin and such things as he would need to come back were put with the clothes.

Tom told us, provisions were also put in, and then the earth covered over it. On top a pig was placed, but they had ceased putting the pig on for at night Indians would come and remove the pig.

Of course the bodies were all taken up later and shipped back to China.

As Dr. worked at the other doctor's office, he met up with an Englishman. It seems to me that he first met this man when he went for a stroll in a nearby park. This Englishman was there and fainted and Dr. revived him.

He was what was called a remittance man. He was known as Lord somebody, I have forgotten his name which began with M. He had at one time been quite well to do, but lost his money and his folks sent him to Canada and gave him enough to have ten cents a day or ten cents a meal to live on. They did not want him in England.

Those remittance men were not what one likes to think an Englishman stands for. They object to working, as they are above such a thing. Work is only for the under dogs, and they consider the common people should think themselves honored to have an English Lord in their house, and should board them for nothing. If this is not the general feeling of those men, it was what this man stated on more than one occasion.

The scenery in British Columbia was wonderful and I loved the mountains and was homesick for them many times.

When I reached Ontario and saw everything so set, the fields fenced, and all civilized, I fear if I had been given a hundred dollars, I would have gone back to the mountains and found a place where there were no fleas.

But they are printed on my memory and I often go out and see clouds banked like mountains. In Central Park we could see Mt. Baker in Washington one hundred and twenty five miles away, snow capped the year around.

In British Columbia we had mountains that looked about four miles away, but they were forty miles. Then the tides, the boats, and the roughness of the scenery all attracted me.

We had the inlet where the boats from other countries came to the wharf. We could look out our back window and see these boats, and from another window see the mountains. The city would have a lovely building on a lot and the next lot would be timber or stumps.

This mountain, across the inlet, effected the winds, for they would swoop down and suddenly the water would be rough, just like the Sea of Galilee with its high hills.

On one occasion an Indian chief was crossing the inlet, in his sail boat, with his wife and three children. The wind arose and suddenly caught the sail and the boat turned over. The old chief had on long heavy boots and a belt of cartridges for his gun and he went down and did not come up. His wife could swim, so catching one child, she tucked it under one arm, and did the same for the second one. The third, she caught its clothes in her mouth and struggled to keep afloat till help arrived. It was not long coming, but all three babies were drowned. She could not keep their heads out of the water. The funeral was one of the largest held in that city.

The Chinamen were very fine and we liked them. We have had some at our table. It was amusing to hear them say, "How doie Missie Howie."

I have often walked down through Chinatown, and the Chinese were through their day's work, their old clothes thrown off and their Chinese garments put on. Their faces were clean, their coats black silk lined with white silk, black silk trousers, a small black silk cap and their queues, braided and either hanging near the sidewalk or tucked into a pocket of the coat. They were a picture.

Dr. and a friend of his started out one Chinese New Year's day to get something in a Chinese store. The Chinese were not selling on New Year's day, but would give it to them, and the Chinese treated them to a Chinese drink. So they went to another store for amusement and the same thing. That night Dr. talked and talked and could hardly eat, he had so much to say. Finally I learned what had happened and found he was drunk on Chinese something.

You may be interested to know how the Chinese got into Canada, having to pay so much a head to get in. Well, a well to do Chinaman will pay their way over and pay the head tax, and in exchange the Chinaman sells the wealthy man his soul. All the money he earns is turned over to the wealthy man until he had the debt paid and his soul released. Of course he has

to be fed and clothed, so the wealthy man sells him his food and clothes and can charge any price he chooses, depending on how honest he is, until the Chinaman has all paid and is free.

White is mourning in China and no white hens are ever eaten by them. If a Chinaman is doing house work he will not prepare a white chicken for the family, so people did not raise white birds.

They used to do a lot of gardening and grew celery. All their urine was saved in barrels, until the celery was ready for use and for sale. Then it was bleached in those barrels of urine, until the authorities stepped in and stopped it.

Their New Year celebration was very interesting. They would have great strings of fire crackers and these would be fastened out of a top window in a two, three, or four story house, not one string but many of them. At a certain time they would be lit, and if you ever heard popping going on it would be then, for that fire would follow up the strings.

When we found it was not wise to keep the children in British Columbia any longer, if we wanted to keep them with us, we decided that I would come east with them.

To get the money to buy my ticket which was ninety dollars, second class, we had to sell or pawn everything we could to raise the money. I went to the pawn shop with my watch and your grandfather's watch as well as our stock of solid silverware and a solid gold chain I had for my watch.

This chain was heavy and was a yard and a quarter or half long. These chains were worn around the neck and hung down to below the waist line and up to the little pocket at the waist line in which the watch was kept.

I will never forget the expression on the pawn shop man's face when he opened your grandfathers watch and saw the engraving in it. He read the engraving, looked at me, and read it again, then said, "I will hold this watch as long as I can to give you a chance to redeem it."

It was the only thing Dr. was able to redeem. He received very little for his work in the doctor's office, but we were glad of that little to live on, if he could only regain his strength to get working for himself again.

The night before we left, all we had in the house was corn meal, as we had used up all or packed it for our homeward lunch. As I was getting the meal cooked for supper, in came a man and his wife from Central Park to have supper with us before I left. I had to send Dr. to the corner store and charge a few things. At supper time I told them what we were going to have ourselves. The man said, "Why didn't you give that to us? We like corn meal."

So, when people come in now, I give them what I have on hand. If they want a good meal, let them notify me.

Novesta

I started east with the children. One less than two years old, the older not four years old. Jim was so sick he lay down on a seat, and for a day and night never sat up.

I could not afford a sleeper, as I had only seventy five cents over my ticket, and I had to buy milk at ten cents a pint for the sick son. So I put one child on one seat and one on the seat which I turned so the seats faced each other, and putting a suit case on the floor between the two seats, I sat on it, between the children for fear either one might roll off the train seat, and this way we slept for four nights.

Just before we reached the mountains, or while in them, there was a washout of the track and we were delayed several hours before the train could cross over. I was very anxious for fear we would be detained and miss some of our connections, but the train made up time when it got going again.

Quite a few people were on the train. One woman was accompanied by two men and thirteen children. I learned one wife had died and they were going back to the east. The children belonged to both families. The woman sat with a lunch box or basket by her side and seemed to be kept busy all the time, handing out something to eat to a hungry child.

Going through the mountains, the most of them took croup and a man was busy with a bottle and spoon, giving them medicine.

The next day, some of the crowd opened a window where the man had put the medicine on the sill and the bottle fell out. So at the first train stop he was out to get another bottle full, to be ready for the night.

When those people first arrived on the train I was amused at the amount of stuff they carried. Every one, even the small children, was loaded down with such a variety of things. Then as we stopped at a station where Indians were on the platform selling stuff, these people were out and came back when the train was ready to move and they had with them a supply of Indian stuff such as hat racks of deer horns and a variety of things. I wondered how they were going to carry all the stuff off the train, but their lunch basket would not be as heavy as when they came on board.

We went to Fort William by train, then took the boat, as the ticket was cheaper going part way by boat. The ticket agent in Vancouver told Doctor, when he bought the ticket, we would have sleeping quarters and every accomodation, only on a cheaper scale to a first class ticket. Knowing how nice travelling second class was on the train, I thought we would be comfortable on the boat. We would have to pay for our meals as that was not included in the price of the ticket.

So you can imagine my feelings when I was taken below, into the hold of the boat, with board bunks, no mattress, no bedding, or anything for comfort. Two young women with me and their

brothers were in the same kind of a place for men.

One of the young women was a good piano player and before the boat got under way, and before we were sent below to our quarters, she spent a good deal of time at the piano in the first class part of the boat, while it was taking on cargo. Finally a ship's officer came along and ordered all the second class passengers to go below.

I had no bedding and to put a sick child on those bunks just tore my heart. I put their clothes from the suit case under them, put them in the bunk and put my coat over them. Then leaning my head on the side of the bunk, I prayed, I said, "I ask nothing for myself but for my poor sick child, Oh, God take care of him."

Then one of the young women said, "I saw a woman upstairs with a fur robe. I will go upstairs and ask her for it," and up she went and brought it down. So I put it under the children and put their clothes over them.

I was getting ready to lie down beside the children, when a ship's officer came in and ordered us all upstairs to state-rooms.

It happened, before we left the dock, a bunch of Italians came on board and they were sent into the room with the two young men who were brothers of the two young women with me. These young men kicked up such a fuss about being in with the Italians and the odor, that the young men were moved to our quarters and we women and children got first class accomodations. So my prayer was answered and deep gratitude filled my heart.

As I was getting the robe ready to return to its owner, the young woman who borrowed it, asked me if I would leave it for her brother so they would have something to lie on. I explained to the owner of the robe and she received it the next morning.

Just think of the kindness of people. This strange young woman and her friend who had nothing to sleep on either under or over, borrowed the robe to help the children have a softer bed.

The trip was a very rough one and in the night I awoke. One moment I seemed to be standing on my head, then the next I would be standing on my feet. The boat was rocking so badly in the choppy sea. I had no sense of fear. If I went down, so would the children.

I was quite amused when the next morning I heard the piano going again and saw the second class passenger making herself at home. I bet the officer, who ordered us below, looked sour every time he saw her, for he was none to civil the day before.

The second day on the boat, a matron came into my state-room with a bowl of broth and I tipped her ten cents, leaving twenty five cents in my purse, and about three hundred miles

to go and having to change from boat to train and from train to train several times.

When the boat landed, I said to the purser, "How long before the Grand Trunk train leaves?" He said, "Are you going on it?" I said I was, and he grabbed Alberta in his arms and a suit case in one hand, and I caught up Jim and a suit case and we ran. He called a cab and told him to hurry, we had five minutes to drive a mile to catch the train.

We just stepped on the back platform of the train when it pulled out, I never thought till long afterwards that I never paid the cab man, and he had to hurry, for it was a horse drawn cab. Had no time to think of anything but getting on the train.

As we neared the next change, I asked the conductor if the trains made connection and he said they did not but the other train might be delayed, and he would try and make it. So we made it and I got aboard with the conductor's help. The trains were side by side.

Then there was the connection at Stratford. I knew this place well. The worst place I ever changed trains. By the timetable, the train to Goderich was to leave twenty minutes before the train I was on was due to arrive. I would have to go two hundred feet or more from where my train stopped to the track the other train was on. I did not know how ever I was going to manage two suit cases and two children. Jim was able to walk a little, which was a help, but could not go fast.

Well, just as we were nearing the station, the car door opened and a commercial traveller walked in from the smoker. He recognized me at once, I had bought many hundred dollars of goods from him, but that was five years or more before. He came to me at once and said, "Where ever did you come from?" I told him and he said he did not believe I could connect, then looking out the window, as we were slowing to a stop, he said that the train was still at the station. He picked up a suit case of mine along with his own and we hurried out and again just stepped onto the train when it moved off and we had to go in with the train moving. The traveller was not taking the train.

There was still one more thing. Would my brother be at the station? I had sent them word when I expected to arrive, but had they gone to the post office, two miles from home, in the busy seeding time on the farm? I was to arrive in Clinton at ten o'clock at night.

The station was a mile from a decent hotel and no bus to meet the train at this hour of the night, and you can only imagine my relief when we stopped, to see my brother on the platform.

My trip was over and what a trip, seven days and six nights travelling. Could anyone ever doubt there was a divine providence, after that journey.

I went to my father's and Jim could neither walk or talk

when we reached there. He spent some time in bed or on a couch and gradually began to improve. As his speech began to come back he had great difficulty with some words, especially words beginning with K, and from that time on, stuttered more or less.

We happened to come home at a very good time. My sister Susie had not been well, and Mother tried to save her as much as she could, and the well had needed cleaning out. It was just a shallow well, only eighteen feet deep, but a spring ran into it at that depth, and we had a good supply of water, but for some reason or other it was not just right for drinking.

So for a few weeks the drinking water had been carried from a neighbors well, across the road from our house, a distance of two or three blocks. Mother, a woman past sixty years of age, did the carrying of the water. The men had been too busy getting in the crops, to fix the well, until the day I arrived. We had a small well at the barn, but that was not considered fit for drinking.

By the time I arrived, the well was in good shape again, and while I was putting the children to bed, upstairs in my old room, Mother fell off her chair in the kitchen, in a faint. She seemed to have carried on as long as she could and when relief came, both in an extra worker and the well in shape, she collapsed.

So it was up to me to step in and take the burden of work off the women's shoulders. I did step in and I have felt that I repaid them for the many meals we had at home the months we were there, or at least a good share was repaid.

The months I was there were very hard on me. I had so little money as Doctor could only send me a few dollars from time to time. The children grew better but no prospect of Doctor getting enough ahead to come home and start up in practice, and I was very sensitive about having to stay at home, even if I was working hard. I would hear things from other people, for instance I went into the Post Office one day and when I came out I stood on the platform a minute or two and heard someone inside, who must have thought I was gone say, "Well I guess Sarah Acheson did not get much even if she did marry a doctor."

I did not think I had ever high hatted any one, but I suppose they expected me to sail right ahead financially. The public little knows how much a doctor does for nothing, never expecting to get anything, and the townships or towns did not pay bills for the poor patients as they do today, if asked, nor do they know of the money a doctor never gets from people who should pay.

I remained at home until the children were well again and Susie and Mother were in good condition, then we went to Doctor's father's home in Hanover, where he was stationed, preaching.

Alberta was very fond of pie, and so was her grandfather.

She always sat next to him, and always received a very generous helping of pie, despite my protests, I would hear, "The paste is not rich and it will do her no harm."

One day she and Jim were playing in the wood shed and Lulu and I were sitting within hearing distance. They were getting quite quarrelsome so I warned them to be companionable or they would likely end up with a whipping. Lulu said, "Now Sarah you would not whip those small children. I do not approve of punishment." They kept on and finally I went to them, gave each a little warming, and went back to my place. They immediately calmed down and were as good as good could be. Lulu said, "Well, this is once I change my mind. That punishment certainly has improved those children."

We also visited my sister Mary and her husband Dan Calbick in Woodstock, and while we were there Will Howell and his wife visited us for part of a day, on their way to Hanover.

Doctor's father was attending some meeting near us and came to my home to visit us. On leaving he put five dollars in my hand and then sent enough money to British Columbia to bring Dr. home.

I do not remember what month he came to see me and the children on his way from British Columbia, but he came before he went to his father's home. On arriving there, his father fitted him out with new clothes and gave him one hundred dollars to start him out again.

He went to Detroit and learned that a Dr. Foote, in Novesta, wanted to leave there. Dr. went to see him and arranged to take over his practice. I do not know if he paid anything outside of a note a farmer held against Dr. Foote that had to be taken care of. So some arrangement was made that Dr. Howell would pay the note and the horse and buggy and drugs became his. There was a little furniture, but not much, and Dr. Howell bought it, but he could not have paid much for it, for he had money enough to send for me and feed us for some time, together with what he took in for his work.

So I was sent for and again moved back to Michigan to begin housekeeping with my husband and two children.

Novesta was a very small place, but I believe it is smaller today. We had a good store, a blacksmith shop, a church, and about six houses in all, not counting farm homes near by.

The house we lived in was quite close to the road, indeed it had been a barn, or at least that is what we were told, but I have always thought it had been a barn and horse stable combined. You know, one of those buildings where the hay is stored upstairs, the buggy and wagon below, and behind the buggy part was the horse part. But whatever it had been, it was a dwelling place now.

An outside stairway went up to the upstairs part, and there Dr. kept his medicines. The other doctor had used it for his

office. Downstairs there was a room about twelve by fourteen feet and off this room was a bedroom which would be about eight by twelve. Behind the living room and bedroom was a room that extended the full width of the two rooms and was about nine feet deep.

In the front room was an outside door and a window and a half, the other half being in the bedroom. The room behind had one window and a door leading out doors. We had no water of any kind. We had to catch rain water in a barrel and for drinking water we went across the road where there was a well but no dwelling house.

The partitions in the house were made of studding as is the usual thing for dividing rooms, but in place of lath and plaster there was just building paper. In playing, the children would lean up against the wall, if they leaned against a studding all right, but if they leaned between studding, they found themselves in the other room. They had fallen through the building paper. But they were careful. I kept nailing pieces of board from wooden boxes on the walls which made the walls more secure for them.

The place was very cold. It was in this house that Alberta asked me to put on a fire, when there was already a good fire in the stove, but she vowed it was dead out.

At night, in the winter time, I kept the eatables on a couch with a fur robe over them, and if Dr. was out I sat up and kept the fire on until he returned. Many a time I got up to feel the children's ears and noses to see if they were frozen.

The bed the children slept on was made of two by four studs, and a stud down the middle to keep them from quarreling at night or shoving each other out of bed. These studs were covered with white duck and with a couple of good quilts under and over them they slept very well. The quilts were heavy and large enough to double under them. I always had plenty of bedding. The bed was four or five feet long and higher at the head than foot. This was so they would not need pillows.

For our bed, we had a straw mattress, no springs, just slats. Then there was a sheet iron stove, a couch, a table and a few chairs, a rocker, cook stove, and a kitchen table. These made up the furniture of the house.

We had no clock and had to guess the time for meals and everything else, as your grandfather's watch, which he had redeemed, would not go, and he had been unable to redeem mine. So when I thought it was time, I put the children to bed and went ourselves by guess. The church bell helped us on Sunday. After we got a clock, I learned the children often went to bed by six o'clock.

This clock we received was a Christmas gift from Father Howell and he left the man in the shop to parcel it and mail or express it to us. When it came, it had been wrapped in tissue paper and put in a paste board box, and when we got it the glass

was broken, but it would run and served the purpose very well until we were able to get a glass put on it.

As I have stated, the house was cold. How could it be otherwise without plaster on the walls. Just building paper. I had brought some fruit with me, from home, and I put it upstairs. When I wanted a can of fruit, I would go upstairs, pick up the fruit, brush off the glass which would be broken, the fruit frozen solid, and bring the fruit down to thaw out.

One day I happened to say to a patient, that had come in, that we had escaped having a cold all winter, none of us had had a cold. The man said, "How could you contract a cold when there is no difference in the atmosphere indoors or out of doors". So there is some advantage in living in such houses.

After we had been in Novesta a few weeks, Dr. thought if we moved to Deford we might get a better place to live in. We were four miles from Deford where there were twenty five or more houses and no doctor. While in Novesta, we were four miles from Shabbona and a doctor was located there. Deford was seven miles from the nearest doctor. Then Deford had more business places and the railroad passed through so it had a station. Two trains came from each direction every day.

In Deford, the parsonage was empty, and Dr. decided to think over moving to Deford, for things looked good, or at least better than where we were.

We drove back to Novesta after looking over Deford, and Dr. decided to stay where we were for a while. He said he was doing the Deford work now and if he left Novesta, the Novesta people would be sore and not employ him. The outcome was, we remained in Novesta.

I was sitting on the door step when Dr. told me his decision I said, "It is as you say", but Oh, the sinking of my heart as I thought of giving up a decent house. Dr. said, "I know it is hard on you, but I think it is best to remain". And we did.

While we were in Novesta, Jim's Sunday School teacher died and her class was asked to sit in the front at the funeral. I attended the funeral and Alberta sat with me, and when the people went forward to look at the corpse, I kept my seat. So many began to weep as they viewed the remains and Alberta said, "What happens when they go up there? Do they take sick?"

In one of the homes in this burg was a young woman who began to act queer. Doctor was called in to see her and the merchant went with him. The merchant sat on a chair and was smoking a cigar. The young woman sat in a rocking chair facing him and some little piece apart. As she rocked back and forth, she hitched her chair a little closer to him. Finally when she drew near to him, she rocked back, hoisted her foot, and kicked the cigar from his mouth. Doctor laughed over this many times.

One day in the fall, a horse and buggy (what is called a democrat) drove up to the door, with three men on the seat, and

two standing behind. One man was hurt, he had caught his hand in a corn shredder and it had drawn the arm in and mangled it past the elbow. He stood up to get out of the buggy and the sheet that was wrapped around him fell off. In all my years of working in the office, when Dr. needed me, I never saw such a sight. All the skin and bone were gone but the muscles were hanging and dripping blood. The men had tied the arm tight so the artery was shut off. They had come in four or five miles, and Dr. had to send to Shabbona for another doctor to come and help him. When he came I chloroformed the man while the two doctors took off the arm above where it was lacerated.

Alberta and Jim kept passing in and out of the room and at times would stand for a while and watch proceedings, while the men who came with the man would come in for a look. They would stand a moment or two then turn and go out and when they got up nerve again would return. After going out a couple times and returning, I heard one man say to the others, "Just look at that woman. It does not seem to effect her. How does she stand it?" And out they went again to get a breath of fresh air. When the job was done I made him a strong cup of tea and they started for his home, near Shabbona, where the other doctor lived, and he did the daily dressing of the arm. Before he left I heard Dr. Howell say, "Now I want you to keep out of doors as much as possible, and every day." He got well.

A few years ago, one of our friends had a similar accident. He was rushed to Bad Axe Hospital and was there over a month. In those days, when we were in Novesta, we had no hospital closer than Detroit or Saginaw. We had no nurses.

Shortly after the arm accident, in Novesta, another accident took place six miles south. A man was in a field on his farm, with a gun, hunting. In getting through a fence, the gun went off and shot him in the leg. Doctor happened to be visiting a patient in the neighborhood and they got him at once. He sent to Marlette for a doctor to help him cut off the leg at the knee. Dr. had to go, for days to dress this man's limb, and took me along until a member of the family had the courage to help him.

We had a family near Novesta who were very shiftless, at least the man was. She was a short woman and very stout. We took our milk from them, having to walk a quarter of a mile from our house for the milk.

On going there one day, and on entering the house, I was surprised to find a stick of wood about five feet or more long in the stove, that is, one end was in the stove and the other end was on a chair. As the end in the stove burned, it was shoved farther in. This saved the man the trouble of cutting the wood into stove length.

The man used to drink a good deal but they went to a camp meeting and he was converted. So he stopped drinking and began having family worship. One night, when praying, he asked for a sack of flour, as their flour was about used up, and before retiring, put the empty sack out doors, to make it convenient for the Lord to fill it. Well, morning came, but the sack was

still empty, so he had to take some wheat to the mill and have some flour ground from the wheat.

A couple of years later a cyclone passed over this section of the country and their house was blown away. The man and his wife went out doors when they saw the storm coming. He was lifted and let down about fifty feet away. She lay down, and when the storm was over, two large sills from a barn half a mile or more away lay by her, one on each side and she was not injured, though the sills were less than a foot from her.

The station agent in Deford began trying to persuade Doctor to go to Deford, and finally told him, if he did not go there, they would advertise for a doctor to locate there. So we went there.

We had been nearly a year in Novesta, when Doctor's father passed away. So Doctor went to Belleville where the body was taken for burial and the service was held in the same church where he had been ordained forty years before.

The morning Doctor left, I told Jim his father had gone to Belleville because his father had died. Jim said, "Then Grandpa has gone to Heaven". I said, "Of course he has". Then he began to laugh and how he laughed, four years old and laughing over his grandfather going to Heaven. So I asked why he laughed and he said, "Just think, Grandpa will see all the babies before they come to earth."

We had been a little over a year in Novesta and had become acquainted with the people around that part of the country and they stayed with Dr. if anyone needed a doctor, after we moved to Deford.

When we spoke of going to Deford, the year before, the parsonage was empty, but a minister had come there, so that building was closed to us. The only place we could find to live in was rooms over a store, with an outside stairway.

All water and wood had to be carried up stairs, and waste stuff such as ashes etc. were carried down. We had four rooms here, all plastered and papered, but no water, no sink, no closets, no cupboards or anything convenient.

We arrived with our household belongings and furniture on a Saturday afternoon. On Sunday morning I picked up some garments from the floor and found bed bugs crawling on them. Doctor spoke to the owner of the store, and he arranged to have the health officer, a farmer, come and fumigate the place.

We went to church for service and I sat in agony all the time for fear a bug would be seen, crawling on me or one of the children. In my home a bed bug was a disgrace to the person it was on. In British Columbia, it was a common thing to see people, on the tram, with bed bugs on their clothes, but we were not there now.

From where I sat, my attention was drawn to a woman who sat a little ahead of me and a little to one side. As I looked at her I thought it would have been impossible for the creator to produce a homlier face on a human being. Later on when I began to know her, I never noticed her face, for she was such a lovely character her features were lost to view.

Doctor used to call her a diamond in the rough. I will speak of her several times in this chapter, as we became great friends. We, as well as the whole village, called her Aunt Minerva, and her husband Uncle Joe. He had been in the civil war and was lame from having been shot in the knee.

We lived in these rooms over the store for about a year and it was while we lived here that the children contracted their first of children's diseases and this was whooping cough. Alberta began coughing, then Jim began to cough. There were no serums in those days to lighten the cough, or to save them from contracting it. So we just had to let it run its course.

One of my kettles had a hole in it. The one I used for cooking my potatoes, so I used a small tin pail with a lid on it that shut on tight. The kind molasses is put in. I was using this pail until I could get my kettle mended or purchase a new one. Deford did not have any in the stores.

I wanted to see if the potatoes were cooked, and so I pried up the lid and just as soon as the lid was loosened, the steam blew it up and the water gushed up like a geyser. Some of the water struck the ceiling and some of it struck me in the forehead, as I was leaning forward.

I put up my hand to forehead and the skin peeled off. Having

no vaseline in the drug shelves, I sent Alberta to Mr. Croup's store for some. I sent a note stating what I wanted it for. Mrs. Croup came over to see me. I bandaged my head to keep the air from the scalded forehead, the pain was very severe.

In a few minutes Doctor came in and seeing me bandaged, asked what the trouble was. I raised the bandage and grimaced with pain as the air effected the sore. He stood a moment looking at me and finally said, "Well, how would you like to spend a while in Hell." Mrs. Croup was shocked at such a remark, but he said it just to shock her.

A few days before this scalding of my forehead happened, I had chloroformed a man while Doctor removed a finger. Dr. had been going daily to see this man and dress the hand. He lived a mile and a half from town. The day after I was scalded he did not get to this patients house until after dark. On coming out of the house he stepped off the veranda a little too far to one side, thus missing the steps and fell, striking his side on the steps and breaking two or three ribs.

He drove home and painfully came up the steps to ask me to go down and unharness the horse. I did so and fixed it for the night then came back, helped him take off his clothes and strapped him up with adhesive tape.

For days, I had to harness the horse and hitch it to the buggy while Dr. managed to drive it with one hand. On his return, I would again look after the horse. After a couple or three weeks he was able to care for his horse again himself.

We had taken in a quarter of beef, on account, and I told a poor woman, if she came up, I would give her a piece of it. The weather was cold, and the meat, in large chunks, was frozen. I began cutting a piece off with a knife and it was slow work.

She stepped out on the stair landing, picked up the axe we kept there, came in with it, and putting the meat on a chair, she raised the axe and brought it down on the meat. She succeeded in smashing the chair in two pieces, but the meat was not severed.

She immediately placed the meat on another chair and was about to strike it again, but I halted her and taking the axe from her, I went to the stair landing where some wood was piled. Taking a block, I placed the meat on it and cut it myself, but not before the people in the store below called up to know what was going on over their heads. I never offered her frozen meat again, unless I cut it myself and took it to her.

We were upstairs over this store about a year, when a family, who were living in a white cottage on a little rise of ground, left town and we had a chance of getting it to rent. I was very surprised to find how hard life was living up stairs, having to carry all water up stairs as well as wood and other things, and how hard wash days were, taking up water and wet clothes down.

While we were living upstairs over the store, I had been in

Uncle Joe's house at different times and the front room had a dark wall paper. A blue with green leaves on it, while the carpet was another color and the couch still a different color. I always thought that room the most unpleasant room I had ever been in.

When we rented the cottage, we did so without ever being inside the building and when I went in to clean it up, you can imagine my horror to find the hideous blue and green wall paper on the wall, the same as at Joe Lewis', and our carpet was a woolen ingrain with shades of brown or deep red and cream and our couch harmonized with our carpet, but not with the wall paper.

I did not feel we could repaper the walls nor had we the money to buy a new carpet. I had read in the Ladies Home Journal a short time before that denim was being used for floor covering. So I went to the store and bought up a bolt of blue denim, which was used so much to make work pants for men. I spread it on the floor, the wrong side up, and was surprised and pleased to see how nicely it blended with the wall paper. So I bought enough for the floor, the couch, and drapes for the two windows, and used the wrong side of the material uppermost. The wrong side was lighter than the right side, which was quite dark. We had a room pleasant to be in and the entire cost was only three dollars.

So many of our callers would remark about the room and more than one said it was the most restful room they had ever been in, and asked what made the room so pleasant. There is nothing expensive, I would say, it is because everything harmonizes. The windows, of course, had white lace curtains on them, the drapes were at the side of the windows.

Then the denim was so easy to sweep, and being over the old carpet, was easy to tread on.

In this house, we had a front room with bedroom, then dining room and kitchen and two bed rooms were off each of them, one off each room. In front of the dining room, was a nice veranda. The veranda was even with the wall of the living room, so a door opened into the living room, and one into the dining room. Doctor used the living room for his office and any extra patients coming to the office were taken into the dining room.

We began raising chickens, while in this house. We bought an incubator and hatched and raised over four hundred chickens in a summer. I also experimented in fattening chickens. I had to keep close to the house, tending the office, answering the phone, and looking after Doctor's work and I had to have something outside to give me fresh air. As the land our house was on was just sand, we did not have a garden. We had to carry our drinking water half a block, but we had a soft water cistern.

We were pretty well crowded in this house, but the children being small helped out as they slept in one room for a while, then we fixed up the other room. The drugs had to be kept in my shelves and anywhere we could store those that would not go into the shelves. Then having no clothes closets, boxes were stored

under the beds and where ever we could store them.

We had a nice stable and barn combined on this place and a chicken house as well as a root house. Having no cellar, this root house was good to hold our vegetables and other things.

We kept, in our drugs, a small pill called Corrective Infants, which were first made by Dr. Ives of Detroit. They were very good for children. After I began raising chickens, some of them took sick and I fed them some of Dr. Ives' pills, and when Dr. was in Detroit on one occasion, he told Dr. Ives what I was doing with his pills. He laughed and said, "Another use for those fine pills." So they were good for chickens as well as for children.

In Deford, we had some characters, as every town had. One man was a good, honest, hard working farmer. He was helping erect a barn and one beam extended out too far and he climbed up to cut it off, and stood on the end of the beam that was being cut off. The other men watched him for awhile, and called to him to stand on the other part of the beam, before he had cut it off.

On another occasion, he was trimming a log with some men and he got too near the man in front of him. He brought down his axe, cutting the man's hip, and he set off on the run to town for the doctor. Passing a house, the man saw him running so hard, and called to him asking what was the hurry. Mr. Bruce called back, "I am after the doctor." The man said, "I will give you a horse to ride," and Mr. Bruce answered, "I am in a hurry, I've no time to take a horse."

We had another family named Whithey. One time five in the family were down with typhoid fever at the same time.

On one occasion, we had a good revival in the church, and a number of young people joined the church. I said to the preacher, "Now it will be up to the church to put on something interesting for the new members, such as Epworth League, ball games, and such things." He said, "We have our church service and our prayer meeting for them." I answered, "You have always had them but it will not hold them. They need more. Services and prayer meetings are needed, but young people want fun as well as church going."

I still think, by having the young people having a good time through the week, we would have more out to church.

While we were in this cottage in Deford, we had a cyclone pass over. Doctor was standing at the door looking at a storm coming up. He came to the kitchen, where I was washing dishes, and said, "If you have a fire in the stove, I think it would be as well to let it go out. There is a bad storm coming." I went to the door to see and sure enough, that funnel from the cloud was waving back and forth. I went back to the kitchen, took the lid off the stove, and emptied my dish water into the stove to put it out. I had bread in the oven, but that cloud settled me that there was danger. We were now ready to go to

the out door root house.

We could see what we thought was hundreds of leaves flying in the air, which afterwards turned out to be branches and boards from wrecked buildings. After we had closed the house door and started for the out door cellar, we saw this funnel curl itself up and join the dark cloud above as we stood and watched. No more branches or boards were being blown through the air and the cloud with its noise passed over Deford without any damage being done to the town.

But a short distance beyond the town, the funnel dropped again. In about half an hour, a horse and buggy came in as fast as they could. The horse was covered with sweat. The driver called out, "The whole place is blown away. Come out and see who is hurt." Doctor soon harnessed the horse and drove out to see if anyone was injured. Fortunately the only one injured was a man that suffered a broken collar bone.

The funnel had dropped, as I stated, and whirling had cleared both sides of the road of everything. Big barns, houses, orchards, fences, machinery, and school houses, all were carried into the air, torn to pieces, and dropped all over the fields.

One farmer looked out and seeing the storm coming, called to the family to get into the basement or cellar. As they got down and looked up, the house was gone and they looked up at the sky instead of the house floor. Even the hens lost their feathers, at some farm homes.

For a mile or more, everything was cleaned out, then it passed a little to the south and the houses and barns escaped, and a path was torn through the woods. Such strange things were done. A board was driven with such force, it went partly through a tree. Even straws were driven into trees by the force of the wind. A farmer lost a feather bed, it was found ten miles away. The farmers in the neighborhood gathered together and walked abreast through the fields, gathering up boards, before they could go on the land again.

I will never forget the roar of those clouds. You often see clouds scudding across the sky with the wind, but with the cyclone, they seem to roll, then when the funnel shaped cloud drops, the damage is done.

This storm must have scared Jim for after this when a storm came up, he would just tremble with fear and I would go to his bed, if it was night, and lie down with him. In this house we were all downstairs, but in the next house, the upstairs where the children slept had only building paper instead of plaster on it and when a storm came up, I brought both the children downstairs. Dr. objected, but I explained that if the house was struck the paper would catch fire, and we would never get them out. After I told him this, he helped me get them down. What a lot of things you have to think up to have your own way without causing unpleasantness or annoyance.

While in this white cottage, your grandfather played an

awful trick on me. Before telling what it was I will first explain why he played it.

I had been brought up in a home where we often had to use something else if the needed thing was not there. For instance; if we needed a string, and could not get it at once, a few blades of grass or straw run between the lips with a little spittle to make it pliable, and we were all set. I never saw my father stuck. My brother, one sister, Susie, and myself had inherited some of this gift from my father.

Your grandfather was brought up in a different kind of home. If he wanted a string, it had to be a string. After we were married, and he needed something that was not around, I would find a substitute. After this happened a number of times, he said, one day, "I am going to get you cornered so you can't get out. You have never yet, but the day will come when I will catch you."

So this day, a farmer called me up and said he had bought an incubator, and asked if he came in for me, would I go out to his place, a mile and a half away, and show him how to test eggs. I said I would go out with him and he came about two o'clock with horse and buggy. While I was there, a thunder storm came up and he turned off the telephone, as was the custom at that time.

We tested the eggs, and after the storm was over, he drove me back to town, but he had not turned on the telephone, when the storm ceased.

Your grandfather met me and seemed quite annoyed, wanted to know why I was so long and told me he had been trying to get me on the phone, then told me I was in a nice predicament. That Dr. Truesdale, from Shabbona and his wife had driven over, the doctor had taken the train and his wife was going to stay with us all night and at present was down at the store doing some shopping. And, he continued, "there is nothing in the house to eat. I have been through it and there is nothing. So I went over to the preachers and invited the preacher, -his wife, her mother and sister over for supper. Now see if you can get out of this mess. I have a good fire on for you."

There was no meat market in the town and bread was not sold in the town. We brought our meat from a wagon and as we had no ice to keep it from spoiling, we had to buy in small amounts.

I stated we had early chickens and they were a good size, so I took a handfull of grain and went into the yard. I threw it on the ground and as the hens ran to me for it, I snatched what chickens I needed, cut off their heads, and in plucking them, I tore the skin and feathers off as you would a rabbit.

I came to the house, finished dressing them, cut them up, and put them in two frying pans to fry. Then taking some potatoes, I peeled them, cut them into small pieces, and put them on to boil, extended the table and partly set it. Then I took some flour and made a batch of biscuits, the oven was hot and I put them in, and finished the table, tending the chicken in the meantime.

At six thirty, just one hour from the time I reached home, I sat them down to fried chicken, mashed potatoes, hot biscuits and honey with other necessary things such as pickles, tea etc., and how they enjoyed that meal and what praise was showered on me.

When the people had left and Mrs. Truesdale was in bed, Doctor said, "Well, I didn't do it. You got yourself out of that corner. I thought I had you this time but you did it wonderfully." After this he gave up and never tried again to catch me.

The hens we kept were of a good breed and a farmer, about half mile away, asked me if I would trade one of my roosters for two of his, which were about the same size, they were all large birds. So I traded and I was to leave the roosters at his place until I wanted to eat them.

So on Thanksgiving morning, I sent Doctor after one of the birds. He walked there as he could do it in about the same time it would take to harness and hitch up the horse. He was nearly home when he met Aunt Minerva, and as they met, she reached out and plucked the live bird from under Doctor's arm and walked on, then laughing turned, as of course Doctor had stopped in some surprise. Then she said, "Doc I need this chicken more than you do." Then she told him that the preacher, his wife, and brother-in-law, a young boy, had arrived in town and had been sent to her place. As she had not expected company and no meat market or baked goods in town, it put a person in an awkward position, she then said, "I will tell you what you do. Take this bird home and let Mrs. Howell cook it and you all come over and have dinner with us." So it was arranged and he came home with the bird and orders for all to go to Lewis' for dinner.

I sent Alberta over to help Mrs. Lewis and told her to tell Mrs. Lewis that I would cook the chicken and the potatoes, make a couple of pies and a pan of hot biscuits. Mrs. Lewis killed one of their own chickens and at twelve o'clock we took our food over and had a good time.

Christmas season was drawing near and I sent an invitation to Shabbona for the doctor and his wife to come and have Christmas dinner with us, but they had promised to go elsewhere. Then I sent to Kingston for Dr. and Mrs. Bates, but they had planned to go to Canada, so we were left without anyone to come for dinner and we received no invitation.

Then one day I was talking to Aunt Minerva and she said they were going to be alone for Christmas. So I suggested to Doctor, we invite them over. He said, "All right". I then learned the preacher's family was going to be alone, and again I suggested to Doctor that we invite them in and received the same response. Then I heard of others.

So I made a suggestion to Doctor that we invite all the people of the village who were not going away or having company. Dr. said, "It is up to you. If you think you can manage it." So I cleared the bed out of the bed room off the kitchen and sat

a table in there for the children, our own and some of the guests. Borrowed a table from the church, which was just a block from our house. I bought a couple of geese, killed two chickens, and got a piece of pork. Had all the Christmas frills to eat as well as English plum pudding, and fed twenty eight besides our own family.

The day before I said to Doctor, "I wish tomorrow was over." He said, "So do I. It is just a case of feeding the animals, but there will be no pleasure for us."

Christmas day came, the noon hour came, and our guests began to arrive, and from the time the first one came through the door until the last one passed out, it was the merriest most cheerful happy group I ever was in, and all felt it, even Doctor and myself. I could not have believed a mixed crowd could have as good a time and how they did eat. When they began to get ready to leave, nearly three o'clock, the hotel woman said, "I want every one to come to my place for an oyster supper", and we were all there.

The hotel man and his wife were on the verge of separating but we heard no more of it. Whether the spirit of the day helped to soothe their troubled minds or not, I do not know, but this I do know. No one could ever harbor unkind feelings in that group, that day.

It was while we lived in the white cottage, a farmer drove to town with a load of melons, not a wagon load, but a lot of melons. He brought them in to sell. He owed Doctor quite a good sized bill and was a poor man. Dr. saw him down the street and asked him how he was selling the melons. He said they were not selling well and he had hoped to pay the bill he owed Doctor. So Dr. said, "Drive up to the house and unload them and I will give you a receipt in full." Well, believe me, we had melons. We put them in the outdoor cellar and shared them with the neighbors, and anyone to the office and did not have any of their own. So we used them up and not one of them rotted.

The next year the farmer paid us with potatoes and after that had money to pay his doctor bills.

The children seemed to come down with every disease, that came into the neighborhood, that was contagious. A young man from Novesta had come in on the train and, not feeling well, waited in the store and post office until his people came for him. The children from school all went in for their mail, and being cold weather, huddled around the stove where the young man sat. The next day the young man broke out with measles and in about two weeks our town was well peppered with measles, so the school closed.

I fed such a lot of people in this house. Doctor would be late for meals and extra meals had to be prepared. I have had to set six meals a day lots of times. Then people would drive in from the country four, six, or eight miles and if they arrived near noon, I knew they could not get home before dinner or had no dinner before they left, so I prepared a meal for them. Then often they had to wait until Doctor came home and I would have to feed them.

We had bought a house and were all torn up to move, when a man came in early one morning and I found he did not have any breakfast before leaving home. Our breakfast was over so I prepared breakfast for him and the only place I had to put his meal was on one corner of the kitchen table. I thought at the time, some people never think of the trouble they put others to.

One day we were ready to sit down to breakfast and a call came for Doctor to go to the country, so he just put on his coat and walked out to get the horse. Jim stood as if rooted to the spot with the most disgusted look on his face, and when he got control of himself, burst out with, "I wouldn't be a doctor for --", then he couldn't find words to express himself and stopped. I said, "Come to breakfast", when he said, "Did pa have to go before he ate his breakfast?" Well, this was not the first time he had to go before eating first.

We bought a home of our own. It was a block off the main street, the other house was on the main street, and Dr. did not like his work to be seen; that is for passing people to see patients coming to the house.

This new house was larger than the one we had been in. I do not remember what we paid for it, but I know we had only eleven dollars left after we paid for it. There was no barn on the place for our horse and no well, nor was there a hen house. We hired people who owed us to do the work on a barn with room for two horses, a cow, a place for buggy and cutter, while upstairs was storage for hay. When the barn was completed, we had it paid for. We had a well drilled. I built a chicken house myself, much to the disgust of the man next door. He declared it would be a disgrace to the neighborhood.

I built the frame of left over stuff from the barn and used what bits of boards I could find for siding and bought packing boxes from the store too for siding. At that time all goods were shipped on the train and were packed in wooden boxes. Then I bought a couple bundles of shingles, and shingled it all over, staining or painting the shingles the color of the barn, and when I had it all done, the man next door complimented me on the job.

I also put a fence all around the chicken yard. We had two lots and a nice lot of fruit trees on the lots. But I did not raise garden stuff as Doctor was given so much from the farmers, as his practice was mostly farmers, there being only about thirty houses in the village.

One fourth of July, a Mr. Lee and Doctor decided to put on a fourth of July celebration and they put on a good one. There was no liquor or beer as the township was dry. They had an officer for the day ready to arrest anyone who was the worse for liquor. They had a merry-go-round for one line of amusement, a fine parade, a ball game, and all kinds of running and jumping games, but no lottery such as lotto or slot machines or wheel things to give blankets away etc.

I told Alberta I would give her a little money at the time. She had saved up seventy five cents for to spend this day. I was

afraid to let her carry 75¢ around, so I gave her some and took care of the balance until she needed more. So she started off with a quarter and when she came for more, I said, "What did you do with your quarter?" She said, "Two rides on the merry-go-round, and then some candy, and two more rides on the merry-go-round." Every time she came for money there were from two to four rides on the merry-go-round.

One thing in the parade was quite amusing. The blacksmith and another young man had fixed a buggy wheel on a long pole and two horses drew the pole. The two young men fastened themselves on the wheel, which was fixed in a slanting manner so it was not parallel with the road. The men sat on the wheel opposite each other with their arms interlocked and as they swayed their bodies, the wheel would revolve and they went around and around.

The parade would go about a block and stop for a few minutes, then go on. This stop was to give the men a chance to rotate the wheel the other way as they would get dizzy. These men stated afterwards it was the last time they would try that trick.

The day was a great success and no drunks to bother the fun or interfere with people who like a sober good time.

We had two telephones to answer (two separate phone systems). These telephones were party lines and eighteen people on each line. We were looked upon as central and I was busy. Sometimes I would not be up to the store for weeks at a time.

Our ring on both phones was three rings and I have been aroused in the night, hearing three rings. I would rise, go to the phone, say, "Hello" to each, then I would look at the clock and see the clock had just struck three and had awakened me.

These phones took a lot of my time, besides acting as central. People would phone us to call other people to the phone. When the children were home they went for the person called and they received the message money. The commission we got from the phone companies and the messages I ran paid our phone bills. This was besides what the children earned.

As I said, there were eighteen on each party line, and when people on one line wanted to send a message to some one on the other line I was asked to relay the message. The phone would ring and I would hear, "Oh, Mrs. Howell, would you call up so and so and see if the threshers that are at their place will soon be through, they are coming to our place next." Or, "Mrs. Howell, will you call so and so and so and so and tell them we are going to thresh such and such a time?" This would not be from only one person, but from a dozen or more each year.

One woman had a mother on the other line, and she would call me up and ask me to call her mother, and I would leave both ear pieces down and the two women would have a good visit. The phones in our house were about ten feet apart.

One woman gave me a book one Christmas for delivering messages for her. She was the only one but they were good to me in other ways. Such as when Doctor would be in the country and a call would come to go to another place. I would call a house, that

I knew Doctor would have to pass, and ask them to keep an eye for him and send him to the place needing him. They would sit at their window till they saw him coming and give him the message.

Then if he was quite a piece from home, that is eight miles or more, and near meal time, the people would see him and call him in and give him his meal. So we were repaid for all the trouble we were put to. Of course these were the horse and buggy days.

An amusing thing happened one day. This was before the country people put in phones. If we had to call Cass City, we had to call through the telephone office in Wilmot, but there was no charge to talk to Cass City.

A man came hurrying in from about four miles in the country, to get me to call the veterinarian to come to his place to see a very sick horse. So I called Wilmot to call the vet in Cass City and had her deliver the message as the man hurried off home. He had been gone only a few minutes when another member of the family hurried in and said that the horse was better and to cancel the call. So I again called Wilmot and cancelled it. The vet was just ready to start, so managed to stop him. An hour or more passed when in came the man again, the horse was worse, get the vet. So I called Wilmot and asked her if she could get through to Cass City. I knew the office in Cass City closed at nine o'clock, but she knew that the undertaker in Cass City had his phone connected every evening with Caro. Caro had night service. So Wilmot called Caro and Caro connected her with the undertaker in Cass City and she told him to go over to the vet's house. The undertaker did and the vet went to the farmer and cured his horse.

When the country people began putting in phones, it made a lot on our phone, and we had two, as I have stated. It was rather amusing and sometimes aggravating to have a call come in, and, when I answered it, hear the receivers being taken down to listen in.

A call came in one very cold night, in the winter, and the next day the hotel woman called me up to see who had called during the night. She said she had started to get out of bed to listen in but the room was so cold she got back into bed again.

On another occasion I received a call from below Novesta asking for Doctor to go out. I said, "He is in the country now", and told of the place I expected him to be at about that hour. Then I heard a voice say, "Mrs. Howell, Doctor has not left my neighbors place yet", and along with this man came another man's voice, "No, Mrs. Howell, Dr. is at So and So's place". I said all right and to the man I said I would be able to call Dr. and send him on to his place. While I was getting Doctor, my two listeners again listened in. I had to ask them to put up their receivers until I rang for him and I could hear them come down again.

On one occasion I had difficulty getting the call, and I

had to ask those listening in to kindly put up their receivers until I could get the correct name and the trouble. So many were listening in, it weakened the call and I could not hear.

While we were in this house, a neighbor, about half a block from us, went crazy. She was a young woman, about twenty five years of age. She had been in the asylum some years before, and was sent home cured, but a nephew had been killed in an accident and it so upset her that the old trouble began coming back and she used to spend so much of her time at our house. Of course I knew what was the matter though the public only thought she was not in good health.

Doctor would take her for rides when he went to the country to try and get her back to normal. When she came to the house I would be as pleasant and kind as I knew how to be, but I was always in a position so I could see what she was doing, that is I never turned my back to her for I did not know what she would do if I did so. She would sit and talk normally for a long time. Often she told me of her experience in the asylum, and talk on every day affairs, then leaning back in the rocking chair, she would rave like a fool for fifteen minutes or more, then straighten up and carry on a normal conversation. As time passed on, it began to be noised around town that she was going queer again.

As she grew worse, Doctor said she would have to be sent away, and the whole town was up in arms about his decision.

The hotel woman came over and told him what she thought of him, so a night or two before she was to go Doctor asked the hotel woman to stay the night with her mother and sister, who were getting afraid to remain with her by themselves. On her way home in the morning, she came to our place and coming in said, "Doctor get that thing to the asylum as fast as you can. She was crazy as a loon all night. I never would have believed it if I had been told, but I know now."

Doctor made all arrangements and the officer came to take her. She would not go. He came to the house to get Doctor to take her to the station, but Doctor told him it was his job. Then the girl came over and asked if Doctor wanted her to go. He said he did and told her why, so she said if he would walk with her to the train she would go. He went with her to the station. The train had arrived at the station before Dr. and she had left the house, so the officer held it until they arrived. When the train pulled out, the station agent turned to Doctor, in some rage, and said, "That is the most cruel thing I ever saw done. She is no more crazy than I am."

Some time after she left, Doctor heard from the asylum. They had to put her in a padded cell. She had torn the mattress as well as the springs of the bed to pieces. However she grew better and again was released, and later was married and had two children.

During the ball season in the summer time, we would be called every evening by Novesta and Shábbona to get the report of the

game. The train which came in the evening about seven thirty brought the paper which had the report of the game.

A merchant had the post office as well as the store, and his wife worked in the store with him. One day I was in and asked the price of eggs. She said it would depend on which box they were taken out of. I asked why and was told that the eggs in one box were such a price and those in the other box five cents less a dozen. I asked what made the difference and was told they paid more for them. The price dropped after they had bought those in one box.

Speaking of eggs, reminds me of a call which came in for Doctor to go to a small house in which the mother of the blacksmith lived with some other members of her family. The mother was sick and had a high temperature. When Doctor arrived he found her in bed and she was so careful how she moved in bed. He learned her goose that was setting on goose eggs had left her nest a few days before the eggs were to be hatched, so she had them in bed with her, tucked close to her body, so the high temperature came in useful. She succeeded in hatching the goslings before she was well enough to leave her bed.

My father and mother came to visit us. This was the only time they were in our house, and they brought two grandchildren with them, daughters of my sister Emma.

We had our first car at this time and before they left home, my sister Susie warned them not to think of getting into the car. They might be killed. However Dr. persuaded all to have a ride. My father was a little nervous but liked it. My mother fell for it and enjoyed it very much. Of course the girls were delighted to have a ride.

Father was nervous if Doctor did not get home just when he thought he should, but the car may have been the reason. One day Father was so restless, Doctor and one of the girls had gone to Kingston, and I had to call Dr. Bates to see if they had arrived safely. Sometimes he paced the road up and down town. He always was a worker and having nothing to do and Doctor driving a new machine that was strange, I fear did not make his visit a very pleasant one.

The first night they were there, Dr. was out late and Mother said, "How is Bert going to get in? Does he carry a key?" I said, "The door is open." She said, "Not with me in the house, there is no unlocked door." So I said I would hear him and let him in. It quite amused me when I knew all one had to do at my parents house was to put your hand to a window and up it would go. But the doors were all bolted.

How we get used to our own way of doing things. The girls enjoyed their visit and we enjoyed having them.

I told about having a cow but not how we got the cow. Dr. had a patient about eight miles from Deford and had brought her through a severe and long illness. A couple of years afterwards she was in the store in Novesta, had a stroke, and died. We

heard that the widower, a man past sixty, was going to marry again. So we sent him his account, stating we would like the pay for the work done for him and his wife. He wrote he had a cow Doctor could have, if he came for it, for payment. So Doctor went and took along a boy to drive the cow. When he arrived in Deford, he had a cow, part Durham and part Jersey. The color was Jersey and the size Durham. She was nearly the color of butter and about fourteen years old, having had eleven heifer calves, but was so thin I don't know how she managed to walk so far. A cattle buyer boarded across the road from us and how he laughed. He asked Doctor what the animal was, for he said he surely did not say it was a cow.

The cow was milking and gave a quart of milk twice a day. In a couple of weeks she was giving two quarts a day. Before long she gave us a calf. She had an udder about the size of a small wash tub and we milked her three times a day. We churned two pounds of butter a day besides using all the milk and cream we needed. One day the cattle buyer was over and asked if it was the same cow he had seen a few months before.

When the cow had her calf, she was pasturing in a woods a block or more from our house, at the edge of town. Doctor went for the cow and the calf was so feeble he came for the wheel barrow and managed, with Jim's help to get the calf in the barrow. He wheeled it almost to the barn when in some manner the calf fell out. It sprang to its feet and ran back to the woods. I had a good laugh. This time it walked back to the barn with its mother.

We had so much milk on hand, we bought a pig, just a little pig and we named it Susie. We kept it in the chicken yard and Alberta would take warm water and a brush and go to the yard and wash the pig. How it loved to be washed and how it grew. It soon learned its name and a couple of times got out of the yard. I saw it going to town and going to the door, I called Susie, Susie and it turned and ran back to me. It became quite a pet and it was hard to have it butchered. As we had no butcher in town, Dr. hired a man to take it away, kill, and dress it.

One day when we were getting ready for a big dinner, Alberta took the inwards, legs etc., of the birds we were dressing out to the hens, then later on she went again to the hen house and came in stating I had some sick hens. I did not pay any attention, then she again came in stating that my hens were getting worse, that they were awfully sick, so I decided I had better humor her and see what was wrong. As I opened the kitchen door I never heard such groaning as was coming from the hen house.

I hastened out and found about a dozen lying on the floor and every breath was a groan, and others were on the roost, all were sick. I could pick them up and there was no resistance. So going into the house I mixed up a lot of Epsom salts with water and went out and spoon fed it to the hens. I left them expecting the morning would see all of them dead, but when I went out in the morning I never saw a happier bunch of hens. They were singing for all they were worth. So I decided they had a stomach ache

from the feed the day before. It was too greasy for them.

One winter we had a big fall of snow and the hens wandered out in it and I told Alberta to go and chase them into the hen house and shut the door. As she was doing it one flew and landed on top of the hen house and she came back and reported. So I asked Doctor, as I was busy at something, if he would go out and get it into the hen house.

He went but he did not use his head and in place of going to the back of the hen house, or the side, he stood in front of it and taking some snow, threw it at the hen, at the same time calling, "Shoo". So of course it flew away into a field and got stuck in the neighbors snow, and he came into the house. I guess I said more than I expected to say. I was mad.

I put on my wraps and waded in deep snow after the hen, got her into the hen house and came back to the house. Alberta stepped out and went to a neighbors and said, "If you were thinking of coming over to our house, I would not for a while for something queer has happened to Mother, so I would wait a while if I were you." By this I could not have lost my temper before the children very often.

My brother and his wife came to visit us on their honeymoon trip and remained a few days. I remember George saying to me one day, "Say, Sarah, do you work like this all the time? I never saw anyone do as much work in a day as you do. We live on a farm but our women do not have near as much to do."

Well it kept me busy with milk to attend to, butter to make, hog and hens to look after, two telephones to answer, office callers and meals at all hours, and I was busy all the time. Doctor milked the cow.

One strange thing in Deford, was the people who called on me to wash their babies. With one exception, I washed the babies during my life there. I was not there when they were born, but the next time the child had to be bathed, I was sent for. Sometimes I was asked before they arrived to come and wash the baby and care for the mother while she was in bed. Of course I received no pay for it. I was more than pleased if Doctor got his pay for his work. But I often wondered why I was called in so often. Perhaps they thought being a doctor's wife I was trained in that work.

When George and his bride were with us there was nothing going on in the town to entertain them so the children took them to the roller rink. Roller skating was something they had never seen, so when they got to the rink George and his wife decided to try it. The wife had the caretaker take her around but George struck off by himself and found he could go but could not stop without danger of falling and perhaps getting hurt. So he raced on turning and going anywhere. When he skated near his wife and her helper she grew scared that he would bump into them as he was going so fast. He grew hot and took off his coat, skating all the time, then he took off his vest, skating away.

A couple of men were doing some work. They stopped to watch.

Others began to gether from outside and soon quite a few had gathered, laughing till their sides fairly ached. When he took off his coat and vest, they began to clap and he whirled around to doff his hat in acknowledgement of their applause. As he went to make his bow from the far end of the rink, his feet slipped from under him and he sat down on a chair, which fortunately was close behind him to his great surprise and delight.

The workmen told Doctor afterwards they had never laughed so much in their life. They all returned to the house in high spirits, they had a new experience and a wonderful thrill.

We bought a car, and, if I remember correctly, it was the first car in Deford and every body had to have a ride in it.

The car was a Brush, and cost seven hundred and fifty dollars. We paid twenty five dollars a month. It had no top, no doors, no windshield, kerosene lamps and a chain drive. Doctor had plenty of company on his drives into the country.

The horses were so scared of the cars. They just would not meet them, and the car had to be stopped and shut off before they would pass, and this meant getting out and cranking to start them. Some men with horses would ask Doctor to keep his car going and would get their horses to go past two or three times, but they soon became used to them. I can remember when horses would not allow an umbrella to be put up in the buggy without being scared out of their senses.

It was always a problem just how to punish the children. To whip them was a last resort. I always tried every way I could first, such as giving them extra jobs or sending them to bed right after supper. How you hate to punish them when they take it. It is when they fight back, you get some satisfaction in it.

Before we had the car paid for, we bought a piano for three hundred dollars and the children began taking music lessons. We paid ten dollars a month on the piano and when we could we paid more.

In the spring of 1910 Father was taken seriously ill. I went home for a few days and the Saturday after I returned, he passed away. Dr. and I were at a barn raising when the telegram came. The station agent called me up at the raising and told me. He said he had looked up the trains and it was impossible for me to get home for the funeral on Monday, so I did not get there.

There was a medical meeting in Vassar for the doctors of Tuscola County and my husband decided to go and asked me to go along, and on our way back we would drop in on Hammonds and spend the night with them. Dr. Hammond was a classmate and was practicing in Akron. We hired a woman to stay with the children.

On the way to Vassar we had some tire trouble. We did not have a spare, at that time, on the back of the car, but would take the tire off, take out the tube, put a patch on it and put it in again. It took a good time patching, replacing and blowing it up with a tire pump, which we always carried. By the time we reached Vassar,

and drove to the meeting place, the doctors were beginning to come out. The meeting was over.

We went back to Akron, following Dr. Hammond and trying to keep up to him. He either had a better car or drove faster. We spent the night there and remained for dinner. We left as soon as dinner was finished and we noticed the sky was darkening, so we drove along at a good pace, for we did not want to get caught in the rain.

We had gone but a few miles when the rain began to come down. Of course our car had no top, doors, or windshield. Then another trouble, there were no stone roads, just clay or sand. The roads we were passing over were clay and only a little rain was needed to change them to mud and the car would not go through it. So we had to get out and put on the chains. I said both of us got out for I had to help and try get the job done quicker.

We had stopped on the road near a farm house and the barn was not far from the road, perhaps a good stone's throw, and in the doorway of the barn stood two or three men. All the time we were getting on those chains, the men stood and ridiculed us, calling out, "Serve you right. Keep to the horse and buggy and you will have no trouble," and they would laugh as they jeered us.

When we had finished the job, we were good and muddy and quite wet as we had no rain coats, but we climbed in and drove off. How it rained, thundered, and lightnined and we were not prepared. We were wet to the skin.

Doctor wanted to drive into a farm house but I objected, telling him no person would let us sit around in wet clothes, but would insist on loaning us something and try to dry what we had on. So we drove on and the water got into the engine and slowed us down. Then nearing Deford, we got into the sand roads and I had to get out and push for all I had in me. Then Doctor got out and we both pushed, with the car all set for going. We finally got through and as we drove up to our house, the rain had ceased and the sun was shining. It was seven thirty in the evening.

It took us from one o'clock to seven thirty to travel eighteen or twenty miles. Six hours and a half. We could have walked it in that time. We suffered no ill effects from the wetting.

We had so much typhoid fever. From the first of April to late in October he never was without from one to five cases of typhoid, with three or four in a family at once. Then we had small pox. One person would have it so mild no doctor was called, then the next case would be covered with sores. One woman counted one hundred and fifty spots on her girl's face and she took it from a girl that had two or three and called in no doctor.

We had an epidemic of scarlet fever in the town. One very mild case came down and Doctor sent word to the health officer, who was a farmer. He came to town and some people ridiculed him about shutting up the case, it was so mild, so the health officer

went home. When the patient was peeling, he was in the stores and all over town. Others came down with the mild form but the health officer did nothing. Some children even went to school with their hands peeling.

Finally two families, out a mile or more from town, came down with the trouble. The families lived across the road from each other. The two mothers took it and the two mothers died. Doctor attended one and a doctor from Cass City attended the other.

It seemed Doctor was always taking some patient to Detroit. There were no hospitals near by like at the present time.

So he went to Detroit, taking the patient on a stretcher, on the train. One case he expected to go on the morning train, but they did not come in and he just stormed and raved around. Then they came in and said they were waiting for Dr. to come out and direct them in putting her on a stretcher. He went out to the patient, and all afternoon he was hardly fit to live with. I finally found out the reason. By going on the morning train he would have a chance to go to the theater, whereas now the train would reach Detroit too late.

Doctor was always good at diagnosing cases, and the case I mentioned, he pronounced a certain thing. When he went to the hospital he had his old professor operate, telling him what the trouble was. Then when they were ready to operate, Dr. McGraw, another great surgeon came along and said, "What have you here Dr. Walker?" The Dr. said, "Howell says so and so." then Dr. McGraw said, "Pretty rare young man. Pretty rare." Dr. Walker said, "We will see". When they reached the kidney, Dr. Walker turned to Dr. McGraw and said, "Pretty rare." The old Dr. just turned and walked away.

One case I recall he took down, he paid his own railroad fare and that of his patient. The patient was a woman and wanted a neighbor woman to accompany her as she was not used to being among strangers. The request was made when the train was almost ready to reach town. The neighbor had come to town with the patient, so she bought her ticket and went without any preparation.

Then the man, whose wife was sick, reported around that it was a made up scheme for Doctor to get his wife to the hospital, so Dr. and the neighbor's wife would have a chance to get away together. The neighbor man was going to have the man arrested but Dr. asked him to let it drop, that no one believed it. When the neighbor man saw that Dr. did not want any trouble he let it drop, for he had faith in both Dr. and his wife.

We never received a cent for all Dr. spent, besides his care of the patient before and after the operation. How low some men can get, and how ungrateful for kindness.

Dr. Howell had so many strange cases while in Deford that members of the Tuscola County Medical Society used to say that if anyone wanted to see something unusual to go to Howell in Deford. He always has something rare.

One day Dr. got an idea and without saying anything to me,

he brought a patient in from the country to our house, had her put to bed in our room and I was to take care of her. I did so. Then he brought another one in for me to feed and care for, and not get a cent for my labor or food. So I put my foot down and put it down to stay put. So that ended that.

He called in a surgeon, from Detroit, for an operation and the doctor brought his assistant. They arrived on the noon train so I had dinner ready. I had chicken and hot biscuits, of course I had potatoes and other vegetables. For dessert I had apple pie and whipped cream. I asked both doctors if they cared for the cream on their pie and both men said they had never had whipped cream on pie.

When the doctors were leaving the house, the surgeon said, "If I lose this case your dinner will be to blame, for I have eaten too much." The patient died some time after. She had gall stones and would not consent to an operation until there was little hope.

The next winter Doctor was overworked and once gave out. We had an epidemic of something no one had seen before. He was attending twenty three homes of the twenty eight in town and had from one to three or four patients in each. We were up night and day. One neighbor said, "I would think your door would open when anyone stepped on your walk, it is opened so often." One night I slept through the telephone call and a neighbor came and waked me.

The neighboring towns did not have it. Dr. called in a doctor for consultation one day to see a case with him. The visiting doctor said, "That patient will not be here in the morning." He took him to see another. He said the same thing, but more emphatically. But all lived, Dr. did lose a patient.

As usual Alberta had to come down with it. I said, "Does your head hurt?" She said, "No." "Does your stomach hurt?" She said, "No." Then I said, "Where do you have a pain" She said, "I have no pain but, Oh, Mama, I am an awfully sick girl." This was the complaint of all.

We had bought a farm with some money left to me by my father and an Uncle George. As Dr. had always looked forward to being a farmer, we decided we might as well go out on the farm. We had rented it. So Dr. went home to Belleville for a rest and I made out accounts, hired a collector, looked after the horse, pig, cow, and chickens, and did all I could toward giving advice to sick people, for they came to see me as if I were a doctor.

The collector said, "I don't see why Doctor did not give poison to some of those people. They certainly are not worth having their lives saved."

Doctor returned from his Canadian trip and we began getting ready to move to the farm, even had a buyer for our home in town, when one Sunday morning I was getting breakfast and my body became so full of pain I could not finish getting breakfast and Dr. had to take over.

I laid down on the couch and could not rise, so Doctor carried

me to bed. On Tuesday morning I coughed and turned to Dr. and said, "I have diagnosed my own case, you can see what I have." I had coughed up blood and I knew I had pneumonia and to make it worse I had pleural pneumonia.

Dr. Bates was called in and he brought a nurse along with him. The two doctors were having a talk in the living room. There was an arch way between the bed room and the living room and I could hear them talking. They would give me such and such a medicine, "Though we both know nothing will help her if her resistance is low."

On Thursday I nearly passed out. I would go into a doze and I would be sitting on something like a Chinese rickshaw and travelling at a fast rate down dark streets just like Chinatown in British Columbia. The street was very narrow and the buildings high on both sides and dark, then just before me would be a wood pole or stone fence, right in my way, just a few feet ahead. As I neared it, the obstacle would move to one side and I would pass it, and another would appear not far away and it moved aside. I would wake up for a while and doze again with the same experience. Finally this let up and I could doze without going at such a pace and the street grew lighter and gradually it was all clear. I told Dr. after I got well about it and he said if I had struck the obstacles I would have passed out.

I have since read of others having the same experience. So I have been down in the valley and there was no fear. I was just interested to see the obstacles pass to one side as I almost touched them.

Doctor kept telling me how well I looked and the day I got out of bed and saw myself in the mirror, I fell back on the bed horrified at my looks.

Farm and Medicine Hat

We sold our house and moved out to the farm, one mile east and one half mile north of Deford, on the Cass City road. We hired the crops put in and we took care of our cows, pigs, hens, horse, and calves. We had bought another calf.

When the apple trees were ready to bloom, we decided to have them sprayed so hired a man from beyond Cass City to come and spray them. He sprayed them three times for eight cents a tree and how the neighbors laughed. They said Dr. was trying to spring new ideas and they joked about the way he was farming.

When fall came we had the laugh on them, for they came very meekly and asked to buy some apples but we gave them apples without charge. We had so many apples we could not give them all away.

My brother-in-law came back east from Medicine Hat, Alberta and as Dr. was still not able to do much, he suggested we go home and visit him, for Dr. had been getting letters from his brother in Port Arthur and from my brother in Medicine Hat telling that things were booming there and he again got the 'Go West' fever. In Medicine Hat, natural gas had been discovered and a boom was on.

Alberta remained in Ontario, for Dr. had made up his mind to go west, much against my wishes.

We sold the farm for \$1,000.00 more than we paid for it, sold the stock, and the crops were harvested, threshed and sold.

Well, early in the fall Doctor went west. He went first to Port Arthur, where his brother lived, remained there for a few days and then went on to Medicine Hat.

Jim and I cut the corn and shocked it, packed our stuff, sold the cows, pigs, and horse, had the furniture we were taking with us crated and put the rest in with another man's stuff for auction sale.

We then went over home for a visit and joined Alberta. Finally we went west.

We had no difficulty travelling to Medicine Hat where Dr. decided to stay. My brother, his wife, my sister Emma and her husband and family were there.

We put up at my sister's for a while, that is until our furniture arrived, and then we went to live in a house, or I should say shack, that my brother George had built, he was coming east for the winter.

We reached Medicine Hat about the first of November. Such a lot of people were going there that the schools were filled and Alberta could not get in until the first of January, when a new school would be opened up.

The city of Medicine Hat had a population, in normal times, of about ten thousand. When I arrived there about fifteen thousand were there. Natural gas had been found when drilling for oil and a boom was started. Hundreds were living in tents as houses could not be put up fast enough. The temperature would go down to twenty five and forty below zero. The tents were made double, one about a foot from the other to keep out the frost. Natural gas was piped into all the tents and this gas would burn day and night and the people in the tents were comfortable.

The shack of my brother's had two rooms and was about twelve feet by sixteen feet. One room was about ten by twelve. It was kitchen, dining room, living room, and bed room for Doctor and me as we had a day bed in this room and slept on it. This house differed from our North Dakota house in that it was plastered. We had a small gas stove which we kept burning day and night, and on it we did our cooking as well as using it for heating.

Gas was cheap. We never paid more than a dollar a month for light, heat, and cooking. My sister had a large house with gas in the furnace, and it would be turned on in the fall and never bothered with until spring. If the house was too warm, they would open the windows, never go down to the cellar to change the heat.

How things boomed in that town. I stood one day by the side of our shack and counted twenty five houses going up within sight and all over the city it was the same. People walked the streets all night, no place to go, then took the beds for the day that others had slept in at night. Hundreds of men were digging for placing water pipes, sewer pipes, and gas pipes. The water and sewer pipes had to be put in so deep to keep from freezing.

While we were there a provincial election was held. It was a hot election, something like those held in Clinton when I lived there.

The day of the election the cars carrying the voters were decorated for the different parties and great excitement was in the air. When evening came, and the polling places were closed, we went down town to the real estate office where Dr. worked. From the office windows we could watch the returns as they were shown across the street. When enough of the returns were in so it was known which side won, a great parade took place. The Kilty band headed the big procession and all the followers were carrying blazing brooms. A car load of brooms had been shipped in by a merchant and a barrel of kerosene was set out near the car, which was behind the store.

The men were given brooms which they dipped into the barrel of kerosene and lighted from a burning broom. The procession was passing the building we were in when the fire siren blew and out came the fire engines. Everybody thought it was part of the celebration, but we soon learned a store was on fire.

In getting their brooms lit, a certain amount of carelessness went on and before long oil was spread all over the ground. This took fire and reached the store. A forty thousand dollar fire took place making it an expensive celebration.

The preacher in the Methodist Church we attended was very

much opposed to the efforts the real estate men were putting forth to induce people to come to Medicine Hat and advertising so extensively, when the bottom was going to drop out of the boom and the people would lose their money.

Sunday after Sunday he pleaded with these men to stop and the people flocked to hear him. His wife told me, when I met her on one occasion, that he would pace the floor for hours and she was sometimes afraid he would become mentally deranged over the condition in Medicine Hat. Indeed after we left there, he had to take a rest. He was deeply concerned about his people and his predictions came true.

Medicine Hat had ground plotted in lots for miles around the city and we were told Calgary had enough land plotted to provide a lot for every inhabitant of Canada. You cannot imagine the excitement of a boom town and how people get carried away with it.

When I reached the city, Dr. met me at the station and going to my sister's he said, "I am worth twenty five thousand dollars." I said, "Have you it in the bank?" He said, "Oh, no, in land. I have all our money invested here except what I invested in Port Arthur."

Then I heard so much of how places were being bought and sold in a few days for much more than had been paid for them that it did seem there was money in it, until I went with him on one occasion to show some lots to a man and his wife who were about to make an investment.

We must have walked two miles or more from the former city limits to where the lots were and not a building in those miles. Then I saw the folly of the whole thing but there was no use saying anything. Our money was all tied up in it.

I was living there but a short time when I found my head hurt me quite a bit. Right on top of my head. Then my temples began to hurt, it seemed as if a bolt ran from one temple through to the other and as if the bolt was tightening and drawing the temples together. As time passed I found I had difficulty breathing and I grew worse as the days passed.

Dr. took me to a physician, who had lived in the city some time. This man suggested an operation but further investigation proved it not necessary. Then he thought I might be eating too much meat. I assured him I had not increased my meat eating and never had any trouble before, so he then confessed he did not know what was the cause of my distress.

I grew so bad there were weeks I could do very little but get the meals and at night I often slept with my head on a pillow on the window sill or else I slept by the open door. When the day was wet I could walk to my sister Emma's a mile away or go down town, but on sunny days I could not walk any distance without growing dizzy and almost stagger. Then my hair began to bother me.

I had always had hair with so much electricity in it, I could not comb my hair with certain combs. It would crackle and fly

all over my head. But my hair lost this electricity and just lay flat.

It was decided I would have to go back east and see if I would improve, for my memory was becoming effected. If I went down town for two things and I had any trouble getting the first thing, I had to go back home and try another day.

I could not think of going back east in the middle of the school term and take the children out of school, so I remained on and gradually my heart became effected and I was quite a wreck.

When school closed I soon left and my sister Emma and her four girls were coming east at the same time, for a visit. So at eight o'clock in the evening we all boarded the train.

Emma's husband, my husband, and brother George were all at the station to see us off. My husband remaining behind. We had just nicely started and not more than a quarter of a mile on our journey when Emma said, "Will has my tickets. He always buys the tickets and holds them until the last moment."

Travelling with us was a young girl about twelve years of age, a niece of a friend of my sisters. This girl was put in our charge. She was going about five or six hundred miles along with us and her people were to meet her in a certain town. These people had to drive thirty or forty miles to the train with horse and buggy to meet the girl and it was necessary for her to be on this train.

As soon as Emma found she was without tickets, she said, "We have to get off at the first station and go back." But I said, "You cannot do that. We have to see this girl to her destination."

Just then a man who had been a railroad man came into the coach. He was an acquaintance of my sister's as he and Will were great friends, so she told him her trouble. He went forward to see the conductor, and the conductor said that on this man's word he would take her as far as he went, but he did not know how she would fare with the next conductor and the next, for we had to change conductors several times before we reached the end of our journey.

This man acquaintance had ninety dollars on his person and he handed it over to her, and I had a little over one hundred, while she had fifty or more, and yet this was not enough to buy tickets for all five of them.

When we reached the first station on our way, a message had been wired from Medicine Hat that tickets would be waiting at Moose Jaw.

What a relief. She gave the ninety dollars back to the man. He was getting off at this station and returning to Medicine Hat on a train which was soon to come along.

Then we began to think, here we had been counting our money and figuring how we could manage, not thinking of the other passengers, and suppose there was a hold-up man in the crowd. We

had to think of this now and the fear that something might happen so the tickets would not be waiting.

The train had just left the platform in Medicine Hat when Will Nesbitt put his hands in his pocket and exclaimed, "My God. Here are the tickets." So he rushed into the station to the ticket agent and so arrangements were made. We reached Moose Jaw at three o'clock in the morning. Neither Emma or I had undressed or slept until we arrived there and oh the relief to find the tickets waiting for her. The conductor came in with them and said, "So you are the woman who has been trying to ride for free." And then he laughed.

When I was dressing the next morning, I went to brush and comb my hair and to my surprise it once more crackled and flew, and I said to my sister, "I guess I am going where I belong."

Medicine Hat's altitude was too high for me. After I got home, Dr. saw the doctor I had visited and told him I was getting well again. He said that if that was what I needed, he had a number of patients that should go back east again.

I remained at home for a few weeks, then fruit was being picked on my sister's farm near Hamilton. So I arranged to go down with the children and pick for them.

I rented a couple of rooms across the road from my sister Mary's home and we picked fruit. In this way we supported ourselves that summer.

After spending the summer and fall in Fruitland picking fruit, the children began going to school and were getting along nicely, when their father managed to sell some of his interests in Medicine Hat. He sent word to me to go to Belleville and rent a house until he came.

So we went to Belleville and we rented a flat from Mother Howell. It was over a store she owned, and there was some furniture in it. We bought a second hand stove, a day bed, dining room table, and a few chairs.

Doctor sold another piece of land and then joined me in Belleville. He came planning to get his grandfather's farm as had been his aim for years, but after he visited Uncle John's folk he decided not to go on the farm.

He decided instead to return to the States and find a location to begin work again. He left early in the spring and found a location in Bay Port and we followed as soon as school was out.

Bay Port

When I arrived in Bay Port, I found Doctor had had quite a time getting a house for us to live in. Finally he succeeded in getting Mrs. Hoffmaster's house, as she had married a man in Unionville and went there to live. It was partly furnished so we could move in at once. We paid nine dollars a month rent. After we were there a while she raised the rent to ten dollars, then it went up to eleven and finally twelve dollars. We lived there nine years.

When I returned to Michigan, I was in such poor health I could not go into a crowd. As I began to improve, I began going to church. Rev. Bowles was the pastor and lived in Pigeon, as Pigeon and Bay Port were together as one charge.

When the war was on, the flu broke out. One morning Charlie Rose, who was fishing from Heisterman Island and was living there with his family and workmen, came to the office and asked Doctor to go back with him to the island as his wife was sick and he wanted him to see her. Doctor turned to me and said, "You had better come along. We may need your help if we find it will be necessary to bring her back to the mainland."

It was a very cold day. The boat was covered with ice, but we got over without any trouble. Found Mrs. Rose real sick with the flu and Doctor said she would have to be brought back to Bay Port.

I set to work with the children and got them ready, packed up all the things needed, and got Mrs. Rose ready. Things were carried to the boat, everything even the pig was placed in the boat. Mrs. Rose was placed on some bedding in the bottom of the boat. On reaching shore she was taken to her mother's.

Later on, every person in this house took the disease excepting Susie, making thirteen in bed sick. It was well we brought the family off the island that day for the next day the lake was frozen over and a boat would not have been able to get there or back.

We brought everything with us but the dog. The dog could not be found that day. Mr. Rose worried about that dog and when he took down with pneumonia the thing that kept him upset was this dog being lost and the cold so severe.

Doctor began to worry about his condition and when things were becoming serious the dog came home. The lake was frozen over and the dog came over on the ice. The arrival of the dog so pleased the patient he bucked up and again wanted to live. He recovered.

Dr. was very busy. The flu was in so many homes and one day he came home from a case and said he was going to lose her if he did not get some ice cream. She just laid there and begged for ice cream.

I got to work. We did not have a freezer but I knew Mrs. Kuhn

had one so I went down to borrow it and told her why I wanted it. There was no ice cream in town during the cold weather.

She let me have the freezer and said, "I will come along and help you make it." So gathering up some things she had in the house and with what I had, we made our first gallon or gallon and a half of ice cream.

As soon as it was made, Doctor took some to Mrs. Whitman and some to other patients. Next day we gathered up some more milk and things we needed and made another freezer full. Fred Fluette, hearing what we were doing said he would do the delivering. Mrs. Bob Wallace gave us all her extra milk, as they had a cow. Mrs. Lee told us we could have all her extra milk and others began bringing in eggs.

Each day we froze the freezer full, then we borrowed a three gallon freezer and men came in and turned it. We sent some to the country with Doctor but in a few days the country people sent word they would look after the country people themselves.

Agnes Duby and all but Art were in bed, but Agnes would not eat anything. We sent some ice cream over. Art touched her lips with it and she called, "Oh, ice cream. Give me some." Art came over to buy a quart, we gave it to him but did not charge for it. Then one day when they were better, he wanted to know where we got the ice cream. I told him different people sent in stuff and we made it. He said it saved his girl.

Mrs. Kuhn had sickness in her home and Mrs. Harve Dutcher and Mrs. Wm. Graves took her place. We averaged fifty dishes of ice cream a day for three weeks.

Besides giving ice cream, we bought soup bones and gave soup to several families that could not get proper care. We also made light puddings for some patients.

Eight people died, this means people in town and country. Fortunately for Dr. the townspeople began getting better before many in the country came down with it. There were not enough well people to care for the sick and those who had no sickness were afraid to enter other people's homes for fear of contracting the disease themselves. At one time Alberta and Floyd Lounsberry were the only ones who could be at their work in the store.

The daughter of a woman living near us came home to have her baby. The day after the baby was born there was a death in the family and the new mother became so excited that Doctor decided she should be moved, so putting her on a cot he had her carried to our house.

I put her in our bed downstairs and I slept on a couch while Doctor went up stairs. She was with us for two weeks and for my work of caring and feeding the mother, tending the baby, doing the washing, and such things, I received a bag of potatoes.

Dr. had a patient in the country who had died and her husband and daughter were both in bed with the flu, so Doctor went to the husband's sister and had her take the husband and child to her

home.

Word was sent to the undertaker to come and care for the woman's body. He did so, and the day of the funeral some went to the grave and noticed that the undertaker went around with a paste board box under his arm.

After the funeral the sister-in-law decided the box the undertaker carried was the shroud box and that no shroud had been put on the corpse. One day she was in the office and came out to the kitchen to talk to me. She told me what was on her mind regarding the undertaker.

She had tried to get permission to have the grave opened but there was so much red tape to go through, and then she said, "Just think, Mrs. Howell, how very embarrassed that poor soul will be when she rises on the day of judgment and has to meet her God without a shroud."

I have mentioned several times how Doctor had to give up his work for a time because of becoming exhausted, but he did not complain of any heart trouble until we had been in Bay Port several years.

As time passed on he had more trouble with his heart and he had to give up walking almost entirely. I pleaded with him to give up confinement cases but he did not like to do that, for when people employ a doctor for confinement work they usually continue on with him for other ailments. But one day he read how a doctor, who had the same trouble, was at a case, had an attack and died and so did his patient. So Doctor decided to give up his confinement cases. Roger Baur was his last or second last case.

I heard him tell another doctor the first time he had trouble with his heart was when he was carrying a bushel of potatoes that a patient had brought in, down cellar. The doctor said, "I don't wonder that your heart was effected when that man paid you anything. It is a wonder you did not drop dead."

Gradually he grew worse and finally had to give up his work entirely. One day he had trouble breathing and the nearest doctor I could get was Morden in Bad Axe. He came right over and took him back to the hospital in Bad Axe.

He seemed to be mending but other troubles were setting in, so we put on a special nurse and I went to Bad Axe to stay with him, getting a boarding house across the street from the hospital. One day as I massaged his back I found it was puffed with fluid but he claimed he was better and would go home the next day. Next morning about seven he passed on.

After Doctor had gone the home was quiet and I got back into church work. After a couple I did not feel up to doing so much so I called on Dr. Jones and he ordered me to take life easy and rest as much as possible.

This ends all I have to record, that may be of interest to anyone.

MISCELLANEOUS

DREAMS

So many people will laugh at you if you even mention you have any faith in dreams, while others will tell you they have had many dreams come true, just as in early Bible times.

I have had so many dreams come true that I have come to believe there is something in a dream. If it stays with me all day and seems stamped on my memory something usually happens pretty close to what I dreamed.

I rarely dreamed. Months would pass and I would not have an idea pass through my mind in the night time. Others would be telling me of their dreams, but I never had any to tell, so when I did dream it seemed of some importance.

When I was clerking, I used to go home Saturday night. I was very fond of my Father and I began to notice he looked so tired and worn and as the weeks passed by, it seemed to me that he was growing old too fast and life, to me, would not be worth living without Father. I grieved a good deal, when one night I dreamed Father had died and I saw into Heaven and he was there, looking so young and fresh. His wrinkles all gone and he looked so free of cares and worries.

As soon as I saw him I called out, "Oh, Father, come back. We want you with us." He looked at me and said, "Not back to earth again," and as he spoke I will never forget the change that came over his face, for back came the wrinkles and the care worn expression. I said quickly, "No, Father, you stay here, we will come to you." I awoke, it was a dream.

Father lived for many years after this but I have never grieved from that day about loved ones passing on.

Before my father passed away, I had an aunt I was very fond of pass on. It was Auntie George, who I was named after. She died the spring before I was married. She and Uncle often spoke of death and each would vow, if the other went first, they would never marry again.

Well, Auntie George went first and some years afterwards Uncle married a suitable person for a companion, and when Uncle was seventy six years old, he took sick.

I was married and living in Michigan and knew nothing of his short sickness but one night I dreamed.

I had come into the house after doing some work out of doors and in a chair sat Auntie George. I was quite taken by surprise and somewhat upset for had I not, so my dream said, received a letter from Uncle George stating he would be at my place for a visit but not to meet him at the depot. He would come to the house himself.

So this was the day he was coming and he did not state whether

he was coming alone or if the second wife would be with him. Just as I saw Aunt I heard the train whistle and if his wife was with him how could I manage to keep the two women from meeting. I heard the step on the sidewalk, coming to the door and I went to the door to greet him before he knocked on the door.

But when I opened the door no one was there and turning about to speak to Aunt I found she was gone. My dream ended.

Two days later I received a letter from home stating that Uncle George had passed on just about the time of my dream and I claim the two spirits met at my house. If not they both paid me a visit the same night.

Shortly after I started clerking, Will Pickard, a village boy, began driving me home from church and had done so several Sundays in succession. I had a dream. I saw myself on the floor in our parlor, Will Pickard was standing by my right side and Susie on my left. Guests were around the room and the preacher was saying, "Sarah Ann wilt thou have this man etc," when in the doorway appeared John with the most woeful face I ever saw on a man. As the preacher said, "To be they wedded husband", I said, "No. Susie you can have him if you like", and I walked out the door John had been standing in.

The next Sunday night as Will Pickard stepped to my side to walk with me, I said, "I do not wish your company," so Susie let him take her home that night but not again. I expected he would ask me to marry him and I would have to refuse.

Another night at Mrs. Kerr's boarding house I dreamed of the Englishman that boarded there. I dreamed he had asked me to marry him and this John of my school days warned me in some way not to do so and I heeded his warning by hurrying home and up to my room before he could overtake me and refusing to come down stairs to talk to him.

In Goderich, a man who must have been twelve or fifteen years older than I began to pay me attention. I boarded past his house and thought nothing of it when we happened to fall in together as far as his home, until one Christmas he gave me a book for a Christmas gift. I took it against my wishes. In speaking to a cousin several years older than I, about the gift, I told her I had a mind to return it. She told me I should keep it for books were not like other gifts, as they were looked upon as friendship gifts. So I kept it.

Then one night I dreamed I was at church and when the service was over and I was leaving the church, I was coming out of one door going down the two steps into the entrance and this young man was coming out the other door and going down the two steps and we met in the entrance way, and he came home with me.

I went to church and everything happened just as I had dreamed. I came out the door and down the two steps. He came out the other door and down the two steps but before we met, as in my dream, I dodged behind some people so we were separated. I shot back out the main door of the church and down the steps and rushed in among

some girls who were going the longer way for me to go to my boarding house. They asked me if there was no young man to accompany me home that night. I said nothing, just laughed. It was bold on my part but I was desperate.

Years passed without any dreams of any importance that I can recall until after my father had passed on. On this occasion Father came to me one night and asked me where Mother was and I took him upstairs to her. She was sick in bed and on entering the room she began to get up to greet him. Then I awoke. Not long after this dream, she had a sick spell but recovered.

Then again some time passed and once again Father came back. On this occasion I was lying on a couch in the front room and as I saw him enter the room I arose and said, "Oh, Father," and was about to greet him heartily when he said, "Don't touch me Sarah." I said, "Oh, you are dead are you not?" Then he said, "I have Mother with me this time." and stepping to one side Mother appeared looking as she would have when about thirty five years of age.

I was so impressed with this dream I felt I should go home and managed to go. The night after I arrived there, she had a stroke and was unconscious for days. She recovered so she could walk but her mind was almost a blank. I have always thought, in my own mind, that Mother was really with Father though her body was here still and remained for several months afterwards.

After Doctor went to the hospital, I went in and boarded for the last week. Friday night I dreamed I saw quite a group of people. I could not distinguish their faces excepting among them I recognized my father.

On awakening, I recalled my dream and I dressed quickly and went down stairs just as the phone rang calling me to the hospital. I pulled on my coat, and hurried across the street, as I boarded just across the road from the hospital. But he was gone, passing quickly and quietly before I reached the hospital.

SUPERSTITIONS

Never put your hands in water eggs have been poached in. It will cause warts to come on your hands.

Never swallow a piece of thread, when you bite off a piece of thread. It will turn into a worm.

If hair is left in water for some time it will turn into a snake.

Don't handle a toad. You will get warts.

Don't raise a parasol over your head in the house. Some serious trouble will soon come to you.

Don't have three lamps burning on a table at once. Some one will have an accident.

Don't eat at a table with thirteen. Some one will die before the year is over.

Don't put a parasol on the bed. It will bring bad luck.

If you see a pin on the floor, you are always to pick it up. If the point is toward you, you will have some bad luck but if the head, it brings good luck. But always pick it up, for:

See a pin and pick it up
You will always have enough
But see a pin and let it lie
You will need one e'er you die.

MACHINERY etc.

I can look back and compare farming in the pioneer days to farming today and see a great advance has been taken.

In my childhood days, our neighbors all used oxen, but gradually they changed to horses. This change was slow but as time passed on and machinery was more in use, horses were used more.

All grain was cut with the cradle, which is similar to a scythe but it has an attachment of five or six wooden rods like fingers, so fastened that the grain, when cut could be laid in nice rows. I do not think I ever saw anything more beautiful, in harvest time, than seeing three or four men with cradles cutting grain. They would be several feet apart and all worked together, with rythm. The extra men would be neighbors as they helped each other.

Then a hand rake would be used to gather a bunch of the grain together and some of the straw was made into a band which was fastened around the bunch that was raked together. The bundles were placed on end together in bunches of twelve or more called stooks. There they were left until dry and then were hauled into the barn.

The haying was done with a scythe. The cut hay was gathered in windrows with a hand made wooden rake, drawn by a horse.

The first threshing device I remember was the flail. This was two pieces of wooden poles fastened together with two trips of leather. One pole was about three feet long and the other was about five feet long. The longer piece was held in the hand and you swung it around and brought the smaller piece down on the grain with what strength you could and then it was swung again. This was kept up for some time.

The grain or sheaves were in piles on the floor and after being flailed for some time, the grain was turned so the loosened grain fell to the floor. You continued flailing and shaking the pile until the grain was well separated from the straw.

Along with the separated grain would be a great deal of

chaff that had been loosened and dropped to the barn floor along with the grain. So on a windy day pails of this grain and chaff were taken out doors. A large tub would be placed on the ground, the pail of grain held high and slowly poured into the tub and the wind would blow the chaff away. This was repeated until the grain was cleaned of the chaff, or nearly so.

Some grain, and especially peas, was put on the floor in a circle and a horse was used for tramping on it. Around and around the horse would go, the man standing in the middle of the circle. Every little while the horse would be stopped, the straw shaken up to let the grain drop to the floor and the horse started up again.

When threshing machines first came into use, they were horse drawn and horse powered. Five or six teams would furnish the power. The straw would be stacked out of doors and we had some very expert stack builders in our neighborhood. What pride they took in building a stack well sloped and so the rain would not soak in and rot the straw. We could tell what man built the stack from its shape.

After the cradle came the reaper. Of course the reaper was drawn by horses. It cut the grain similar to a hay mower but had an attachment called a table, so in place of falling on the ground, when cut, the grain fell on the table and slid off to one side so the horses did not walk on it the next round. Then to this was added another improvement. There was a paddle with wooden prongs or teeth like a rake, which would rake the straw and grain off onto the ground in bunches large enough to make a sheaf. Then a man came along and tied up the sheaf.

I have seen men walk behind a reaper, catch the bundle as it was being pushed off the table, put the band around it and be ready to catch the next one. It meant fast work to keep this up hour after hour.

As Father did not drink beer or whiskey nor smoke tobacco, he was always the first to have the improved machines. He would cut the grain for the neighbors and they would pay him by coming and helping haul in the grain, so with the machines we did not have a hired man much of the time.

Mary was old enough to drive the reaper and mower, and Susie was able to drive the new horse rake, though Emma or I had to sit on the rake so we could use our hand on the dumper as Susie was not long enough in the legs to reach the dumper from her seat on the rake.

For sowing grain, Father had a home made affair to hold the grain, though some of our neighbors used small sacks carried in one arm. Father's affair was an old copper wash boiler with the bottom replaced by a board shaped like a half moon to fit his side. The sides of the boiler were shaped the same way.

Straps from the handles passed over the shoulders and it was carried low enough so it did not interfere with the movement of the arms. Of course this boiler was not as deep as our boilers,

but deep enough to hold two or three pails of grain.

As the man carrying the boiler walked along, he would pick up a handfull of grain and as his arm swung outward some grain was strewn and the balance of the handfull was strewn as the hand swung in again. If a man could sow with only one hand it was a slow job, but Father used both hands. As one was swinging outward the other was swinging inward and back to the boiler for another handfull of grain.

I can recall our first grass seeder. It was made from three pieces of board about six or eight feet long. They were made in the shape of a flat bottom trough with the sides five or six inches high. The bottom board was full of holes so the seed could be moved back and forth. Straps were fastened to the seeder so it could be carried.

The trough was filled with seed and as the man walked across the field, he moved the top board and the seed fell through the holes to the ground.

All cream was made into butter. In the summer butter was cheap, so Mother packed it in firkins or tubs which held about fifty pounds apiece. They were made of wood, and these tubs of butter were kept until fall when the price was higher. That is, all but what was sold to a customer in Clinton. Mother had kept this woman supplied with butter for over twenty five years.

Our churn, that I first remember, was a box shape concern about two feet square and about the same in height. In the center was a four bladed paddle with holes in the blades. It stood on legs and was quite easy to handle.

After we got a dash churn the legs were taken off the box churn and this with the wooden wash tubs made our boats.

We had a number of cows and had to churn every day and twice on Monday, but we had plenty of help as we all worked.

Father was quite clever and fixed up a tread mill so a dog could do the churning and for years the dog did the churning. Once we had two dogs and when they saw the churn being gotten ready, they would fight to get to the treadmill. Of course the dog received some choice bits as soon as the churning was done and so was always keen to do the work.

Later on the milk was sold to the chesse factory and whey was returned the next day when the wagon called for the milk. Then the only cream we had was from the Saturday night and Sunday milk. Of course all week long enough milk was kept out for our own use, as we all drank milk at our meals.

Before we began giving our milk to the cheese factory, the milk was strained into tin pans that would hold about a gallon of milk and leave a space that would hold about half a gallon more, if the pans were full. These pans of milk were kept in a water tight boarded trench in our milk house and cold water was poured into these trenches twice a day in the summer time.

These pans of milk were usually left for twenty four hours, then had to be skimmed, after the cream had risen. To do this a tin skimmer was used. This was a flat piece of tin about the size of your hand and the center part was filled with small holes so the milk would pass through. The sides of the skimmer were raised a little on the outer edge.

It was some task to empty the cream off about thirty pans of milk, bent over a cream crock while doing it. Then washing those pans, scalding them, then putting them in cold water. Then they were set where the sun would shine on them to kill any germs and re-rinsed before they were used at the next milking time.

Of course the wash board was used for the washings, rub, rub, rub. Then the clothes that were to boil were placed in the boiler to boil, and after boiling were put through the rinse water and blueing water. We had a small machine, that Father made. It was two rollers and had grooves along the rollers. The clothes were put into those rollers or rather between the rollers which were turned with a handle.

As so much factory cotton was used for night gowns and underwear, it left only the dresses and mens work shirts to be washed on the wash board. The rest were put through the roller machine.

Our first sewing machine was worked by hand. A handle was on the wheel and by turning the handle the machine sewed. To do any particular work, some one else turned the handle. Later on the foot power machine came into use.

Our first sink was a wooden one that Father made and painted to keep water from leaking through the joints. The water went into wooden pipes made from boards then into a ditch running back of the house.

Our first well had no pump. All the water used was raised by a windlass. A handle was turned and this turned a wooden beam, which was over the well, with a rope fastened to it and as the rope was raised a pail of water came up. I well remember this way of raising the water from the well. The top of the dug well was covered with boards and the sides of the well had board curbing. A trap door was in the cover and was lifted every time a pail of water was needed. Later on a pump was put in.

We had iron stoves and they rusted easily so we had to polish them every day. For the stove we always bought stove polish but we never bought shoe polish. We always used soot from the stove lids for our Sunday shoes, We all shined our own shoes and Susie did Father's and Mother's. Of course this was always done on Saturday, for no work like that was done on Sunday.

The week day shoes were greased with tallow. This was done every night all winter as we wore no rubbers. Indeed I never saw a pair of rubbers, in my early years.

The men all wore boots to their knees and how fine the leather was in some of those boots. They had a piece of red leather about four inches wide at the top and on each side was a loop to pull them on. Through the week the men wore their pant

legs inside the top part of the boots but on Sundays the pants were worn outside the boots.

To get these boots off and on was some job especially with Father as he had a high instep. To get them on he would pull and kick the toes against the wall. To get them off a boot jack had to be used, and we children often had to help by pressing on the boot by the toe or by taking the foot with the boot in our hands and tugging and pulling get it off, with Father's help.

Pegs were used in place of nails. No nails were ever used in the frame of a barn. Nails cost money and money was scarce.

We used maple sugar for most of our cooking. Father made the maple sugar, of rather he made the syrup and Mother sugared it. We did have some lump sugar for tea and coffee and the regular sugar for company use on puddings etc. Father was the only one of us that drank tea or coffee and he did not use sugar. The coffee we made ourselves by roasting some grain.

String and heavy cord was scarce and we had to be very careful of any that came around parcels. The heavier cord or hemp string was sewn on the grain bags so it would not be thrown away or lost.

Our fences were stumps or brush until Father had time to split rails. When the rails were ready the fence was put up in the form of a snake fence. One rail on top of another, about six rails high. They were about twelve feet long and all were split from fallen trees by the owners of the land.

It was some job to square the logs, saw them into the right length and then cut the squared logs into rails. The slabs that were cut off to square the logs were brought to the house or sold to the railroad.

To split these rails, they started with the axe at one end and it was driven with a mallet. When a crack appeared in front of the axe, iron wedges were used to lengthen the crack until the log was split. It was then re-split until the proper size rails were made.

We had no gates at that early date. Entering a field meant that the fence had to be let down. To let down a fence you went to one of the points and taking the top rail you lifted the end to one side, the end of the next rail was taken the other way and so on until you reached the ground, if you wanted through. If you wanted cattle to go through you made it only low enough for the cattle to walk or jump through. After the team or cattle passed through it all had to be put up again.

Sometimes large stones were placed on each side of where we entered the field and the first two or three rails from each side would be placed on the stones and the strain on the fence was not so great. If a few panels fell it was quite a job replacing them.

These zig-zag fences were used for years then straight fences came in. These were made by driving two stout stakes

into the ground about six or eight inches apart and two more ten feet away and so on. Rails were strung between the pairs of stakes. Of course they were fastened together at the top.

With this fence we did not have so much waste land and it was possible to make an opening so that the bars or a gate could be used.

Father used to mend our shoes on winter evening. Uncle George had given him the tools and kept him in leather. How often I have seen him take a piece of leather and make it round about the size of the top of a large tea cup, stick an awl in the center to hold it to a board. Then slitting a little piece so he could pull on it. He would pull that piece while he held a sharp knife to it and so cut it into a strip about a quarter of an inch wide and we had a new shoe string.

When Father batched in the winter, before he was married, he used wood ashes in place of soda in baking and if he had no salt would use gunpowder for seasoning.

Howell Family

Richard Howell born 1715 in Wales, came to Sussex County, New Jersey. Married Anna O'Donnel from Dublin Ireland. Their son John, born 1753 was the founder of the Howell family in Canada.

At 23 John Howell moved to Johnstown, by the Mohawk River and about the same time enlisted in the Second Battalion of Sir John Johnson's regiment. Sir John was the son of Sir William Johnson who had acquired a considerable estate on the banks of the Mohawk.

John served through the revolution and was with Sir John at the investment of Fort Stanwix. John became a Sergeant Major and then joined Butler's Rangers where he received a commission. As a result of his loyalty to the British he lost his estate in New York on which Rome is now built.

The British Government gave him twelve hundred acres in Prince Edward County, Ontario and twelve hundred for his family. He became Justice of the Peace, Colonel of the Prince Edward Militia, and Mohawk Indian Agent. During the War of 1812, he drilled and handled a band of volunteers at Kingston. Because of his leaving New York and moving to Ontario he was known as an United Empire Loyalist.

John was six feet two inches tall and had red hair and black eyes. His arms were so long he could touch four inches below his knees. He was a noted rough and tumble fighter.

One time a noted bully from Northumberland County sought him out to see if he was any good. When the fight was over, men carried the bully into the log house for John's wife to patch up while her husband stood by the rail fence picking the hair out of his teeth with a splinter.

He once met a bear on a path in the woods. In those days a British soldier gave way to no one leastwise a bear. When the bear reared up it got a swift punch on the nose. This was repeated despite the bear's best efforts till it got discouraged and left.

Two men in his Company got into a fight over a girl. He gave one of them an old rusty sword and told him to work on his opponent till he was told to stop, then the sword would be given to his opponent. That broke up the fight. The girl married a third man.

In addition to English, he spoke Dutch, French, and several Indian dialects.

His son Jacob was born in 1787.

Jacob married Catherine (Trinie) Fox and she taught him to read and write. He was School Inspector for the county, local preacher, and manufactured whiskey. He said that if he kept on making whiskey he would have a mortgage on every farm in the county, but his boys were growing up and for their sake he quit the whiskey making.

The couple had four boys Griffith, David, James, and Randall. Griffith, the eldest, married Phoebe Allison and the couple had six boys and a girl, the eldest of which was Jacob Eli, your great grandfather. The other children were John, David, James, Catherine, Wellington Wesley, and Cyrus.

Your grandfather's two youngest brothers were drowned in Goderich. James, who was twelve and a good swimmer, took his brother LeRoy, who was five, and another boy out for a row while a number of Goderich people were having a picnic on the shore. The lake was calm but LeRoy leaned over the side too far and fell in. James jumped in to save him. He got to LeRoy but could not get him to the boat and the boy in the boat was too young to handle it, so both boys drowned.

We do not have much information about your grandfather Howell's mother.

Lucy Coleman Jamieson was born in Belleville, Ontario, Oct. 20, 1841, and married Rev. J. E. Howell April 13, 1868.

She was the granddaughter of John and Elenor Jamieson who lived in Berwick on Tweed, England.

Her father James Jamieson was born Aug. 13, 1803, in Berwick on Tweed. He came to Belleville, Ontario, at an early age, with his parents. He built a foundry at Belleville. He later laid out the village of Tweed which he named in honor of his birthplace. He married Hannah Coleman Jan. 25, 1838. They both died in 1865 from typhoid fever.

Letters

Believing that you might be interested in some letters we have accumulated we are including one your great grandfather wrote, one your grandfather received and portions of several your grandfather wrote.

To My Dear Wife. I present these scissors as a Xmas gift. They are not to be used to cut the great bond of affection between us existing for thirty five years but to cut his hair and nails and garments small and great. It is his great wish that for many years to come you may be spared to grace his home and cheer his heart and mend his socks and mind his acts and when necessary bring him to book when needed thus to be dealt with.

Wishing you great joy this Xmas tide and many returns of the day with all the needed blessings of body and soul-never wanting turkey, goose, or chicken to fill the hopper, and salad, dainties, and other luxuries to spice the grub while life shall last.

Xmas 1902
Hanover

Your affectionate hubby
while life shall last.

(He died that year.)

New York July 27, 1896

Dear Sir-

Kindly permit that we express by this way our heartiest thanks for your quick, friendly, skillful, and sacrificing help you gave us on the occasion of the birth of our son John who is now about 1/25 year a citizen of this country.

We are sorry not to be in an economical position so that we could thank you more realistically, but hope you will accept our good will.

Yours very sincerely,

Josef & Ella Zulich

July 7, 1938

Dear Son-

Arrived home at 4 P.M. just in time to be invited by Pete to go to Lansing today. I said, "Yes." However immediately after a call came in and I am tied up with a very sick patient. So am in Bay Port today.

In the Jamieson affair I sent you, there should be my Grandfather's sister - by name Mary Elenor Jamieson. We knew her as Aunty Whiteford. She lived where Mother died and used to make long visits at our place. Her first husband's name was Lauder - by him she had 2 or 3 sons. One son developed some knee trouble and she sent him to London, England for treatment. He died and was buried there.

When Lauder died, Aunt supported herself and sons as best she could. She then married this Whiteford - a prosperous Irishman.

Whiteford finally died and left his widow well off. When she died we all got something. Brother Will - named William Bletcher Lauder after one of her sons - received enough money to put him through college. I a vacant lot on the west hill of Belleville - which Father finally let go for taxes.

I was named Albert after Albert Coleman, a wealthy cousin of Mother's. However before he could do me any good he lost his wealth - and blew his brains out. He had a lovely home down below Kingston. One day he took his gun and went to a little summer seat at the bottom of the garden on the river bank, pulled off his boot and sock, put the muzzle of the gun to his mouth, pulled the trigger with his big toe, and wasn't a pretty sight from then on.

Sister Mary - Fred Deacon's first wife was named for Aunty Whiteford. Mary did well.

When we lived in Trenton - I was 6 - 8 years old. Aunty visited us for a long time. She was blind from double cataract. It was my duty - being the eldest - to lead the old lady out for a walk every day. This got pretty tiresome, so one day I walked her off the edge of the board sidewalk and skinned one leg. Mother called me careless, but Father gave me a pretty sharp look out of his black eyes. He knew. However it stopped the walks, and I had more time to play. Later on Aunt went to Montreal and was operated on and we were good friends again.

The summer your Aunt Lou Deacon was a baby - in Trenton - I had to wheel her up and down in the cab - for she was a squaller. After I ran her off the sidewalk and tipped her over a couple of times I wasn't to be trusted with her any more. My, I felt bad. Got another sharp look from the Reverend that time too. He knew boys.

Expect to go to Lansing with Pete Friday.

Dear Everybody.

Sept. 15/38

Have just taken stock of this 1/2 month's receipts. \$165.
Hurrah! Hurrah! If this keeps up I shall soon be able to support Mother in the manner to which she has been accustomed.

* * * * *

When we lived in Aurora - I was twelve years old, Aunt Whiteford sent Father to England to look after her son's grave. While there Father visited River Tweed and Berwick, but could find no trace of any relative of the Jamieson's. He also visited France and Ireland. He was so taken with the Irish that he often said if he could be born again, and had his say about it, he would be born an Irishman.

An Irish girl, by name Maggie Sprauale used to work for Aunt, but had returned to Ireland. Father visited her and her people in Ireland and I guess was used pretty white.

Father could read French and thought he could talk it, but the Parisian's spoke too fast and apparently in an unknown language. When he got home Mother noticed he was wearing a different watch. His explanation was - his pocket was picked while getting on a bus. Several years after Uncle John Howell told me that the deed was done while Father was coming out of a theatre in London. Strange, for he was always death on theatres, dancing and card playing.

* * * * *

Aunty Whiteford was a dear little Scotch body and we were all very fond of her.

* * * * *

Love from all

Dad

Uncle Whiteford said he left Ireland because the shooting was too promiscuous.

April 13th, 1939

Dear Son and Family-

Your mother says it seems to her I write you pretty often. My answer-I have the fun of writing even if you chuck the letters in the furnace unread. Pete told me this morning that his wife says the new kid is dark and does not look like any of the rest of their children. Said he wasn't surprised as they had a different hired man.

The day Alberta's baby was born Pete had quite an experience. He took her to the hospital in the afternoon and was told the kid would arrive at 5 minutes after 8 P.M. So he came home, did his chores, and went back to Bad Axe. When he got there, all was over and the baby laid away. He came to our house about 9 to tell us the good news.

Yesterday I examined Master Roger's nose, but he insisted it was all right - not out of joint. Their hired girl, pardon me - maid - is from Gagetown, one of a family of ten children. Their doctor used to be Dr. Bill Morris, Keith's father. To her I recalled a story about him. One time he dunned a German for his bill, which the man Otto considered too high. They argued for a time, till finally the doctor asked Otto if he knew the two prettiest things in the world. Otto wasn't sure he knew. The doctor told him they were - a little pig and a German baby, and they both grew up into G - D - hogs.

* * * * *

If it continues to rain Pete will go this afternoon to the hospital and take Mother along. At his suggestion we are sending the wee radio to your sister. Of course they have ear phones in the hospital, but by sending this radio, Alberta can pick out her own program.

I am telling around that the new baby weighed 13 lbs. but Pete says I am exaggerating. How does he know? He has never seen this kid.

Later - Pete called this morning and said as it was snowing and he couldn't work he would go to Bad Axe now. So I went along and took the Philco with us, likewise Master Roger. Found Alberta O.K. and a fine healthy baby. Roger left his Mother willingly, which was hardly what we expected. * * * I naturally felt Alberta's pulse and drew from her the exclamation, "I am a very sick woman."

At the hospital, Miss Hoyle and I visited. She said she often wondered how come your mother and I came to marry each other, we are so different. I wanted to ask why she thought I had any say in the matter but I only said, "I figured one fool was all a family could stand so I married a sensible woman."

Dad

July 18th, 1939

Dear Son and Family-

Have just found an ivory handled letter seal, with the initials J.W. Believe you would like to have this, so am saving it for you. The J.W. stands for James Whiteford. He was a nephew of William Whiteford who married Mary Jamieson Lauder, known to us as Aunty Whiteford. This James Whiteford was born in New York City. When

Uncle Whiteford brought him to Belleville, he was a half grown boy. He had never been out of N.Y. and believed, among other things, that potatoes grew on trees. Aunt and Uncle sent him to school until he got his M.D. He was very tony in his tastes and to please him, Aunt - Uncle being dead - rented one of the largest houses in Belleville and put on lots of style. After graduating, Dr. Whiteford went to Winnipeg, where he practiced, married, and drank himself to death. I remember him well as one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and with a most taking manner. One time when I was at Auntie's he offered me a new slate if I would turn Tory. I turned.

* * * * *

Monday was a bad day for me, had to be careful, so got out of washing the dishes. However had had my fun and it was more than worth the price. Do not mind paying if I feel I got my money's worth.

Dad

August 4, 1939

Dear Son and Family-

Your Mother is putting in an hour each morning, varnishing the upstairs flooring. It certainly improves the looks of the rooms.

In the evenings she has been going over my books, trying to see how many confinement cases I have had. So far it is close to 1000. With all those cases I only lost 2 mothers and no fathers. Though I remember one case where the father might have died. When I called the next day to see how the mother and baby were I found the father suffering from acute appendicitis. Had him operated on at once. Didn't notice him having pains, the day before, when his wife had hers.

In all these cases I had only one Caesarian. Looking back over the years I can see cases where a Caesarian was indicated, but we pulled through by brute force and awkwardness.

While in New York, a case was handed me at the hospital, by a Dr. Dudley, marked for a Caesarian. I measured her by all the means we had in those days - no X-ray then, and could not see why such an operation was needed. Of course - mine not to reason why. One day at 5 P.M. labor began and I notified Dr. Dudley, as per instructions. Soon the ampitheatre was filled with prominent M.D.'s. Before we could get the patient to the table, the baby was born without instruments. Dudley gave me hell. Asked why I did not use an anesthetic to hold back the birth so he could operate.

While I was in Fairgrove, I was called to decide the sex of a baby born under the care of Dr. W---. It was marked plainly as

a male, but W--- was too well lit to be able to see very well. Remember another time in Fairgrove where the unmarried mother swore she was not even pregnant, called me a liar and other choice names until the head was born. She couldn't deny it then.

In Fairgrove we did confinements for \$5.00 and made two calls after.

Your mother says there seems to be more money around the house now, than when her slavey was working. Of course there are no drugs to buy or gas to buy. And Mother is wonderfully successful with her collections. She gets money out of people I never expected to come across.

Dad

Dear Son and Family-

I kissed your mother one morning last week and it cost me \$4.02. Pretty near as bad as the old song - Oh, what a surprise,/ Two lovely black eyes,/ For kissing another man's wife. Only in my case I broke my glasses.

I have one pleasure your mother lacks. I hear tree toads chirping every one of my waking moments. It used to be grass hoppers. Mother says, when your Father hears voices she knows what she is going to do. Of course my deafness is slowly increasing. Hearing voices is a form of insanity. The victim pays no attention at first, but as they become more insistent he begins to heed them. Finally he obeys them and may commit some horrible crime. But my head noises are due to ear trouble and have not affected my brain - if any as yet.

Tall William Milne, in Vancouver, he was 6 ft. 2 and weighed 120 lbs., suffered from voices. When he tried to write a letter or add up a column of figures, the voices kept insisting - William Milne you cannot do that, William Milne you cannot do that. Finally he was put in the asylum.

* * * * *

Sunday afternoon- A gentleman from Owosso dropped in to see me. I met him frequently at Dr. Morrison's. They were old friends from Midland days, over 40 years ago. This man is milk inspector for the city of Owosso. What I could hear of his talk about his duties, was very interesting. Why in hell don't people speak up. I ask them to, explaining that I am hard of hearing. This raises their voice for a word or two and then they mumble away. I get so disgusted at times that I rise and leave the room and let Mother listen to the visitor.

Your sister had a lot of cucumbers to do up. So to wash them the easy way, put them in the electric clothes washer. It did a fine job.

Dad

